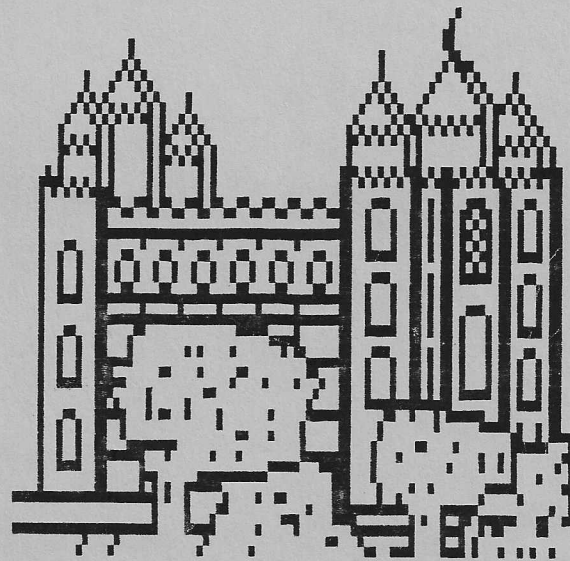


*Steve & Sue Larsen*

# Arch & Ilene Richards



Happy 50th  
Anniversary  
1943-1993

## PREFACE

In April of '92 Rebecca Larsen began working on an assignment for her History 397 R class at BYU. She decided that her grandfather, Archibald Wilson Richards, would be a good subject for her paper. And so the project began. Letters to close relatives and friends were sent requesting information and insights into the life and times of Grandpa Arch. Grandpa, himself, was asked to contribute by making tapes recounting memories of his childhood and recollections of his life as husband and father. As the weeks passed, the volume of information grew. What began as a history project mushroomed and soon Becky had far more information than her project required. By the time her paper was submitted, others in the family had become interested. It was decided that compiling all the accumulated information and making it available to the extended family would be a worthy project for Mom and Dad's 50th Wedding Anniversary. Tapes were distributed and the transcribing began.

Now over a year later, the project is complete. Many hours of typing and transcribing, many phone calls and mailings of transcripts and discs have gone into the completion of this history. I would like to express thanks to everyone who contributed to the gathering of information and a special thanks to those who transcribed tapes and proofed manuscripts: Maureen, Charles and Brenda, Shauntel, Becky, John, Mike, Paul, and Steve. I especially appreciate Lisa and Don who took the transcriptions of Daddy's tapes and proofed, edited, organized, and put into a readable sequence that volume of information as well as doing their share of transcribing. A special thanks also to my sweet husband Steve who funded phone calls, tolerated late night computer sessions, and put his own interests aside for a few months to get me through this project. Last of all, a thank you to Becky for getting us going on the never-ending assignment of searching for understanding of our "roots" and in the process coming to know and revere our parents anew.



## SUMMARY OF CONTENTS

For convenience, this history has been divided into six sections:

- Section 1:** Testimony and personal history of Ilene Robinson Richards.
- Section 2:** Testimony and personal history of Archibald Wilson Richards.
- Section 3:** Transcription of tapes that were dictated by "Grandpa Arch" about his memories of his life.
- Section 4:** A response from each of the six children born to Arch and Ilene. This "Memories of" response deals primarily with Dad since the initial project was to be a treatise on his life. Later as the project grew in it's scope and the decision was made to complete a booklet for the 50th Anniversary, it was realized that a similar "Memories of" section was needed for Mother. Time would not permit the accumulation of tapes and time-consuming transcribing to be completed for the August '93 deadline so the decision was made to move ahead with the gathered information and work towards a similar goal highlighting Mother to be added later.
- Section 5:** Copies of letters received from families and friends of Dad and Mom.
- Section 6:** Rebecca Larsen's assignment for History 397R

My dear children and grandchildren....

For many years I pondered the searching question, "With all the billions of God's children that have come to earth, WHY have I been privileged to be born in this free country, in the covenant, to loving LDS parents who loved and cared for me?" These great blessings led to many others--an eternal loving spouse, faithful and true-- 6 special spirits to bless our home, and now, 39 choice grandchildren and greats. And how wonderful to live in an age of medical wonders and scientific marvels to make my life easy! Gradually the answer has come-- "no need to wonder the reason for these blessings--just be diligent in living your life with dedicated service and unrelenting diligence in keeping your covenants." So I intend to die, 'trying'.

As I have grown older, I have come to truly love and trust my Heavenly Father and Mother. My elder brother and Savior, Jesus Christ, has become a living vital part of my life, realizing that His extreme suffering was done freely and with great love for me personally. However, this suffering which was essential to my Eternal salvation, would be to no avail in my behalf if I fail to sincerely repent DAILY of the wrong doings in my life.

As I have faced some seemingly unsurmountable obstacles in my life, I have gone to my Father in earnest prayers and pleadings. I have watched you, my dear children and grandchildren, face sorrows and tribulations, bravely and cheerfully. I have come to know that it is essential for us to accept His will in ALL things in our lives, for He "chaseneth him whom He loveth". Then and only then, can He mold us gently into Celestial beings--able to live once again with Him.

My dear children--Thank you for the privilege of giving you birth and rearing. You have brought me unspeakable joy in my life. My love for you cannot be expressed in words!

My dear grandchildren and greats--I marvel at your intelligence and dedication to righteous living and service to our Lord. EACH of you hold a special special place in my heart and life. I give our Father thanks daily for the privilege of being your grandmother--Please know that I love each and every one of you dearly--God bless you all!

Your mother and grandmother Ilene

## PERSONAL HISTORY OF ILENE ROBINSON RICHARDS

I was born January 29, 1922, the next to the last of a mixed-up family. This is the way it was--My father, Nathan Oscar Robinson had been previously married and sealed to Clarissa Brienholt. They had 5 children--Clara, Anna, Nathan, Lenore, and a baby, Beth. At the birth of Beth, both mother and baby died within a few days of each other. My mother, Abby Johnson, was previously married and sealed to Burrell Kenyon Kendrick. After 3 children, he was killed, leaving her 5 months pregnant with another child. Their children were--Burrell Jr., who died at the age of 9 months with quick pneumonia; Kenyon, who lived to the age of 47, when he died of lung cancer in 1957. Loie, and Ellafair who was the child born after Burrell's death. My mother was a widow until Nov. 1918, when she and my father were married. They had four children--Burrell Oscar, who was born Sept. 1919--Lorin Eugene, Dec. 1920--myself Ilene, January 29, 1922--Don Leslie Dec. 1923.

I was born in Alameda, near Pocatello, and at the age of about 3 we moved to 242 So. 13th in Pocatello, Idaho. The house is now removed and a new home stands in its place. I can remember how mother had to almost weekly spray each bedroom and bed with gasoline to get rid of bed-bugs, but with her diligence and persistence she won out. Also whenever we papered the walls they put poison in the paste to help control them. We were poor in worldly goods, as were many people at that time, but rich in love and cleanliness. Our home was always clean, our clothes clean and patched, and wholesome food on the table. I know this wasn't easy with what Mother and Dad had to work with, and I appreciate their efforts in our behalf. Daddy and Mother were both hard workers. Daddy wasn't too well, but he still worked hard.

I can remember one day while they were papering the house, I got mad at one of Barrett's children--our neighbors and constant playmates--and I came in to get a spoonful of poison paste to give him. Thank goodness my mother caught and stopped me, or I'd



have blackened the family name with murder at the early age of 4 or 5. Daddy used to have a big long purse--many times I'd ask for a penny and he'd reach way down in this purse and bring one out--I'm sure many times it was almost his last one. Mother would let me take an egg to the store many times and get a penny's worth of candy. I was a terrible gum chewer. Mother didn't like me to chew gum, but Daddy would manage to get me some and you've heard the song, "Does your chewing gum lose its flavor on the bed-post overnight"? Well, it does. I had a special place in the cupboard to put mine each night so I could chew it next day--and the next if necessary, until a new stick found its way to my mouth. When I think of it now, I can't believe I actually did it--thank goodness my desire for gum has decreased. A teacher of mine in Jr. High School used to repeat to me more often than I like to remember--"The gum-chewing girl and the cud-chewing cow--they're alike, but different somehow. Oh, I know it now, its the intelligent look on the face of the cow."

We had an old model T Ford when I was a kid. I know it had doors, but we 4 children always climbed in and out of the windows. I guess because there were no panes in them I can remember driving down the street with Daddy, going at least 10 or 15 miles an hour and wishing he'd hurry up and hit somebody that I could see crossing the street at the intersection. When I stop to think about it, I certainly didn't have a very high regard for human life when I was a child. I wonder if this was abnormal, or if most children feel this way at a stage in their life. I could see the Washington Grade School where I attended the first 6 school years of my life, right through 2 vacant fields. My best girl friend Flossie Haines lived just one block through the field. We were pals until after we got out of high school, then our paths separated and I haven't seen her since 1945. Also there was Ethel Smith and Lela Loveland. Ethel lives here in Idaho Falls and I see her once in awhile. But I haven't seen Lela for about 24 years either.

I had a boy friend from the first day of school until now. My first one was Kirk Hyldahl. It was nip and tuck between him

and Jimmie Dalton(?), I believe, until I got into high school, then my taste changed a little and I got a crush on Jerry Sutton, but somehow we never managed to date. He later married and died at an early age with asthma. My first date was with Larry Briscoe. I was really gone on him until we dated and he wanted to kiss me goodnight. He did against my will, and I disliked him from then on--with a passion. Years later we laughed about it when we met at a stake dance and were both much older. He died for his country in the second World War in 1943.

After high school I had several boyfriends, namely--Wright Hanks, Forrest Cordon, Charles Rigby, and one I really got serious with was Cliff Harper. All these boys were from Teton Valley. I still have association, and value the friendship of Wright Hanks, Forrest Cordon, and Charles. Wright is in Pocatello, and is a Bishop. Forrest is the Principal of Shelley High School and at this time is our Home Teacher. Charles is a Bishop in Idaho Falls and our dentist. Cliff is a druggist in Nampa, but is separated from his wife and is no longer an active Church member, I almost goofed there. Thank goodness the Lord stepped in and made a decision for me then, that I didn't seem to be capable of making. I'll be eternally grateful to the Lord for his goodness to me at that time. However, I have wonderful memories of good times at that stage of my life. No regrets, just fun memories.

After leaving high school, I went to work at the national Laundry and Dry Cleaning Co. on South 4th. I believe I worked there from June 1940 to Sept. 1941. Then I went to work at the Postal Telegraph Co. in Pocatello. I made \$10.00 a week for a 48 hour week at National Laundry, then I received \$16.00 a week working for the Postal Tel. Co. I worked there until June of 1942. Then I went to work at the Naval Ordnance Plant--Gun Relining, north of Pocatello, as a file clerk and assistant switchboard operator. But I became very restless in September of 1942 and quit work one day and went to Logan to the Utah State Agricultural College, to school. The decision and all was made so hurriedly I realize now there was something eggging me on. I

was two weeks late to school but that didn't seem to matter--my girlfriend Enid Chivers and her cousin Ruby Collard accompanied me and we found an apartment and started school on practically nothing. Mother went with us and got us settled and helped with my expenses, as I didn't have enough to do so myself. I did get a job as a typist for Brother McClellan, one of the Professors, an old friend of my father's, this helped considerable with my expenses. I met my husband Archibald Wilson Richards that month, but we couldn't seem to get together on a date until after Christmas. We were engaged by February 26, 1943 and married in the Salt Lake Temple May 5, 1943. It was a fast wonderful courtship--and has been an even more wonderful marriage.

Before going into our married life, I'd like to go back a year or two. My father was railroad man and on June 9th, 1941, he left on a run through Montpelier, Idaho. We received word that day that he'd had a stroke, and was in the Montpelier Hospital. Mother and I left and found when we got there that he had a Cerebral Hemorrhage and could not possibly live. However he did live for a record 3 days. But as soon as his other children came from Los Angeles, he passed away June 13, 1941. Had he lived he would have been blind and completely paralyzed on one side. We were grateful the Lord was merciful and took him. He was 67 at this time and I was 19. No one will ever know what my father meant to me, and how I have missed him. He was the kindest sweetest man, with ne'er an enemy in the world. He loved the poor and under-dog. I can remember an old Negro man that used to come to our house whenever he was hungry because Daddy had told him there would always be a meal for him. This poor old man would insist on doing something to earn his meal, and so Daddy would give him a little pile of wood to chop. He was far from perfect--but then who isn't? I only know if my scales are tipped the same as Daddy's when I'm judged, I'll be happily surprised. This left mother a widow again with many lonely days and nights. In September 1947, she married another wonderful man, Joseph H. Gooch. They moved to Blackfoot, and are still there this day, November, 1966. He is 80, and she is 78.



Our married life was one of moving for awhile. Arch was a senior and graduated just 3 weeks after we were married. He was in the ROTC at this time and his plans were to go to Officers Training School and then into active duty. But then fate interfered--he was given a medical discharge because of his asthma. He took it to a higher military court but they wouldn't touch him. So there he was with a bachelor's degree in soils and crops, and no job. He worked that summer in Logan on the railroad until he could land a job he wanted. In August of 1943 we went to Salt Lake where we lived with his folks for 6 weeks until his training period with U. S. Grazing Service was complete and then they put him in Brigham City, Utah. We had to live in Willard for Awhile until we could find a suitable apartment in Brigham. I was expecting a baby in February. We moved into an apartment in Brigham about the 1st of November. Our first child, a beautiful black-haired daughter, Kathleen was born, February 24, 1944 at 1:00 AM after 30 hours of labor. Long hard labor seemed to be my lot with most of my six children, but everyone of them have been worth every minute of it.

My how we enjoyed her--she was wiry and smart. At 4 months she grabbed hold of the sides of the buggy and pulled herself up and right over onto the concrete floor on her head. Thank goodness she had a hard head. But from that time on I had to harness her in the buggy and her little stroller also. We got the stroller because we figured she'd be safe in that without harness. But she wasn't--she did the same trick and rolled over into the gutter as I was wheeling her down the street. The fall of 1944, found Arch changing jobs because the places he had to stay in out in the field in the Grazing service, smelled of mice and it made him sick with asthma so--he took a job as a Biology teacher in Bear River High and we moved to Tremonton, Utah, in September 1944. First we lived in an upstairs apartment and then into a little frame home. The first day we moved in it was cold and someone had forgot to turn off the water. The water pipes had been put in the ceiling of this home instead of the basement, and they froze and broke. Well, water began pouring down through

the ceiling all over our brand new furniture we had just purchased. What a mess--we finally found a place to turn the water off. Meanwhile we sat Kathy on the davenport and told her to stay there while we went rushing around trying to find a turnoff valve. Well the poor little thing sat--scared to death at the age of 9 months, with people rushing in and out and all around, water pouring out of the ceiling, and never moved off that couch. It was a long time before she could have people running in and out, or excitement of any kind without getting upset over it.

Well teaching school just wasn't Arch's baby. His stomach began acting up and the doctor told him if he didn't want to end up with ulcers he'd better find another kind of job besides dealing with 15 year olds. So--in June of 1945 we moved to Centerville, Utah into a little old house with walls the width of an Indian Fort, in the middle of a Cherry orchard. He was manager of a Farmer's Coop Service Station in Bountiful. That was a house I'll never forget. No bathroom--hardly any dish-washing facilities in the kitchen--practically no cupboards--bug holes where rats and mice made their appearances quite often, day and night. One night we put out 2 rat traps and caught 1 rat in one and 2 mice in the other. We had to be cautious of the rats especially when Susan was born, November 12, 1945. She was born in the St. Marks Hospital in Salt Lake City at about 8:00 PM. Now we had 2 lovely little daughters. Susan walked at 1 year, and didn't really start talking a lot till she was 3. But they were pals. And still are. Both were excellent students clear through school, and a joy to us. When Susan was just 3 1/2 months old, Arch took a job as fieldman for the Utah-Idaho Sugar Co., and in February 1946, we took our belongings and two little gals and headed for Chinook, Montana. It got cold there--then all of a sudden a wonderful Chinook wind would come and melt snow and summer would be ours for a few hours--then winter again, just as quick.

We enjoyed our stay the year we were there. Arch was in the Branch Presidency and I worked in the Primary. We had a nice

brick home which belonged to the Sugar Co., to live in. However, there is an experience or two I'd like to relate here. We had Natural gas, and we had an old gas water heater in the basement with no automatic shutoff like they have today. In the summer whenever I put the children down to nap, I laid down for awhile also, with the kitchen door open into the back porch and basement. This one day however, for some unknown reason when I lay down I shut that kitchen door that led into the back porch, and basement. When I arose an hour or so later, I opened that door, and gas odor hit me in the face so strong I had to go outside and open the outside porch door and air it out before I could stand to open the inside door. The babies and I would surely have been gassed to death had I done as I usually did and opened that Kitchen door. Arch also had an experience with some big mean Jamaican Negro laborers the company brought in, that proved to him that the Lord watches over us, and also of the power a man has who holds the Priesthood.

Just a year later in January of 1947, we were transferred to Glasgow, Montana, just about 150 miles east. We lived in a duplex and loved the branch there also. We moved in and for 2 solid weeks it was 20 below zero. My windows were so frosted up that all that entire time I didn't even know what my neighbors looked like. And to top it off the water line broke on our block and they had to deliver water to us all, about 5 gallons a day to drink, wash, and keep clothes clean, and flush toilets. Can you imagine, with a little one just being trained with all her accidents, trying to keep her little panties washed out and smelling sweet--well--hooray for the Church again. I contacted the Branch President and found out who the Relief Society president was and called her, and she insisted I come over and wash at her home until our water was restored. There wasn't such a thing as a Public Laundromat at that time. We became fast friends and I became her counselor in Relief Society not long after that.

Our first son, Nathan John, was born in the Glasgow hospital on January 26, 1948. He was beautiful and has always been such a



joy to us. That year we recorded the coldest in the nation, and the hottest in May, in the nation, of 105 degrees. I was happy to leave that cold, mosquito infested country. They transferred Arch to Enterprise, Utah, 40 miles west of Cedar City, and 35 miles north of St. George, in Sept 1948. The first place we lived was out on the desert by the Airport. The house wasn't bad, however, there were no toilet facilities, or water of any kind in it. The 'outside Jon' had no roof on it, and we were lucky it didn't rain in the 6 weeks we lived there. All our water had to be hauled from the Airport house, about 2 blocks up the road, and so it was jolly fun to have, and heat all the water we had to use with 3 little ones. But we were happy through it all. The wind storms were terrific, and I saw days when I couldn't hang clothes out to dry because the dust was so thick they'd come in muddy. Finally we moved into Enterprise into a basement house, also with no toilet facilities. But there was water in the house. We stayed there until after Christmas and then we moved in a larger home on main street, and guess what--we had a bathroom. But our heating bill for one month was \$67--so we began looking for another place. However we lived there during the worst part of that bad winter of "48-49". Arch left one day to take a friend and her boy to Cedar City for emergency work on his teeth, (the boy's). They got over there all right--but couldn't get back. They were there 3 days before the road was opened up. Meanwhile an elderly man died in Enterprise, and his children were waiting in Cedar City also to get over to Enterprise to him. Finally one of the sons called the Governor of the State and told him the situation, and he informed the road crew that if that road wasn't opened up by evening there would be a new road crew next morning. So, along toward dark of the third day, here came a string of 15 cars behind the Rotary plow, clear from Cedar City to Enterprise--boy was I happy to see my man again. That was quite a winter. In April when the snow began to melt, I went out and hung clothes one day, and stood on the snow and reached down to hang the things on the clothesline, that's how deep the snow still was in April.

By summer we got into a little apartment in the housing unit on the southeast corner of Enterprise. It had a kitchen, livingroom combined, 2 bedrooms and a bath and a storage room. That was quite a place to live. There were four families in one unit, and 3 units, side by side. We had some good neighbors. But there wasn't much space for children to play. One couple we became very fond of was a young couple, Wayne and Marilyn Holt. While living there they had a baby boy. When he was about 7 months old, he fell from the couch one day and it left a large long soft bump on the side of his head. The doctor said there was nothing they could do about it, and that it would go down in a few days. A few days later, we all went camping together. Early the next morning Marilyn came screaming into the tent with her baby in her arms--dead. She had gone to the car to check him and found him that way. Arch administered artificial respiration while Wayne went down for a doctor. When the doctor came, he said the baby had been dead for several hours. He couldn't have suffocated because there were no blankets around his head at all. It is the general belief of all that the bump broke a blood vessel, and a clot formed on the brain and killed him. Nevertheless, it was a terrible experience, one which I hope I never have to go through or witness again. She insisted that Arch give the baby a blessing, even after the Doctor insisted he was dead. Arch did so--but found no blessing for the baby. However he did bless the mother with the strength, courage and faith to face it. I saw a miraculous change come over her at that time. She calmly wrapped her baby in its blanket and took him to the mortician. Her strength was something to behold in the next few days. She even made his burial clothes herself. Arch said when he finished that blessing he felt strength pour from him and he had to lie down for awhile. I know that his strength went into her.

We were informed while in Enterprise that we would never have any more children because of a strange sterility that had come upon Arch. About the same time we were called to be Temple Officiators in the St. George Temple with about 6 other couples from Enterprise. I can't express here the joys we found in our

work in the Temple. This was in the fall of 1950. The next spring Arch was transferred to St. George and so we were able to work more in the Temple--being right there. In December of 1950, I had cervical repair surgery to correct damage done at the birth of my first child. Arch told President Snow at the St. George Temple of his sterility problem and a special prayer was offered for him there in the Temple, by the Officiators. A few months later I became pregnant with our 2nd son and fourth child, Charles Arch. In December of 1951 we were ready to close a deal on a home of our own, and Arch felt impressed to call Salt Lake. He did transferring him out to either Washington or So. Dakota.

About Christmas time we were packed ready to go to Washington. But--they changed their plans and they called and told us we would be going to Belle Fourche, So. Dakota. So we literally camped out for about a month or two until we received our transfer to Belle Fourche. We moved there in February of 1952. Charles was born that fall, Sept 6, 1952 in Spearfish So. Dakota. We were so thrilled to have another little one and especially a little boy. He weighed 8lbs and 12 ozs--half grown. It was believed by my doctor (Dr. Betts) that he would have to resort to surgery at his birth, because of the cervical repair I'd had, but the Lord blessed me and he was born naturally with no complications whatsoever--big as he was. At first we lived in a small basement--but it was so small we decided to move into another. This we did and lived the summer and up until November in the basement apartment of the Shaefars. She was a good scout, but a wino. I got quite a laugh out of her sometimes, but all in all we enjoyed our stay there. She was the one that said she had a cat that sat on the toilet to go to the bathroom. I wouldn't know, I never saw him do it.

When Charles was 2 months old, Arch and his 3 brothers, Warren, Delos, and Jay, bought a cattle ranch in the Bear Lodge in Wyoming--right across the border. It was a beautiful place, 860 acres, and 1200 acres of leased dryfarm land. I was covered with Ponderosa Pine, 2 homes and 3 Artesian wells, plus other sheds and buildings. We lived out there one year--lost money,



but during that time we had a lot of experiences the children will never forget. (Nor will I). Kathy and Susan attended a little school, one room, one teacher, 8 grades. Kathy was in the 3rd grade, with the teacher's twins. Susan was the only 1st grader. There was one fifth grader and 2-7th graders. We took them through our neighbor's yard. His name was Bob Bunny. We traveled to and from school in an old Chev, about 2 miles. When the snow got too deep, we invested in a 4-wheel drive Jeep. We had to go through a big yard gate in Bunny's place. They had a big Hereford bull that used to plague me. I was scared to death of cattle anyway, and this big beast would stand in front of that gate and I'd have to get out and open it with him watching. Many times Nathan, who was only 6, would want to get out and open it for me. He wasn't afraid of him. And really he had no reason to be, I was just a boob. Mr. Bunny tells a story on that bull. One day he (the bull), was arguing with the neighbor's bull through the fence, and Mr. Bunny came out and tried to get him to go home. He refused to, so Bob put the front bumper of the jeep against the horns and head of the bull and pushed him all the way home. The bull just spread his legs out as far as possible and refused to give in. He was a character all right.

The winter we lived there proved something to a lot of us. So many living out there never considered leaving the house after the snow began to fall. Arch had to report to work in Belle Fourche every morning--rain or shine. So down the road he'd go through snow and all every day. One old timer told us it wasn't until they saw Arch traveling down the highway every morning that they realized they weren't snowed in. From that time on winter wasn't a shut-in time for them. Well--we lost our shirt that year--and it took several years to catch up with ourselves. So that fall of 1953, we leased everything out to Warren and we moved into town. We stayed in town for that year until December of 1954, when we were transferred to Shelley, Idaho. Since that time we have sold the ranch to Warren.

We found a cute little red brick home on So. Milton in Shelley and decided to hock our good car and a few things and

make a down payment. Due to a misunderstanding the house was not empty when we arrived a few days before Christmas with our furniture. We stayed with mother in Blackfoot until the house could be vacated, and the 23rd of December we moved in. At 1:00 AM on Dec. 24th we climbed into bed--and crash! Someone had not put the bed together properly and we found ourselves, mattress and all on the floor. Arch was too weary to fix it that night so we just goat a quart jar of Detergent and propped it up and slept fine.

Another child came to bless our home while we lived here . Deniece, our fifth child and 3rd daughter, was born to us january 1, 1956 at 4:00 PM. Late as she was, she was still the New Years baby of Bingham County. We received many lovely gifts. She was born in the Bingham Memorial Hospital in Blackfoot. Dr. Hoge delivered her and she weighed 7 lbs 2 oz. She was another beautiful baby and good as well. There were so many neighbor children and the confusions of such caused my nerves to almost bread, so in march 1958 we sold the home and moved in a little white Sugar company house out east of the Sugar factory. There were seven of us at that time in a little 2 bedroom home with not storage room at all. We bought a little trailer house for kathy and Susan's bedroom and made out pretty well. The spring of 1959 we all decided we should go to Disney-land while the children were still small enough to enjoy it. So the children thinned and hoed beets and worked hard and we put all out surplus in a kitty and saved for our trip. Just before we left, the first of August, I found I was pregnant again. I knew I would be pretty sick before I got back, but went anyway because I knew what a disappointment it would be to the children if we had to postpone it a year or so. So we left and had a really grand time. We had a 1958 Oldsmobile Station wagon. We went to Huntington Park and stayed with my brother's wife, Sybil Kendrick and girls. (He had died 2 years previous). We went to Disneyland, the Los Angeles Temple, Knotts Berry Farm, the beach, and up through the state to Arch's sister's place, at Yreka, Calif. We stayed with her a couple nights and a day and went up through Oregon and down into

Nampa to see my sister Ellafair and family. Then on home. Sure enough on the last day traveling, they had to make me a bed in the back. On our way to Los Angeles, we got to Las Vegas at 1:00 AM and woke the children so they could see the lights down the Strip.

In the spring, April 16, 1960, we had another little gal come to live with us, Lisa. She weighed 7 lbs. We found room for her. Although people wondered where. We were so happy to have her. I was 38 at this time and Arch 42. That fall about October, Lisa began crying a lot, night and day. She was 5 months old at the time and we knew it couldn't just be gas or teeth. The doctor told us there didn't seem to be anything wrong with her. However she had been such a good baby I worried about it. Sure enough in December we took her to the hospital with a sterile bowel. She had been allergic to milk and we didn't know it. We almost lost her. She was strapped to the bed on her back with IV feedings for 80 hours. She was not allowed a bottle or nipple of any kind in her mouth. Poor little thing. She lay there wide-eyed without sleep for 60 hours. Monday morning the 4th day, we placed her name on the Temple prayer roll. The Doctor had told us she was going sown-hill. We had her administered to and had prayed for her, but evidently our faith was not sufficient. About 9:00 AM Monday morning about the time the prayer was being uttered by the first session in the Temple, she closed her eyes and went to sleep. By evening her bowel was almost completely well and she improved rapidly from that time on. Thank goodness for the gospel and prayer.

In August of 1962 I had Hernia surgery. In September 1962, one month later I was taken with severe stomach cramps, and I was hospitalized for a severe case of the flu. About the 4th day they became worse and after much x-raying and such they decided it was an abscessed ovary, and growth on the Uterus. I was in the hospital 11 days and was sent home to finish recuperating. I was warned that when I regained my health I would have to come back for surgery. Well--I became much better so much so that they decided to let well enough alone. I felt pretty good until

December of 1963. Then the Doctor found it necessary for me to go in and have a D & C. He discovered at this time a growth on the Uterus again. Not knowing whether it was malignant or not he told me he would let me go home for Christmas but I was to come back immediately after for a hysterectomy. I was close to 42 at this time. On Dec 29th, I entered the hospital for x-rays and such, and on December 31, 1963 I went into surgery. Things were much worse than he anticipated. He (Dr. T. W. McCowin) found the Uterus in a terrible shape, so they removed all. I bled terribly and required 5 pints of blood and was 5 hours on the operating table. When I awoke I knew I was alive and that was all. I guess I came closer to death at that time than I ever realized. It took a long while to get on my feet again but I felt better when I did, than I had done since I was a young girl. He said I was very very fortunate to have had any family at all. We are grateful for them.

On October 20, 1962, after my illness, Arch went hunting and was shot in the leg. Nathan was with him. As he was kneeling down out in an opening taking a bead on a buck far off, he felt inclined to stand up, and just as he did, a bullet ripped through his leg. Nathan was just 14 at the time and had a driver's license, but we hadn't allowed him to drive on the highway yet. Well, Arch stopped the bleeding and just as they were getting ready to bring him into the hospital, Arch spotted some deer up on the slope. He knew Nathan had never had a chance to shoot at one, so he told him to take time to see if he could bring one down. (Can you imagine). Well he did--and got one the first shot. Some friends were with them so they told him to go on and take his father to the hospital and they would take care of his deer for him. The fellow that shot him had left and he and the State Patrolman were waiting when they got to the hospital. Arch thought he'd use the time he lay in the back of the Station Wagon for 100 miles, to study his missionary lessons (he was Stake Mission Pres.) and not bother Nathan while he was driving, and poor Nathan thought because his Dad was so quiet that he was dying. It was quite a strain on him. When he called me from the

hospital he was considerate enough to say, "Now don't worry Mother--Daddy is all right but he's been shot." And so he was. The Doctor said it was the cleanest gun-shot wound he'd ever seen. Right through the calf of the leg. It missed arteries, bones and all--just flesh. He hardly carries even a scar today, let alone a limp. Another blessing of the Lord.

On the 22nd of Oct 1962, while Arch was still in the hospital, they began digging the hole right next to us for our new home. Howard Day was the contractor. In January of 1963, we were ready to paint, and Arch and I did so--me with a broken little toe. Just a few days before, I got up one night and stubbed my next to little toe. The Doctor put me in just a straight-soled shoe for awhile, but then it broke again, so he put me in a cast up to my knee--said if it broke again it would pain me the rest of my life. So--I hobbled around in a cast for awhile but it was worth it. It has never bothered me since. We moved into our new home March 13th, and did we love it.

Kathleen, our oldest graduated from High School in 1962. She had worked hard and saved money to go to Ricks College. She was able to make it through one year--coming home each weekend and working at the grocery store. In July 1963, she left home to go to Salt Lake. Uncle Don had got her a job in the office of the USF&G Insurance Company in the Kearns Bldg. She worked her way from low-gal in the file office to high gal in the Accounting office in a years time. The fall of 1963, she met her husband Dick, (Stanley Richard Bennion). They became engaged in April of 1964 and married in the Salt Lake Temple August 28, 1964. A reception was held in Salt lake that night, and one in our home in Shelley the next night August 29. There were 560 that signed her wedding book from both receptions. We love Dick very much and are very happy with them both. Kathy continued to work while Dick finished his schooling at the University of Utah. In June of 1965, she changed jobs in order to get a better wage. She then worked in the Continental Back bldg for a year. In June 1966 Dick received his BS in accounting and took a job in Los Angeles as a Government Accountant.



Susan graduated from high school in 1964. She too had worked during high school and saved with the help of some small scholarships, she was able to make it through 2 years of school at Ricks College in Rexburg. She met her husband Stephen Allan Larsen the summer of 1965. They were engaged in Dec, 1965 and married in the Idaho Falls Temple March 4, 1966. A reception was held in the Shelley 3rd Ward that night with 516 signing the book. We love Steve as a son also, and have often said, if we had picked our daughter's mates, we couldn't have been more pleased. Susan graduated from Ricks with her associate Degree in June 1966. She was also "Woman of the Year", of which we were very proud. Stephen worked for his father on the farm that summer, and Susan worked part-time at Kesler's Grocery in Blackfoot. They saved enough so that Stephen could go to Provo that fall and continue his education in BYU. Susan helps out by taking in Ironing and babysitting. She is expecting a baby in December, our first Grandchild.

Nathan graduated from High School in 1966. He had also worked at the Grocery Store and saved sufficient to go to Ricks College. He is looking forward to his mission sometime next year, 1967.

Needless to say we are terribly proud of all our children. Especially their desire to achieve and the high ideals and standards they are maintaining, and always have in their lives. Above all, we find greatest joy in the testimonies they have, and are gaining, of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is our constant prayer that their testimonies and service to the Lord will always be first in their lives.

Now I'd like to mention some of the positions Arch has held in the Church: Scout-leader, counselor in a Branch Presidency-- District President in Belle Fourche--In the Indian Stake Mission Presidency in St. George.--We have been Temple Officiators in the St. George Temple. Since coming to Shelley he has served as Bishop's counselor in 2nd Ward to Bishop Maurice Johnson--Stake Activity Counselor in the MIA--Stake MIA Superintendent--Stake Mission President--and now he is holding the position of 2nd

counselor to President Eugene Christensen in the Shelley Stake Presidency. All this time he has held numerous teaching positions, and has served well in ALL positions. I am so proud of him and the way that he serves, and honors his Priesthood. I love him so much and hold him in the highest regard as an ideal husband and father. I'll be eternally grateful to the Lord for holding him still long enough so I could catch him.

I've held the following positions: Teacher in most all organizations. Stake worker in Primary, MIA. This included Chorister, Laurel Leader, and Camp Director. I also was co-teacher in a Project-Temple class, wherein we taught the gospel to some 80 couples of Adult Aaronic Priesthood holders. Out of the 80, 40 responded and went to the Temple of the Lord and were sealed to each other and families. This I feel was one of the most rewarding positions I have ever held.

Sandwiched in between, I have kept house, washed diapers and wiped noses. And loved every minute of it. Now I'm looking forward to wiping a few for my grandchildren.

In August, 1965, we took an Indian child Doris Limberhand into our home to foster for the school year. She came back to us again this year and we are so glad. It is our hope that in some small way we can help her learn more about the gospel and live it.

This is some months later, and I am very sad to say that Doris had to leave our home. She was unhappy and came back more or less rebellious. We are hoping another home can help her. Susan had a baby girl, Stephani, 8 1/2 lbs, and a blondie, born Dec. 4, 1966. Nathan left for his mission to Venezuela, Mar. 6, 1967. First to the language training school to learn Spanish and then June 5 to Costa Rica by plane. On Feb. 27, 1967, Kathy gave birth to a fine little boy, Bret Richard Bennion. He was 7 1/2 lbs. I went with Arch and Nathan to take Nathan to the Mission home about noon march 6th, then caught the bus out of Salt Lake for Alhambra to help Kathy for awhile.

Nathan did well in language school, with the help of all our prayers. It was rough but he was made of good tough stuff that

pulled him through with the help of the Lord. He filled a wonderful productive mission and came home to us June 6, 1969. Susan gave birth to a little darkheaded gal named Shauntel, 7 1/2 lbs, November 28, 1967. Stephen was still in school, working at 2 jobs, a member of the Bishopric, and taking full credits at school. Kathy and Dick moved back to Salt Lake June 1968. In July 1969, they moved into a new home they had built. Little Lane Richards Bennion was born to them Dec 6, 1969. In this same year we decided to sell our home in Shelley and take the money and go back to school. Arch got himself admitted in Graduate school at BYU and we planned to start in Sept. The last of July he was offered a transfer to Toppenish Washington, by the sugar company. For some reason he felt he should take it. So off we went to Washington. In a blessing that was given him a short time later when he was set apart for a Stake missionary job, he was told that the Lord wanted him where he was at that time. So he erased school from his mind for awhile.

Nathan came home for Christmas and brought with him a car-load of Toppenish girls that were students at BYU. One of these was Maurine Allsop. They became engaged the first of February and were married in the Salt Lake Temple April 2, 1970. We held an open house for them at Grandma Richards home that night (in West Jordan). Over 100 attended. We journeyed back to Toppenish and held a reception in the new ward cultural hall, Sat. April 4, 1970. Arch was given a church position on the Yakima Stake High Council in Feb. 19, 1970 and held the position, with his special duties with the Elders of the Stake, until our move in July 1973, to Moses Lake, Wash.

June 18, 1970 Susan gave birth to twin boys, identical blondes, weighing 7 1/2 and 8 1/2 pounds 21". The doctor told her they were the largest ones he knew of and I'm sure she agreed. That made her four under four. They are named Stephen Richards Larsen and David Allan Larsen. Stephen was in MBA graduate work at the Y and had one year to go before graduation...Charles and Deniece and Lisa adjusted well at Granger school (in Washington). Charles was a senior that year

and so it was hard for him to leave his buddies at Shelley but he did as we requested and came along. He was an excellent influence on all the young people there and really accomplished. He was Salutatorian for his graduating class and also achieved in football and basketball. He was given the trophy for best defensive player and also most inspirational player. Charles went to BYU the fall of 1971. He was able to get a Dean's Tuition Scholarship because he had a 3.7 GPA in high school. He worked for his father the summer of 1971 and left Sept. 26, 1971 for the Language Training Mission preparatory to leaving for a Spanish speaking mission to the Andes Peru Mission.

Stephen graduated from MBA school June 1971. He took a job as manager of a egg factory for Olsen Bros. They moved to Mount Vernon, Washington for his first assignment but things fell through there and within five weeks they sent him to Buhl, Idaho. They bought them a home there and on April 18, 1972 little Rebecca came to live with them, making five lovely children for them. In the fall of 1972, Stephen was moved to Riverton, Utah to become the manager of three states.

Nathan continued in his schooling but changed his major to Industrial Sciences. On April 14, 1971 little Chad Nathan Richards came to live with them. A year later, to the exact day, little Keith Jared Richards joined their family. In May of 1972 they moved their trailer house in the yard of Grandma Richards in West Jordan. Grandma's legs weren't too good and the family was happy to have someone close to her to help her and keep an eye open for her. Nathan took his contractor's exam and passed so he was able to get his contractor's license so he could sub-contract in rough framing. He loves his work in building and he's good. In October of 1972, when things had eased up pretty much in the Selective Service, Nathan received a call to go in the Army. He joined the National Guard in Utah and on December 27, 1972 he left for a four month training course in Missouri. We went down to see him off and a little later Maurine came to Toppenish to stay with her folks awhile. She received word that she could go back with him in March to finish so he flew home and got her and

the boys and went back by car to finish out his few weeks in Missouri. In July 22, 1973 little Marlayne came to live with them. As of October 1973 we have 10 grandchildren..4 granddaughters and six grandsons. Oh how we love them!

In July of 1973 Stephen and Susan moved to Moreland Idaho to manage his father's large farm and they love it. We also moved to Moses Lake Washington. Arch was given a promotion to Northwest Area Agronomist. We moved into a nice rental home on the Grant Co. Airport base. We were in the Third Ward and Arch was made Venturer leader and I was sustained as Laurel leader. October 2, 1973 we went to Yakima Airport and met Charles returning from a very successful and happy mission to Peru. It was so good to have him home for 10 days before his leaving to go back to BYU on the block plan as a pre-med student.

In March of 1974 we bought a home at 405 E. Sharon and moved into the Moses Lake Fourth Ward. At this time Arch was sustained on the High Council over the Aaronic Priesthood Auxiliary in the Moses Lake Stake and I was made the stake Laurel leader. On August 29, Susan and Stephen were thrilled when John Berkeley Larsen at 8 1/2 pounds checked into their home, making them six lovely children. Little Chelsea at seven pounds came to live with Nathan and Maurine on November 16, 1974 making them four.

Charles met Brenda Zirker, daughter of Ken and Leona Zirker of Warden Washington the spring of 1974 and they were engaged in November of that year and married April 18, 1975 in the Salt Lake Temple. Brenda had just finished her junior year in elementary education. Deniece graduated from high school in Moses Lake, June, 1974. She attended Ricks College in Rexburg that fall. She met Don Wesley Cheney, son of Harold and Lila Cheney of Burley, Idaho in April of 1975 and they were engaged in May and married in the Salt Lake Temple June 27, 1975.

Kathy and Dick are still in Salt Lake. Dick is head controller of a large company there. In December of 1975 they built and moved into a lovely new home on the east side by the mountains. The view is beautiful. Dick was made executive secretary of his ward in the fall of 1975 and Kathy does a fine



job as the girls sports director.

On November 4, 1974, my mother, Abby Johnson Kendrick Robinson Gooch, passed away quietly in her sleep at the age of 86. She had been in a rest home in Nampa, Idaho completely helpless for 2 1/2 years. My sister Ellafair Foster had taken care of her for a year and a half until it became physically impossible for her to do so. Her health would not permit it. However she really was good and attentive to mother in the rest home which all of us were so grateful for. Mother was buried November 7, 1974 near her two brothers in the Idaho Falls, Idaho cemetery. She was a wonderful person and mother and I loved her dearly.

Don and Deniece purchased a 320 acre farm near his father's in Burley the winter of '75 and '76. Don is a fine young man, very ambitious and fun to be around. We are so happy and pleased with our daughters and sons-in-law. Deniece underwent surgery in July of '76 for the removal of a tumor. She recovered beautifully and her health is much improved. They were regional dance directors for a while but at present Don is the AP President.

Charles and Brenda had a darling little gal named Tiffany Lee born on my birthday Jan. 29, 1976. Charles graduated from BYU in April '76 Magna Cum Laude GPA 3.82. He left for medical school in St. Louis, Mo. August 23, 1976. He joined the Air Force as a Second Lt. in April of '76 and in so doing they well finance his education through medical school after which he will give them four years of service where they need him. They were both given church positions the first day they attended church so they really feel needed.

The fall of '75 Tammie Matt, a Lamanite student from Browning Montana came to live with us on the church placement program. She was pretty homesick most of the time, but she was a very lovely, well-trained young lady of 15. She didn't come back to us the next fall but she did go to Renton, Wa. with her little sister. Jonita Morrison, a Lamanite girl that had been on the program for six years with a family in Pasco came to us in the

fall of '76. However, she came just for a lark and went home within a week. All you can do is try. Also in August of '74, Sussan was made Stake Primary President just a week before little John was born and held that position until a year later when her husband Stephen was installed as Bishop of the Moreland Second Ward in August of '75. Lisa, our youngest was president of her sophomore class in the '75-76 school year and also the president of her Mia Maid class in APA. She did a fine job in both. She is such a lovely girl and has a real leadership talent. She is such a job to us, cheerful and willing to do those things we ask of her. We'll hate to see her leave the nest also.

In December of '75 Nathan and Maurine decided to pull up stakes in Salt Lake and move to Richland Washington, which was just an hour and one half from us. We so enjoy having them and their little family close to us. Nathan was made executive secretary of his ward, July 1976 and Maurine, nursery coordinator September '76. In April 29, 1976 a baby boy Trent Judd came to live with them but he made his appearance five weeks early and developed a collapsed lung and had to be taken to the hospital and specialists in Yakima, Washington. Through much fasting and prayer and blessings of the Priesthood, he pulled through and is a fine healthy baby today, September '76. He was our 14th grandchild and we are expecting our 15th in Oct (Steve and Sue's seventh) and our 16th in February (Kathy and Dick's third). Our cup and quiver runneth over.

July 19th, '76 Arch went to Spokane for a checkup. He'd been having shortness of breath and chest pains when he exerted himself. It was found after much testing that he had a restriction of three arteries into the heart which was restricting 95% of his blood flow. This meant open-heart surgery immediately. The doctors said they were amazed that he had not had a massive heart attack. He was operated on July 23, 1976. His recovery was miraculous. They found an extra blood vessel in his leg to do the job. He attended Church 10 days after the surgery, and went back to work part-time in 3 weeks and full time in 5 weeks. We are so grateful for the blessings of the LORS.

He should be good now for another 58 years! (I might last another 10!!). I was installed as Relief Society President February 1975, and Arch is on the High Council over the Relief Society. Guess who he keeps in line? But we're both happy, older perhaps, but happy!

Right after daddy's surgery, we received the good news that Kathy was expecting again after a long, long wait. We thought it would be about the last of January, but on the 12th of March 1977, little Abby Kay Bennion was born. Needless to say we were all very happy for the little doll. Kathy and Dick's youngest at that time was Lane age 7.

Charles and Brenda left the latter part of August, 1976, for St. Louis, Mo. where he had been accepted into the Medical school there. We hated to see them go so far away, but were happy that he had a chance to follow the profession he so desired. he joined the Air Force, which made him a 2nd Lt. and will pay his way through medical School, and he in return will give them 6 years of medical Service, including his 3 years of internship. It costs at least \$10,000 a year for 4 years.

On Oct. 19, 1976, another sweet little boy, Michael Andrew, came to live with Susan and Stephen, which makes them 7 lovely children.

While I was in Salt Lake with Kathy in March 1977, when Abby was born, Arch called and asked if we could take an 18 year old girl, Mona Williams, into the home for awhile. She stayed with us until Christmastime, 1977. She then went to Salt Lake to live with some friends and graduated from there.

In August of 1977, Tammie Matt came back to live with us, but only stayed a month. She was too homesick to stay any longer. May, 1977, Charles and Brenda's home in St. Louis, Mo. was blessed with a new little daughter, Tara Lynn. Brenda's mother, Leona Zirker, flew out to help out, then Brenda and children flew home with her and stayed while Charles went to Texas for 5 weeks active training in the Air Force. He then drove up to Washington and stayed the rest of the summer. The latter of July our immediate family all drove to Redfish Lake in

Idaho, (near Sun Valley), and spent 3 days camping out. What a riot, with 17 children under 11 years of age! Fun, fun, fun!

We had all looked forward to a fun time with our boat, water skiing and such, and then the darn thing couldn't get up enough power to pull anyone. We had a really cute ending to that story. Nathan and Maurine and friends came over to take the boat down to the lake here to see if it was the altitude that made the difference, but there was no change at all. Then maurine, seeing another prop in the bottom of the boat (which had been there all during the trip), asked if the prop could make the difference. Nathan assured her he was sure it couldn't, but just to appease her, he took five minutes to change it and remarked that if it was the prop it would be a miracle. Well, speaking of miracles...Wow! That boat just went a-skootin'. All of our mechanically minded men will never live that one down, and it gave Maurine a 100 foot boost!

On August 5, 1977, my brother Lorin died of lung cancer. In June, when we learned of his terminal condition, EllaFar and Ray, Don and Arch and I went to Albuquerque, NM to see him and his wife Dorothy. We had an enjoyable day and a half with them. We were so glad we made the trip. Dot had not funeral for him and had him cremated, (which really upset all of us, but which was of course her prerogative. She said it was Lorin's desire). Oh what potential he had as a young man. My heart aches for him. If he had just turned around and become active again in the Church before going. I feel he wanted to but it was just too hard for him to do.

The last of November 1977, we went to Cardston, Alberta, Canada on a temple excursion. On the third evening after the last session, a group of us went out for a Chinese dinner. That night, all night, Arch had stomach pains and was unable to sleep. We thought it was the flu cramps. The next morning we had him administered to and the pain ceased sufficient for him to drive us all the way home--10 hours in blizzards and snow packed roads. Four days later, with intermediate pains and such, he went to the doctor in Spokane. The doctor wanted him to stay in the hospital

that night, but Arch was sure it wasn't anything serious so we came home. He took sick again that night and in the early morning we called the doctor and headed for the hospital in Spokane after Steve Tolley and Vern Ellis came and administered to him. He thought he could drive, although it had snowed all night and the roads had not been cleared and were snow-covered. I knew I couldn't drive on those kind of roads. Well, about 40 miles out he just couldn't drive any farther and I had to take over. I knew the Lord would have to help me. I just was not used to driving on snow and slush covered roads, and there was 60 miles of it left. Well as usual the Lord did answer my prayers, and i was able to ploy through and stay on the road and got him there. After 5 days of extensive tests, they decided to operate for gall stones. Monday, Dec. 12th, he went into surgery. They removed the gall bladder which was full of stones and inoperative and also repaired a bad hernia by turning the stomach upside down and making a new opening. He recovered well and felt much better afterwards.

In June of 1978 Charles finished his second year of Medical School and took his National Board Exams. He came out in the top 25% of the nation, then he was ready to start working in labs and hospitals and such. June 22, 1978, Arch and I left for a long planned-for and long-awaited trip back east to visit Charles and Brenda and girls in St. louis, Mo. and then on to Washington, D.C., New York, Palmyra, Nauvoo, etc. But, as usually happens, the best-laid plans...The day after we left, I became ill with a bad chest cold. I battled it through one reunion in Salt Lake, through Wyoming, at Nauvoo and the dedication of the Statues, and down to Charles and Brenda's where we stayed a week and had a wonderful visit. We saw a lot of sights and then because I have a history of pneumonia, Daddy and Charles decided we better not go any further but head for home. they didn't want to get me back to NY or such and put me in the hospital with pneumonia. So we came back across Missouri, which is a beautiful, lush, green country. I can easily see why it was the garden of Eden. We visited Independence, Liberty jail, up to Winter Quarters,



Council Bluffs, and then on to Salt Lake where the children and their families met us and we had a nice 3 day reunion at Kathy's and Dick's minus Lisa (who stayed home and worked), and Charles and Brenda. But then we will give it another try and attempt to get to Palmyra and the Sacred Grove and the Pageant.

It was a good thing we came home early. One of our tenants in our duplexes abandoned the place and left a big, fat, mess. They didn't take anything, including a filthy house. It took Arch and I 2 weeks to move, clean, store, and get the apartment ready to rent again.

August 15, 1978, the last of our brood, Lisa, left the nest and went to Ricks College. She had to leave early because her ride did! Needless to say, the house was mighty quiet after that, but as Arch said, "Well, we started out alone and we're going to end up alone!" How true. But then that's why you raise them--to leave. You wouldn't want it any other way. You want them to be ready and want to leave at that time.

On Spetember 19th, 1978, Stephen and Susan had another little boy (8 1/2 lbs). This was the 8th child that had come to their house to lve. Paul Archibald larsen is his name. A beautiful, good little tyke. I was fun to take the Amtrak train from Hinkle, Oregon, and go stay with them for 10 days and try to help out. The day after coming home, on Sept, 29th, Murring gave birth to a beautiful 9 lb girl, named Tenille, with black, black hair and such a cute little fattie. That makes 6 for them. Her mother went to assist for 3 days and I went for a couple. She got along fine. We have such good beautiful grandchildren. All of them are very well trained and mannered. It's a pleasure to have them around.

We went to Utah and Idaho to visit our children and attend a Sagehurst meeting the fore part of December, and stayed long enough to bring Lisa home from Ricks College for Christmas. It was a quiet Christmas, but a nice one with just the 3 of us here. She is such a joy to us and fun to have around.

Deniece delivered her first child, January 19, 1979, a big handsome 8 1/2 lb boy that they named Curtis Dean. He was

another good, good baby. I went to be with her in Salt Lake City for a week. They were living there for 3 months until spring because Don's brothers were builders and could give him a good job for a few weeks until planting time on his farm in Burley, Idaho, in March. I had such a nice visit with them and Kathy and family a few days before coming home.

The year from November 20, 1978 to November, 1979, was one filled with anxiety and plans. With the announcement from the Sugar Company that they were going to close their doors, Arch knew that he would soon be retired early. Each month found us expecting to be terminated. Arch was offered a job as an assistant to the Secretary of Agriculture to Pakistan to help implement sugar beets in that country. They said they would wait until October, 1979, for him. He didn't want to quit because he was afraid he would not get his pay. However, Aug. 12, 1979, he was asked to go into the new Stake presidency as 2nd counselor to President Crawford Jones. Of course he accepted, knowing he could not take the Pakistan job and not knowing just what he would be able to do at his age of 61. But he knew the Lord would provide. Sure enough, he found a mortician in Wphrata that took him as an apprentice. All his life he had wanted to be a mortician.

The TRA paid him each month sufficient in addition to the pay at the funeral home. He was terminated on November 8, 1979, almost a year from the time the Sugar Co. made the announcement. About that time Iran took American hostages and to this date, Feb. 17, 1980, they are still holding them. Then there was trouble in Pakistan. We are grateful the Lord had kept us from going over to that troubled area.

As to the children, we had two new grandchildren in 1979. As I mentioned, Don and Deniece had their first, Curtis Dean. Little Shawn Charles Richards was born November 23, 1979 in St. Louis to Brenda and Charles. This is their third child and their first boy. We haven't seen him yet but expect to when we go to Charles' graduation from Medical School May 16 and 17, 1980.

Brenda came to stay with her folks the last of June, 1979,

while Charles went to Texas for Air Force training for 6 weeks. Then he came up here to Washington and took 3 weeks vacation and then did a clerkship in heart at the Sacred Heart Hospital in Spokane. He went back to St. Louis in October.

Sue and Steve farmed on their own for the first time. In November Stephen took a job with Farm Bureau Insurance for part-time and winter work, aside from farming. He really enjoys it and is doing well. He had a pretty good year farming grain and seed potatoes. He is still Bishop. Stephani started Mutual. Doesn't seem possible.

Our first grandson, Bret Bennion, was ordained a deacon in March 1979. He is really growing up to be a fine young man. Kathy and Dick took Lisa into their home in June so she could work there in Salt Lake. We are grateful for this. She has been so happy there and we will be eternally grateful to them. Dick is in the Bishopric now and really enjoys it and does a fine job. In October, Kathy ran in the 20 mile Marathon in St. George, Utah, and fine shape and came in in her age group. We're very proud of her for this accomplishment.

Lisa got a job in July at the U of U in the Student Loan Dept. and is at present still working there and taking business classes. She seems to be happy with her situation at this time.

On August 7, 1979, Charles, Brenda, and girls went with Daddy and I to Idaho to a family reunion. We stopped at Don's and Deniece's Tuesday morning, where we met Sue and Steve and family. We spent 2 1/2 lovely fun-filled days together in tents and such and had a great visit and time.

Nathan and Maurine built an moved into their lovely new home on the 1st of Dec., 1979. Nathan has built a couple sets of apartment complexes besides his home. His back began bothering him in November and he was troubled with it for a couple of months. He is planning to change professions because of it. He is thinking seriously of becoming a mortician. It will take 9 months of school and 2 years of apprenticeship. They are expecting their 7th child in July, our 23rd grandchild. Our family is really growing.

We're all looking forward this year to going to Redfish Lake where the whole family (except Charles and Brenda and family) plan to be together for 3 days the last of July.

Jan. 12, 1980, a new little darkheaded granddaughter came to live with Don and Deniece. Cristeen is her name and she is a little doll. I went to help out and while I was gone, Arch and Nathan found a new Funeral Home in Kennewick that needed some new partners to buy into it. Because the fellow that purchased our dry land 4 years ago paid us out in December, we happened to have sufficient cash to handle the deal, so we are the proud owners of of funeral home. Sure hope we can get it out of the red and into the black quickly.

Sue and Steve helped in the converting of Mexicans into the Church. They have proven to be great dedicated missionaries along with everything else they do. And of course we are looking forward to attending Charles' graduation from Medical School in St. Louis.

As I complete this for another year, may I say that we are so proud of you, our family, each and every one. Not only are we proud of you for your accomplishments but for your desires and efforts to be good strong Latter-day Saints and concerned, loving children to us, your parents. We brag about all of you, including the 22 grandchildren, whom you are rearing properly and in the ways of the Lord. Truly our cup runneth o'er. Thank you, each of you, for the joy and happiness you bring into our lives.

To Whom It May Concern:

The posterity of Arch W. and Ilene Richards...

I love you and want only the best for you in not only this life, but in the life to come. I want you to be successful in your chosen career. I want you to walk with your head held high and not to be inferior to any man. I want you to be free to act rather to be acted upon, limiting the use of your God-given talents. I want you free to serve God and man. Avoid at all cost to be shackled down with sin, or be subjected to the whims of man by indebtedness. Have faith in yourself, for all things are possible to him who believes. I would have you understand the principle of repentance so you can lay old sins to rest and be on with your life. I would that you have integrity and deal honestly with your fellowmen. Have charity for all men. Be forgiving and lenient, for all have need to be forgiven by Him, who is the author of our salvation. The qualities listed above I have observed in each of you and want you to know how proud I am of you.

May the following discussion serve you well in the years to come, which is written with loving tenderness of a

Grateful Father and Grandfather Arch

Because this life is all we consciously know, things spiritual and things temporal are always in contention for our time and attention. Things that matter most should never be in jeopardy to the things that matter least in our eternal journey in life. The day we put spirituality on the back burner, or fail to turn on the heat, we knowingly choose a life of disappointment, frustration and heartache, for transgression never equates with happiness. Man is that he might have joy, and we are placed here on earth to see whom we choose to obey. I would that you choose to follow the teachings of Jesus Christ, and so live that we might be the recipient of His atonement.

Because "every soul is free to choose his life and what he'll be", I would use gentle persuasion on you to choose the right whenever a choice is placed before you, for selfish reasons. Eternity wouldn't be heaven to me if one member of my loved ones, because of a misguided choice, would deny me of our cherished relationship, worlds without end.

I will always be grateful that I was born of goodly parents who taught me, in my youth, to love the Lord, and to cast my lot on the side of right, for I know there is no other way to please Him. I also know that if I follow the guidelines restored by Joseph Smith the prophet, and upheld by a succession of living prophets unto our day, I will be supported by His (the Saviors) Church; the only true and living Church upon the face of the earth today which He claims. All others are the works of men and the devil. We must live so the Holy Ghost will be our constant companion, and will lead us in all truth. The gift of Eternal Life is the greatest of all the gifts of God; Therefore the choices I've made, and not all of them have been right, might bear witness that I am a disciple of God.

I would be remiss in my duty, if I failed to sound a voice of warning. Free agency grants liberty to choose. It also requires you bear the burden of responsibility for your choices. The trials of your life you probably agreed to before coming to earth. They are designed to challenge your commitment to following in the Savior's footsteps, that you might gain an Eternal weight of Glory. Weigh in the balance all your choices in life so you may be able to stand before the judgement bar of God at any time, without shame or guilt, and receive the salutation "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter into thy rest". God bless you. I love you.



## PERSONAL HISTORY OF ARCHIBALD WILSON RICHARDS

I, Arch, having been born of goodly parents, do hereby write an account of my life with those parents, Clara Bacon Richards, and John Charles Richards. I first made my appearance on July 6, 1918 in Almo, Idaho. When I was about 2 1/2 years old, a baby sister, Bessie, was born. During her second summer, she contracted the baby disease of summer complaint, which is commonly known now as dysentery. All that was possible at that time was done for her, but she died a few days later. A spiritual experience happened to my father just prior to her death that I would like to relate.....He was in the corral doing the evening chores when a Heavenly messenger appeared to him and told him he'd been directed to give father a message, requesting him to give up one of his children and he was told he had the privilege of choosing which one. Dad sat down on the fence to meditate on it, and decided that he couldn't choose. He told the messenger to take which ever one the Lord desired. The messenger instructed him to inform his wife and tell her that she was not to worry, that she would completely forget it until after the child had died and been buried. He did as he was instructed. Of course, my mother was heart-broken for a few minutes--but as was promised, she completely forgot the incident until after little Bessie's funeral.

When I was about four years old we moved to Malta, Idaho. We lived in an uncompleted frame home there. The snow would blow through the cracks of rough lumber on the bedding at nights. It was in this home that I contracted rheumatism which caused considerable distress and restricted my activities for a time. Spending time in bed was not to my liking. As spring came our home was just a short distance from a little creek which had beautiful grassy banks that made what seemed to me a thoroughfare down through the sagebrush, where I enjoyed playing.

The summer before I went to school, we moved by wagon to West Jordan, Utah. We traveled about 30 miles a day. It took us about four or five days to make the trip. Today it would take us

a couple of hours. There were five children that made that trip. The oldest girl, Delila, some years before had gone to live with her Aunt Delila, who needed someone to be with her. My Aunt Delila had raised my mother, who lost her mother at the age of one and a half years.

We moved into a red brick house on what is known as the "lower road" in West Jordan. There I started my first years of school. We lived in the red house until my Grandma Richards died, and then we moved into her house, which was a house my father built when they were first married. My mother is 88 at this time, and she has never had to pay a month's rent or payment on any home in her life. A brother Delos was born while living in the red house. We had to put a bed in the living room for my mother so she and the baby would not freeze.

My elementary school days started in the little red school house, which was torn down and made into a grade school, and then a Jr. High. After completing tenth grade I attended Jordan High, which was located in Sandy Utah, so it was necessary to ride a school bus. While attending High School, my Aunt Delila died and we moved into her home on Redwood Road. This is the same home my mother spent her childhood in and still lives in today at the age of 88.

My father was a builder by trade, but at the death of my Grandma Richards, there was a forty acre farm that the Richard's brothers and sisters fell heir to, and my father bought them out and he tried his hand at farming, but his heart was still in building. This was during the depression and because of the lack of money and machinery, a meager living was made from the farm. I remember the farm was good for the children though, because we learned to work, hoeing and thinning beets, milking cows and tending animals. When I was in the ninth grade, my father went to work at Magna, and it fell my lot to stay out of school and harvest all the crops. Because of this I was detained one year in school.

It was at this time that I became familiar with the statement of my mother's "Patch upon patch is poverty." Even

soap was hard to come by, but even though it was, my mother always kept us clean. The depression of '29 and my diminutive size, had a real effect upon my personality. It gave me an inferiority complex, which I have fought all my life. The one thing that has helped me overcome it is the fact that I was born of goodly parents and have never had to apologize for my heritage.

This complex gave me the desire to make something of myself, so I decided to go to Logan to the Utah State Agricultural College. Because I had to work also and make my own way, it took me five years to receive my B.S. in Soils and Crops. I worked at several jobs to accomplish this. Namely....drove a horse-pulling machine for County and State fairs; worked on the College payroll for awhile doing odd jobs, then I got a job working for Dr. Keller on the Government Research farm, and I kept that job working summer and winter until I graduated in 1943. While attending college I was a 2nd Lt. in the College ROTC, and I was on the officer staff of the honor Battery for that year.

My military service was terminated immediately following graduation because at the final medical examination, an asthmatic condition (which I was aware of), was detected and I was given an honorable discharge from the service; having nine months and 23 days of enlistment.

The fall of 1942, I met a young lady from Pocatello, Idaho, Ilene Robinson, and on Feb. 20th, 1943, we became engaged, and were married May 5, 1943, in the Salt Lake Temple. The history of my married life pretty much parallels that of my wife's, so I will desist and recommend that you go to her history for further enlightenment.

At this time, however, I would like to relate some specific spiritual experiences of mine and my father. July 23rd, 1976, and the four days preceding it was quite an event in my life. On the 19th I went to the doctor in Spokane for a checkup because I was having trouble breathing. When I would walk home from High Council meeting, I would be so fatigued by the time I reached the ball field bleachers (200 yds) that I'd have to stop and rest

before making the last leg of my journey, or the second 200 yards. This condition had been getting progressively worse for some 5-6 months, and at first I believed it was the fact that I was out of shape or old age overtaking me. I felt if I walked briskly wherever I went I'd soon overcome this lack of breath, but the faster I'd walk the sooner the trouble developed. It wasn't until the last of June that this became a cause for concern. One night coming home from High council meeting, my left arm went numb. This was a first and within a week it happened again and I decided right then and there that there was something wrong. All this time I had not told Ilene because it was only cause for alarm and I had two conventions I had to speak at before I could have a check-up. I did confide in Nathan and Charles telling them there was something wrong.

With my convention in Richland and Salt Lake City over, I returned and drove to Spokane for a complete physical. Everything went fine until they took an EKG and discovered some irregularities after slight exercise. I was then referred to Dr. Eugster in the same clinic, for further tests. He made an appointment for two days later. On the 21st he put me on the treadmill under light exercises. The tape revealed extreme difficulty for the heart to function. He gave me a heart stimulant and said to get to the hospital, that it was serious enough to cause a massive heart attack before I drove the two blocks to the hospital. I was admitted at 3:00 pm that afternoon and received a heart catheterization to determine the extent of the blockage. The next morning I lay on the operating table and watched an interesting probe into my heart. It looked like a warm crawling around in my heart cavity. This tube-like thing was inserted in an artery at the groin and fed from there into my heart. Periodically, they would shoot some medicine or stuff into my heart and it felt like for a few seconds like I was going to boil over. I'd break out into an immediate sweat, and they would mop my brow and cool me down before a second shot was injected.

When this job was completed, I was told that I had lost 95%

of the blood flow and that surgery must follow. The balance of that day I was being prepared for the sawbones to perform open-heart surgery. They kept me off food which didn't bother me any because I was used to fasting, but they sent a male nurse in to give me a complete shave. The only hair I had left on my body was on the back of my forearms and on the back of my shoulders. I hadn't felt so touchable since I was a baby, but having lived with hair all over my body for some 57 years, I looked a mess. The fellow who did the shaving should have had his union card taken away because my shins were badly nicked and bleeding and this was to become one of my aches and pains.

On the 23rd at 7:00 AM, I was wheeled into the operating room and soon lost contact with the world until late that afternoon when Ilene put her hand on me. I guess I was a sad looking sight, because I could see the hurt in her eyes, but I wasn't able to speak for tubes etc. in my throat, arms and legs. Late that evening, the trachea tube was removed and I had to work at it for quite a while before I could speak. It was then that I expressed my love for Ilene and Lisa's vigil.

The doctor came in to tell me that I was the first patient that had spare parts. He said that when they cut into the leg to remove the artery which would be used as bypass vessels, he found two of them side by side, both functional and so the removal of one of them still left me with what other people are born with. My recovery was nothing short of miraculous. I had no pain in my chest or leg for the first three days. I'm sure they gave me pain pills, but all I experienced was mild discomfort. The third day they asked if I needed any more pain pills and I told them no, that I had no need for them. At the end of the third day I was allowed to get up and walk around the hospital and visit some of the people who had the same treatment. The fifth day I asked for my street clothes and took a bath and got dressed. Before the day was over I was asked to leave for visiting hours were over. Later on the Doctor made three trips to see me and we chatted friendly like each time but the third time he wanted to know where Richards could be found, he needed to check his



sutures. My bed partner said that he was talking to him, and had been each of the other two visits. After a few choice words he said he should take me around and show his patients who were waiting surgery the next day so they could see that this operation was just a breeze. The seventh day Ilene returned and I was released to come home. I have been doing excellent ever since. I missed one High council meeting the day after operation and one priesthood meeting but was back to my church jobs in 10 days and haven't missed any meeting since. I went back to work half days, 3 weeks and 3 days after the operation and have been working ever since.

I feel I have reason to boast, not of my own self, but because of the goodness of the Lord. An administration by the priesthood, coupled with the fasting and prayers of my family, friends, and the temple prayer roll, produced a modern miracle for which I will be eternally grateful.

The first part of December 1977, Ilene and I took Brother and Sister Jorgensen with us and went to the Cardston, Alberta Temple for endowment work. We attended sessions two days and on the third day I got some real bad cramps in my stomach. I stayed in the Motel that morning and the others went to the temple. Things got worse and I asked to be administered to which eased the pain so we could drive home. I thought my trouble had passed but the next day it started up again and I was glad to go to the hospital in Spokane for tests. For the next five days I was the guinea pig, but they found that my gall bladder had failed to function and had to be removed. This was scheduled for the next day. The operation was pretty routine, however when they got me opened up they also cut my stomach off and turned it upside down and made new holes. The job was a success and I have felt so much better all ways around since. At no time during either of my two visits to the hospital for surgery did I feel the least concerned about losing my life. I was truly blessed by the Lord and comforted by the Holy Spirit.

On June 26, 1978, Ilene left Salt Lake for a trip back east to visit the Church's historical points and to visit Charles and

Brenda in St. Louis, Missouri. As we passed through Echo Canyon out of Salt Lake, we tried to picture the circumstances surrounding the incident with Johnson's Army and I thought how the Savior fought the Nephite Battles and how he was able to, in this day, prevent bloodshed for his saints. We were humbled by the thought that we are indebted to Him who we call our Savior, our Redeemer, our Elder Brother. We then traveled to Council Bluffs, Iowa and went and visited Winter Quarters Campgrounds where over 600 men, women and children died before moving out. It is a lovely secluded park now. The monuments stated that in addition to malnutrition and privation and exposure, the Malaria Fever took great toll from the living. I had a very unusual experience there which was quite a shock to me. We drove up to the gate of the cemetery, got out of our car and the din and clang of the city life immediately stopped and all was quiet and serene. As I walked to the monument, the thought flashed in my mind "Take off thy shoes from thy feet for the ground upon which thou standest is holy...." The Stake missionary told us of the privation and heartache of Winter Quarters, and I moved a short distance from the group so they wouldn't see the tears making rivulets down my cheeks. One family lost five children, then the mother got Malaria and died also. All were buried at Winter quarters before the father went on to Salt Lake City.

The next day we drove on to Nauvoo where we met Charles and family and the Ken Zirker family. Ilene was having a real battle with the flu and though I administered to her the night before, her condition had not improved. Charles had brought some Antibiotics and we began administering them to her and in a day or so she was some improved. The temperature was relentless and the humidity ranged in the 80-85% bracket...we just stewed in our own juice. We slept in the Station Wagon that night which we parked in the Zirker Camp lot (all else being filled in Nauvoo and surrounding vicinity). Sleeping in the Wagon left much to be desired, but thanks to a rain late in the evening things did cool down and we slept. The next day we all boarded the Zirker camper and drove into Nauvoo, toured the visitors center and viewed the

New Women's Monuments and as we looked and read the inscriptions I felt in a small measure the great importance our Father in Heaven placed upon women. I also felt the nothingness of man save it be that he was a Co-Creator with Woman, in the clothing of the spirit with flesh and bone and providing a medium in which the resulting family might grow and develop their individual potential.

We then visited some of the prominent Church members homes and businesses, Brigham Young, Joseph Smith Jr., Heber C. Kimball Mansion house, the Blacksmith shop, the bakery, the Cultural hall. The mansion house, and the Prophet's home are owned and displayed by the Reorganized Church. As we toured the historic points held by the Reorganized Church, that sweet spirit which was present in the other places was absent, yet I was grateful for the nearness of our kinship to the prophet as we looked upon the place where he was buried.

On our way to St. Louis, Mo. that afternoon with Charles and Brenda we stopped at Carthage jail where the Prophet and Hyrum were martyred. We stood in the room and looked out the window where he fell and died. We were told there that when President Kimball came he said he was sure that The Prophet Joseph did not fall out that window, but that he jumped, hoping that he could save the life of his friends that were there with him in the room. I'm sure he is right, because the sill on that window was at least two feet wide. Joseph could not have fallen out, he would have had to jump. What a great great man he was, even to the very end, to give his life for his friends.

We had an enjoyable week in St. Louis with Charles and Brenda and girls. The next morning, after arriving, we played softball. The other team didn't show up so we played rounders and I ran up a good sweat. I found that it's farther around the bases than it used to be when I was a boy. In the evening we went shopping and got a hamburger for our supper. Sunday we attended the dedication of the St. Louis Stake Center, and the messages and dedicatory prayer was given by President Spencer W. Kimball. His message was to resist temptation of all kinds. We

helped put chairs away at the Stake house and 1st Ward chapel. Sunday evening we attended Sacrament meeting at St. Louis first ward and listened to the many testimonies which were born. Sunday evening Sutter came to dinner and stayed until about 11 pm when we all went to bed.

Monday we visited the famous gateway Arch on the Mississippi river and took a trip to the top and looked over the town from 650 feet in the air. It was awe inspiring to see the magnificent feat of the Arch construction. Then we visited the museum and artifacts of the times when St. Louis literally was the gateway to the west, both by land and water. St. Louis was not involved, but gave refuge to the saints during these troubled years in Missouri. We visited Charles' school and felt of the work he was involved in. I felt very proud of him and his desires to prepare to serve and help people.

On July the 4th, we spent a quiet morning with no sound of firecrackers or celebration. We celebrated with waffles and bacon, and then at 1:15 PM Charles and I attended a pro ball game...the Cards played the Chicago Cubs.

We decided not to proceed back East as we had planned because of the health of Ilene. Instead we started back home by way of Independence Missouri. We visited some of the Church historic sights in Jackson Co. Missouri and visited the jail where Joseph and Company was confined. Little do we realize what the early pioneers suffered to bring the gospel to us.

We then traveled back to Council Bluffs to get the pictures which I failed to get when we first visited there. Then on home. Ilene was still fighting the flu and was generally miserable till we arrived in Salt Lake, where the rest of the family met us at Kathy's and we all enjoyed a noisy, but fun three days of reunion at Kathy and Dick's home.

Upon arriving back home in Moses Lake, we soon got back into the swing of things and I got very busy getting things ready to realign the four wards in Moses Lake into six wards, which took place November 11th. I also had the opportunity of arranging the meeting schedules for the various wards. This has been a great

satisfaction, inasmuch as it has stimulated approximately 6% increase in activity throughout the six wards in Moses Lake. Also the placing of the Spanish families in and around the Moses Lake area in the fourth ward, has proven a great success and from my vantage point, since the division, has proven to be the coming of age for the Spanish speaking people. The integration has been excellent.

November 18th was a highlight in that I had the opportunity of attending with about 2000 Priesthood leaders, the Solemn assembly at Seattle Washington, where President Kimball, Benson, Romney, Faust and others instructed us for four hours. The spirit was beyond description. If this feeling is anything like living in the Celestial Kingdom, it will be nothing short of grand and glorious.

On November 20th, we received a shocker when it was announced that the U and I sugar Co. which I had been employed by for 33 years, was putting their four large factories up for sale. This would mean probably an early retirement for me. I began immediately to prepare myself, both emotionally and financially for the change. In the three or more months that followed the Lord blessed me with a calm sweet assurance that all was well.

Nathan and family spent the Thanksgiving and New Years holidays with us, and we stuffed ourselves as usual and talked of our experiences back when all the family was at home, then showed some family slides. It was fun but could have been better, only if more of the family could have been here with us.





(The following is a transcription of several tapes made by Arch Richards about his life.)

I would like to talk a little about my childhood. It was spent in Idaho in the arid regions of Malta and Almo and living in the Thompson, Schill and McClellan places. As a young lad I used to tag along behind my father as he would go to the corral to do the chores and watch the cows and horses that were confined within the corral. They seemed so big that they could eat a little boy like me so I stayed close behind my Dad and I often stumbled on his feet as we walked. We had a little meandering stream that wound it's way through the tall sagebrush past our house, and I was told that I could watch the frogs and toads jump in the water and swim to the bottom of the little stream to get out of harms way as I ran down the sides of the bank, but I was not to get into the water. But, at the tender age of three, it seemed like a big stream to me, but which was in reality a very tiny waterway. I used to venture up that stream until the sagebrush almost formed a canopy across the creek. I would go no farther for fear of losing my way in the dense sagebrush. Many hours were spent observing nature in my little world, and in that little world was a stream and sagebrush and frogs and ants and bugs and jackrabbits and cottontails. From these early experiences I learned to love nature and to get outdoors.

I was born in Almo, Idaho in what I thought was a lowly log cabin with a dirt floor, and in the humblest of circumstances. I wasn't ashamed of my beginnings and it wasn't until I was some 45 years old did I return to the place of my nativity only to find a lovely log cabin with all of the conveniences of the day. The home still was well kept, floors in a perfect state of repair and it was the home which I would be proud to live in today. And, oh, how things had changed from my childhood to manhood and beyond. Little did I realize what beautiful circumstances that I had lived in until I went one day while I was working in the Idaho Falls area and made a trip to Almo to check on some of the research plots and decided that I would spend an evening and check out the area where

I lived. I was really surprised because that home where I was born really was a lovely home. I should have known better because my father was a builder and knew that he would do nothing but what was good work.

But at the age of three, I was playing along the banks of the creek at the Thompson home, the home in which my sister Bessie died, and I was down on my hands and knees playing in the water when my hand slipped from the sides of the bank and didn't stop until my arms were clear in to my shoulders and my nose was just about the water line. To scream was to open my mouth and the water would run in. In the struggling to get out, I was only going further in. But I got off a couple of good yells which brought people running. One little boy was saved but badly scared and shook up. He found out that we learn wisdom by the things which we suffer.

The year that I turned six Grandpa Richards died leaving Grandma Richards alone and the 40 acres that he took care of that he owned. Dad was the oldest son in the family and he felt that he should return where he could look after his mother and take care of the farm. So, we packed our belongings aboard a dump board wagon and started the journey to West Jordan, Utah. It was a long and tedious trip and as nighttime approached we pulled off the road and pitched camp for the night and slept under the stars listening to the crickets and the coyotes serenade us through the night. During the days, jackrabbits, cottontails and coyotes were common visitors as we journeyed south. Upon arriving in West Jordan, we settled in Grandma's old red brick house, just in time for me to enter the first grade in the old red schoolhouse. Sister Gardiner was my first grade teacher. She tried but made little progress in teaching me how to read. Instead of reading, I learned to memorize stories from the pictures. My second year at school wasn't much better but I realized that I was going to have to learn how to read. By the time I had reached the third grade, I was way behind in my school work and my reading ability and I never have become a good reader to this day.

Dad was about 5'7" and about 150-155 pounds--a straight

individual. He didn't inherit the hump back from his mother that I did from my grandmother. My grandmother had a back that was very humped--she looked like the Hunchback of Notre Dame. I inherited that back. My grandmother was short and stocky and she was quite plump as I remember her.

Dad and I had our differences at times, but I always appreciated his wisdom and good judgment. My rewarding experiences came when we worked together. One of my fond recollections was working with him building a chicken coop for the Batemans and hauling hay in the first or second or third crop into the barn or the stack. So I spent some enjoyable times with my father together pitching hay. Dad was a stickler for being on time. He always walked to church not having a car or a buggy. When it came time to be on the road on our way to church, we had to walk a mile. He didn't force us to come but if we wanted to be on time we had to be with him.

He would encourage us to get ready and Mother would get after us to get ready, and when it came time to go to church, if we weren't ready, Dad would leave us. He wasn't going to be late and so he'd take off and we'd run to catch him. He loved to walk, and it seemed like rather than take the buggy and get the horse ready and take care of it, he would stride out and walk. That was common for him because when we moved up to where Aunt Dee lived we walked everywhere (we didn't have a car then). Dad would walk down to the other farm down on the Lower Road where the forty acres were. We had our cows and horses and so forth at the other place and he'd have to go down to the Lower Road daily to work, so he'd walk probably two miles every morning before he got down to work.

Dad also was very strict. We kids knew that when he spoke that is what he meant and that is what we should do. But Dad had a great deal of love for the people around him. I remember he was high priest group leader and at the same time was president of the stake high priest quorum, and he held that job for many years, having to walk to Riverton on many occasions for meetings. Not having a car, the six miles between West Jordan and Riverton is very time consuming but he walked it nevertheless. Also Dad worked

as a high counselor for a number of years. I'm not right sure but it sticks in my mind around 27 years that he served as a high counselor in the West Jordan Stake. He was a good man, as he gave of his time and his talents to member and nonmember alike who were in need. So you see Dad was qualified to speak for the Holy Ghost in directing my life.

We never had a car that would take the whole family anywhere, so we never took vacations. A vacation for us was to go to Salt Lake and back. We'd walk to Midvale and catch the bus and ride to Salt Lake. We'd walk the streets of Salt Lake and then we'd catch the bus and go to Midvale and walk the mile and a half or two miles home.

The first car I ever remember us having was an old Model T Ford when I was five or six years old. Today you'd call it a pickup, but it looked more like a wagon than a car. It had curtains that you dropped down--it was a boxey thing and anything back of the seat was open. It had a roof on the four corners so you could draw the curtain down. It had a low gear, a pedal for low gear, and then you'd push down on the pedal and it would pick up speed and you'd push the gear shift forward and let the clutch out or the pedal out and it would go into high gear. It just had the two gears. It was an oldie. We went without a car--I don't ever remember my dad driving a car, and mother never learned how to drive. Dee had a Chrysler when she was first married and there were occasions where she came down in the Chrysler and took the folks someplace, but that was very rare so we didn't have any access to an automobile. We just never went on vacation.

After Aunt Dee died we moved up to the Gardner home. She left a car--a '33 Chevy--that was part of Mother's inheritance, and so that car was in the family and we had access to that. Even then Dad wouldn't drive--he'd walk--he was a man of the road.

Mother was a woman of great leadership ability, of great love and concern. She accepted her stewardship as a mother with great dignity and as an eternal responsibility. She was always concerned about the family and their welfare.

I remember as a young boy that Mother was the Primary



President for a long time. This was before I was school age and she would walk to primary and I would traipse along like a little puppy dog. Mother always seemed like she was in Primary and Dad was always active in church. I don't recall him ever missing. Mother stayed home with the kids oftentimes when the babies were small, but Dad always attended his meetings.

Mother used to curl her hair with curling irons--curling irons that you put on top of the stove. She would heat them on the stove and get them as hot as she thought they needed to be, and then she would curl her hair with the marcel. She used to do that for many years. I don't ever remember her having an electric curling iron. She had her hair about shoulder length. During the week the marcel would wear off and her hair was quite straight.

Mother fed and clothed us children respectively even though in times of scarcity and necessity. Even though we had little money at the time, our clothes were clean, although sometimes we wore clothes with patches. Mother always used to say that patching is frugality and patch upon patch was poverty. I remember many times Mother taking one patch off and putting another on so that she would not have to patch a patch. But we always looked neat and clean, although our clothes weren't always new. I learned to wear clothes that others had worn even to the time that I was in the tenth grade. I wore a pair of shoes my sister had bought for herself. For a period of time I was embarrassed to wear those shoes, although they were as near to men's shoes as you can get but still be a women's shoe. I knew that they were a women's shoe and if anyone made a crack about them they took a thrashing. I wore those shoes and wore them out, which was a necessity.

I remember I about broke my mother's heart one day when I had to have a white shirt and she made one and she wasn't able to get it all finished and the buttons put on it and so she pinned it closed. I grumbled because it didn't have the buttons on it. She had spent late hours at night working on it trying to get it ready. I'll never forget how heartbroken she was that I wouldn't show gratitude, which I should have done. I remember going in dress pants--the best we could afford--and she always had my clothes

clean and kept them pressed. Later on as I got to be a deacon, I had nice pants.

Religion has always been important in our lives. Mother had a good hand on gospel teaching. For years she was the only scriptorian that we kids knew but the stories and the scriptures came alive as she taught them to her family. I can say as Nephi did... I have been taught somewhat in the learning of my parents to keep the commandments of God. How thankful I am for the loving kindness of my parents to not give up on a soul so rebellious as mine and Lucifer has kept the pressure on throughout my life.

On taking over the 40 acre farm that belonged to Grandpa, we had to milk 8-10 cows every morning and evening. This responsibility fell upon Stu and me. Each morning we had to have the milk out on the road at 7:00 o'clock in the morning and by 6:00 o'clock in the evening. So we were routed out of bed very early in the morning and this strict regimen was required to run the dairy regardless of how small or how large it was. It was unforgiving. I decided there and then that there was a better way to make a living and that when I could do what I wanted, it wouldn't be milking cows.

Dad gave Stu and I a project--it was a two acre piece of ground out back of the chicken coop. He told us that if we would take care of that piece then we could have the proceeds and what came off of that two acres of ground. So Stu and I spread a lot of chicken manure over the ground and worked hard all summer to keep those beets a-growing--watering and weeding and what have you--and come fall that two acres of ground produced 22 tons to the acre. That was the best yield Dad had ever had off of the place. It was so good that he thought it was overcompensating us to turn us the whole proceeds. He was pressed for taxes at the time, so we allowed them to take about half of the profit for taxes. What I did with my money was I bought me a new suit and a couple shirts and a new pair of shoes and outfitted me so I really looked nice. I was about fifteen years old. One other time, school was ready to start and I needed some new clothes for school and Dad told me that if I would keep the potato patch clean of weeds, he'd buy me some

school clothes. I worked on that patch and the weeds grew faster than I got them out. By the time harvest came along, or school time came along, why the patch was pretty weedy. Dad came through with the cash to buy my clothes anyway. I really worked hard for those school clothes. It was a weedy field, and I had to work on the farm during the day and this was a piece of rented ground and I'd have to do that on my days off. I'll never forget how hard I worked for those school clothes. At the time the pants were corduroys. The thing then was the corduroy pants had to be able to stand in the corner alone before they were in the "in" group. Gosh, I wouldn't let Mother wash them--they had to get dirty--but that was then. They didn't have sweatshirts at that time, or any knit shirts. It was all broadcloth shirts--long sleeves, no short sleeves, and then a nice pair of shoes. Today kids try to see how terrible they can look, and at that time when I was young it was just the opposite. We tried to see how sharp we could look. Except for the pants, it was the "in" thing to do--just like seeing how holey they can get their pants today--why, we liked to see how nice we could dress.

The Depression came about 1929 and the problem was nobody had any money. We were no different than anyone else. We were hard pressed for cash. At that time the nation had what we called the PWA, WPA, and a few three-letter word projects that they gave people of the community a job and paid them, as I recall, about \$33 a week, which at the time wasn't bad. You could survive on \$33 a week. That would buy a suit and a few clothes. The Depression extended into 1932-33. Dad would not accept government subsidies or any of these work projects and as a result he had to compete on the market for something to do. He was a carpenter, but not very many people were building because they didn't have the money to build at that time and so his income was pretty scarce.

It was a difficult responsibility for him to feed and to maintain a family on very little, yet he was too proud to sign up for WPA or PWA because he didn't like the kind of people that worked in those kind of jobs. He said that they were loafers, and he didn't want to be associated with people that wouldn't give an

honest day's work for an honest day's pay.

The Church program, the Church welfare system, really has merit here. About two years after the Depression was over the Church welfare program was initiated, and this program was to give gainful employment to everyone that was able to work. If you didn't work you didn't eat. Anyone that had need of welfare assistance, the bishop would assign the Relief Society president to make a survey of the home and the needs as far as food and clothing was concerned, and rent, power, and other necessities. After that review was made he would determine the needs of the family and issue a bishop's order for foodstuffs. Part of the bishop's responsibility was that he was to find some type of work so that a person would, oh how should I say it--not be proud of his job, but recognize the fact that he was giving something for what he got. That program is in effect today.

We did have a big garden and Mother put up fruit and vegetables and meat. We always had a pig and mutton and some veal. We always had meat and potatoes in the house. We didn't always have vegetables except canned vegetables. Mother always used to put up a lot of tomatoes and I remember sitting with a tub and the family would sit around the tub and shell peas and she would put up the peas. We stored carrots and potatoes in the cellar with a dirt floor. She would keep that dirt floor damp so that the humidity would stay up. They talk about temperature and humidity control in the storage nowadays--Mother had that down to a science in the basement of her cellar. After the season's produce was put up from the garden she put it in her cellar which was kind of a quonset-type cement cellar. She blocked off the shelves so that she had shelves for every month of the year. After she got through putting up the produce she then would go down and sort through and put so many bottles of tomatoes in January, and so many bottles in February, and so forth for the year. She would apportion her food out every month so that she knew what she had to work with. Then we had potatoes and carrots in the back part of the cellar which was a dirt floor and dirt walls. This was the part that she kept damp to keep the humidity up, air conditioned. She had a damper in

the back of the potato cellar that she could open and close, so depending upon the temperature outside, she could let the warm air in or the cold air in. It was a nice setup. She provided stuff for every month of the year and knew where she stood. We had a swarm of bees up in what we called the tank house. This swarm of bees provided us with our honey for the year. We had a drilled well and this drilled well had a pump on it--and a windmill. And then in the windy time, we'd put a pin into that pump and that pump would pump the water out and put it up into a big tank. The tank was about twenty feet high. And then we'd have pressurized water into the house coming out of that tank. The elevation of the tank would provide the pressure for the house. We called that the tank house. In the top of that tank house was a swarm of bees. We'd put boxes up there under that tank house and the bees would build up beehives full of honey and in the fall we would harvest the honey. After she got through putting the honey up, Mother would wash the honey dishes and the stuff that she used to extract it and take the washings and put it in a five gallon crock and put it in the cellar. Almost always the sweet juice from the honey would get mother-of-vinegar on it and she'd have her own vinegar. There were times when she didn't get a start of mother-of-vinegar, and instead of turning to vinegar it turned to wine. I remember one time when one of her daughter-in-laws was over visiting Mother and she went down to get some vinegar. She got a glass full of the stuff and brought it up and Mother realized that it had turned to wine instead of vinegar and she put the glass on the table and told her daughter-in-law to taste it. It hadn't gone to vinegar. Instead of tasting it she took a good belt of it and it was really high in alcohol and she got crocked and Mother had to sober her up before her husband got home. That was quite a deal. One other time down on the Lower Road the honey went to wine rather than to vinegar and she sent me out to take it out and dump it into the pigpen. It had a lot of energy in it. Not realizing that the pigs got drunk too, I poured it in the pig trough and the pigs came and they really liked it. It wasn't long before the pigs started to squawk and squeal and stagger around. The pigs were just really drunk. It



was funny to watch them. I guess probably half of the time it turned to wine and she didn't have a start of mother-of-vinegar. There were some interesting experiences that we had in the home like that that always kept us laughing.

The first recollection that I have of the Depression was when I was ten to fourteen years old at that time, and employment was almost nonexistent for a young man. However, I lived in a sugar beet area, and I took employment in the spring thinning sugar beets. At the time they were paying \$4.25 an acre to thin an acre of sugar beets, and at that time the seeding rate for sugar beets was twenty pounds of seed per acre, which just about gives a hedge to thin. It was very difficult to hit singles, therefore, we had to finger every clump of beets that was left to single them because beets had to be single to grow big. So I took employ at several of my neighbors' for the first year, and the second year I got in a crew which were real sugar beet thinners. We'd go to work at 5:00 in the morning and work until about 11:00 a.m. Then we'd find a cool shady place and lay down and sleep for a couple of hours and then get up and go at it again until dark. I was the fourth member of that group and the slowest of all of them. They'd thin to the end of the row and sit down, and about the time I'd catch up to them they'd get up and go down the row again. I'd have to turn right around and go down the row after them. They were good enough that they got their little interim rest, but I, just to keep up, and I wanted to keep up with them, would work until the noon break before I'd get any rest. However, that summer I did do real well. We averaged about an acre of beets a day, and we had the pick of the beet fields in the area because we were the best thinners in the area. People wanted us because of the quality of work that we did, and so I enjoyed working with these fellows although they weren't close friends of mine. They had a work ethic which enticed me and so I worked with them for a couple of years.

I remember the Fourth of July. It was traditional that Dad would get some gunpowder and instead of having fireworks we'd make our own. We would take a tomato can and punch a hole in the opposite end of the open end of the tomato can and put some paper

and a little string of gunpowder in that paper and roll it up and stuff it in the little hole at the top. Then we would turn the can upside down and put a layer of gunpowder in it and then pack some dirt in it and pack some paper in it so that the gunpowder wouldn't get wet and then fill it with mud--stiff mud. Then it would be like a firecracker. He'd light the fuse and when the gunpowder would go off it would shoot the can in the air and shoot it so high that it would go out of sight. We'd make several of those and we would shoot those off on the morning of the Fourth of July. That was quite a tradition. Then the village would have a Fourth of July celebration. They'd come together and play games and play ball and have booths and things like this where you could buy snacks and just have an enjoyable time.

Christmas was always a nice time of the year. Almost always we had a Christmas tree. I remember one Christmas when things were a little rough and we were not able to have a Christmas tree. I remember we went to bed Christmas Eve without a Christmas tree and someone, I don't know who to this day, knew that we needed a Christmas tree for Christmas and came and left a Christmas tree on the porch. Christmas morning we got up and decorated that Christmas tree. That Christmas Dee and Floyd were living in Washington and they sent a box to us for Christmas and my Christmas that year was a pocketknife and some homemade candy. We usually bought trees from the tree-yard. They would bring the trees in and we'd go to Midvale to get them. You'd seldom have a tree more than four or five days before Christmas. Nowadays you have them almost from Thanksgiving to Christmas. In those days if you had your Christmas tree a day before it wasn't too bad. We made our own decorations--there weren't any store bought decorations that I remember. We would buy some colored paper and some paste and we'd cut strips and make loops and we'd make loops and link the loops together and string them from one corner of the room to the other corner. To decorate the tree we'd pop popcorn and put popcorn all over the tree--strands of popcorn. We thought it was pretty. We never had any lights. We always spent several nights just before Christmas getting ready and decorating the tree. Christmas Day we

always had a good Christmas dinner and we usually had a chicken or pork or veal. We always had a good meal on Christmas. Nearly always any gifts we received were gifts of clothing and things we needed. Nowadays we shower the children with toys but we couldn't enjoy that luxury. Any gifts that I had would be a pair of levis or a pair of shoes or a pocketknife. I don't remember any pretty wrapping paper. We had this brown wrapping paper and we'd wrap them in that and we'd decorate them with a little bow or ribbon or something like that. I don't ever recall colored wrapping paper when I was younger. I don't remember any traditions at Christmas other than to get together and sing on Christmas Eve.

Birthdays--that wasn't a big deal--too many kids. Mother often would make us a shirt or something like that for our birthday. I don't ever remember getting anything on my birthday other than something I needed. We were always dressed clean. There was a period from '28 to '34 that it was difficult financially. Of course, that was no different than anybody else at that time--everybody was having financial distress--so we didn't suffer much more than anybody else--the norm for most families. I don't remember any toy or anything like that that I received.

Wintertime was a lovely time for kids. I remember when I was about 17 or 18 years old we used to go bobsled riding on Butler's Hill over on 72nd street. If you go up that hill there is a long, long hill there. Our bobsled that we made could hold fourteen kids. It had a plank on two sets of runners--a set in the front and a set in the back--and the third man on the sleigh would do the steering and he would steer with his feet and his hands both. He'd have a rope and he'd steer with his feet like this, with one sleigh in the front and about eight or ten seats back we'd have another set of runners and those runners were about three feet long. You'd sit on this plank and put your feet up on the guy in front of you and he'd hold your feet and you'd go down that hill. We could go about three quarters of a mile before it would come to a stop, and boy, I'll tell you it really gets going.

We used to have mutual parties and we'd go over on the hill and bobsled. We had one girl that thought she was freezing her

toes and she got up close to the fire and she had on hightop boots that belonged to her brother-in-law and she had a lot of pair of stockings in the boots so that they wouldn't slop around. The boots got wet and cold and then she sat by the fire and she didn't realize that as soon as those socks started to get hot they would start to steam. Before she could get those boots off after the heat got to her, she'd blistered her legs. We peeled those boots off as fast as we could get them off.

We'd always have a fire and sit around the fire and go sleigh riding. Seemed like every family had a sleigh, and the sleigh like you'd see today--the Flexible flyer--seemed to be the best one. They had a big Flexible Flyer Four and that really was a big long sleigh. We used to go over on Turpin Hill and that was a hill about an eighth of a mile long and they'd block it off to cars on weekends. Kids from Midvale and West Jordan, from all around, would come and go sliding down that hill. That was really fun. I remember one time when Stu and I went out to go sleigh riding and we had a Flexible Flyer and Stu laid on the bottom and I laid on top of him and we were going down the hill and as we got to about top speed a dog ran out in front of us. We couldn't miss him, so Stu put down his head and said "We're gonna hit" so I ducked my head down and put my head against his shoulder and we hit that dog right between the two legs and he wound up in the air and it just spun him like this and he turned around and then he got out of there. It was a good sized dog--it was a black labrador. I don't know whether we broke any ribs or not. If I hadn't had my head against Stu's shoulder it probably would have broken my neck. We really hit hard when we hit. The dog knew he'd been hit.

We used to do a lot of skating--ice-skating--in the wintertime. We'd go in the big canal there where we used to live in West Jordan. They used to have to leave water in that canal--stock water--and of course in the wintertime that would freeze over and the canal didn't have any obstructions in it for miles. We'd build a fire on the side of the canal bank and go skating. We took a lot of our time skating on those canals. We got good at it. There was six of us who went out to King's Lake out towards Magna.

King's Lake was about ten acres under water and we went out and got a football game on the ice started. We used to like pass football where you'd pass the football, and if you dropped it you'd have to start from that point. You could pass to anybody like you would in a basketball game. The object was to get across the goal line without being touched. We could out-skate most anyone on that lake.

Now I'll give a little background on my music talents. I probably should say lack of talent. As a young boy work was difficult and pay was terrible. There were times that I was working down on the Cedar dry farm for my dinner and a dollar a day. Accumulating money was very difficult. I had wanted to play a trumpet, and at the time they didn't have the loan program on band instruments like they do today, so I had to start saving money to buy me a trumpet. I worked all one summer and saved all the money I could, and one of the fellows that had bought a trumpet the year before decided that playing the trumpet wasn't for him, and so he had a trumpet for sale. I had a few dollars saved up and I paid him \$105 for his trumpet. Then I joined the band in the eighth grade. It was more playing for my own interests, or my own satisfaction--never really taking it too seriously. I played the trumpet my eighth and ninth grade, and then in high school till I graduated. I learned to play fairly well. When I got ready to go to college, I thought I'd take my trumpet along and get in one music class just by way of diversion. When I arrived at school the school band was practicing to make a trip to Hawaii. I arrived in school late because of the horse-pulling machine, and so the first day that I was there I had registered for band and went and took my horn and sat in as they practiced. I decided that I better try to do other things rather than try to play the trumpet. Because of the excellence of the pieces they were playing at that time I became discouraged. From that point on I only took my trumpet out periodically to see that the keys were still loose and to see that the slides would still pull out and in. So my music career ended upon entrance at Utah State University. I still have that trumpet, I guess I haven't looked at it for a year now, but it means more to



me as a souvenir than it does as an instrument for learning to play music. It was with great effort that I was able to purchase that trumpet, and so it's rather a keepsake, I guess you'd say, and I look back with fond memories of the hard efforts that I put in to purchase it. I guess it was lack of application that discouraged me and I never was a musician. However, I did like to sing in choirs and choruses, so that was my music "out" from that time on.

My teenage years were an active time in my life. I loved sports such as softball, baseball and basketball. Although I was too small to be in organized football, I used to be good at touch football. I loved to play tennis and throw horseshoes so my life was filled with sports activities almost to the extent that my education was curtailed. I practiced throwing the basketball through the hoop where I should have been in studying. The real joy in life comes after you get through school, after you have got your learning. It's been a struggle for me all my life to keep moving forward and I've found that you are always learning, or if you are not you should be. But, in my teen years I got involved in scouting and I got my Star and my Life and had completed the last two merit badges for an Eagle scout award and for some reason or other, and I don't recall at this time what they were, I never got those two merit badges passed off and so I fell short of getting my Eagle scout award by two merit badges. I remember one was pioneering and part of the responsibilities that was required was to build a shelter of some kind that would protect you from the elements and Ralph Goates, a friend of mine, and I were working on this merit badge together and we decided that we would build a dugout in the bank overlooking the creek just down from our house. We worked diligently and completed that assignment. We were thinking while we were digging and making it, what a nice club house that was going to be. We would have our scout meetings in that dugout and all of those things. We worked feverishly until we got it completed. But once it was completed, we hardly went back to play in it. I learned from building that dugout, that the joy comes from the doing, not from what has been done and that each day new challenges have to be overcome to make life enjoyable and



meaningful. That was much of the joys of scouting; there was always a new challenge. Once you had completed a merit badge and got it passed off, you could revel in the glory of receiving the merit badge for a short time but shortly that would wear off and you would have to garner a new set of experiences to make life continually enjoyable. I remember going to the high Uintas on a scout trip one year and at the time it was called Lake Ruth but shortly thereafter it was named Scout Lake. On the last day that we were there, we had contests of sailing and boating and ax throwing and baseball throw and a number of activities. I excelled in two, taking first place in the ax throwing. You threw an ax one revolution and tried to stick it up in a tree. They would put a string around the tree and you were to throw the ax and not only stick it up but cut that string, if you were good. You were given points. For each time that you cut the string, you got five points. When you touched the string with the blade, you got three points and if you stuck the ax up you got one point. You got 10 throws and then they would tally the scores. I took first place in the ax throwing contest. Dale Jensen and myself won the sailing contest on the lake. When we first went up, he and I were allowed, thinking that we were old scouts, to work on a sailing boat. What we did is we took one log and rolled it into the lake. The log was about 30 feet long. We nailed some slabs on it and put a cross member and some pontoons on it and raised a sail. We had a canvas that we took with us to wrap some of our food and supplies in and we made a sail out of that canvas. We got so that we could really sail that log. By the time that the end of the week came, we just outdistanced all the scouts that were there, and there were about 27 troops participating so there were a goodly number that were there competing. That was a most enjoyable experience, one that I will never forget. I was also given the responsibility of being the senior patrol leader because of my nature. I say because of my nature because I was kind of a rowdy boy. I liked to laugh and make noise and the scoutmaster learned early that I had leadership abilities because when I would start laughing I would get the rest of the kids laughing too and create a confusion. He found that if

he could harness those talents of mine, that he could control the troop and so he called me to be his senior patrol leader. He outlined my duties and responsibilities which were to maintain order in the scout troop which was the one he was most concerned about. Because of the pat on the back now and then and the compliments I received from him, I bent over backwards to first set an example and second to see that everybody stayed in line. This is where some of my boxing skills came into play. Some of the kids that wouldn't respond, I boxed their ears for them. I remember that in the Explorer Post, I hadn't grown much after I reached my twelfth year and the time I was 16 and 17 I was small for my age but looking back I must have been quite cocky because I had been in quite a few scraps and learned how to take care of myself. They called an Explorer leader and he didn't like me for some reason or other, I guess because I was so cocky. One night he brought a pair of boxing gloves and wanted to have a boxing contest. During this time he decided that he was going to show these guys how to box by putting the gloves on with me. He was quite a bit bigger than I was and was about 33 or 34 years older. Being small in size, I was quite a bit smaller than he and he was, as near as I can recall, about six feet tall. He put the gloves on with me and I hit him once and made him mad. He told me that I was going to have to stand up for myself now because he intended that he was going to take out his spite on me and so he turned loose on me. I wasn't about to give up and I gave him quite a thrashing. It was bad enough that he refused to come out to scout practice anymore, which didn't hurt my feelings because I figured he wasn't much of a scout leader anyway. But, the kids got quite a kick out of me giving him a bad time and that one thing made him lose the confidence of the kids and he felt inasmuch as he no longer could control them, he better get out of it. Were I to see him today, I would apologize to him for being a smart aleck kid, I guess. But I did box quite a bit as a kid and found that I could pretty well handle myself in most any situation. I indicated that I didn't grow from the time I was about 12 years old until my senior year in high school and so in high school, my junior class, I was one of the smallest students

in the class. I was just 5'2" and weighed 118 pounds and some of the activities in high school were such that you had to be matched up for size such as boxing and wrestling and so the coach would only match me with those of my same size which wasn't much of a challenge. This also was a problem in basketball and football. We had 109 in our gym class and they divided those up into 10 teams and this being my junior year I didn't know anybody except the kids I went to school with and the high school was an amalgamated group of about seven junior high schools. I was nominated for one of the football captains of one of the ten teams and I picked the kids that were about my size which wasn't very smart playing football, but I picked kids that were agile and able to catch the football. So what we did was I had four kids that were real good at catching the football and I loved to throw it and we just made a bunch of monkeys out of the kids that had big kids on their teams. I could maneuver around in the backfield until I found one of my men open and hit him and we ran a complete passing game. We didn't try to run any ground games, but just passed. We won the tournament of all ten teams and the coach used to tease the big guys that played on the football team thinking that they were real football players and yet some of these little kids beat them. It became a real sore spot with the kids. He asked me to stay out for the football team but I had no means of transportation and I had cows to milk and Dad had seen a couple of people killed while he was on his mission playing football and so I wasn't allowed to stay out for football. Had I stayed out for football, I would of had to have walked about three and one half miles home and that would have put me well after dark. It was necessary to get the milking done and the feeding done so I was not permitted to stay out for football. Basketball was a little different. The time frame was basically the same as for football cause all the practices were after school and I made up my mind that I would stick it out as long as they didn't cut me from the squad. There were a lot of kids that showed up for tryouts to be picked for one of the team members. He cut the squad to about 25 to start with, about one out of every four or five guys was picked and we had quite a bunch that were practicing and

working out together. I found that some of these 6'2" and 6'3" boys proved to be quite a foe. I could dribble around them but when it came to shooting a basket, they could jump high enough to keep me from scoring much. I was placed as a guard to bring the ball down and feed it into the people who could make the baskets and any shooting that I would do would be the outside of the three point circle and I was fairly good at that. Beings that I wasn't effective in close under the basket, rebounding or shooting, when the squad was first cut to 15 I was still on but when they cut it back to 10, I was one that got cut. So that pretty much finished my ball career except playing with MMen ball in the ward. That was more fun than school ball, I believe, now that I look back on it. There wasn't the pressure to perform that there was in high school ball. In high school, I didn't date with the exceptions of twice that I remember and if the girls couldn't play football and basketball, I didn't have much interest in them. My life was tied up in sports and if they didn't fit into that life style, why they didn't interest me much. Anyway I was small enough to be most girl's little brother in high school. I did start growing my senior year and in that year I grew seven inches and so by the time I graduated, I was 5'9" tall and I grew one more inch and I was 5'10" by the time I got through with my freshman year at college. I remember one or two of the experiences in high school that kind of sobered me. I was sitting to the side of a kid that had epilepsy. He told me that if he should have any troubles, the thing to do was to lay him out on the floor, keep things cool, put a cool rag on his forehead, loosen his shirt collar, loosen his tie, a few of the basic principles. He told me to see that he didn't choke. While sitting by the side of him one day, the room got a little too warm and he went into one of those epileptic fits. That was a scary situation. I tried to follow the instructions he had given me as a friend. The class was dismissed and we worked with him on the floor there for about 15 minutes. Finally he came to and there was cold sweat all over him. I realized that even young people have problems. It was my desire to so live that I would not be involved with some of the problems that I saw some of

the kids involved in. I never did like to see kids drunk because they made such fools of themselves. If I was going to gain the respect of my peer group, I was going to have to so live that I'd have my faculties and be in control. Alcohol and tobacco (at that time there wasn't any drugs to speak of or at least none that we were aware of) never enticed me. Seminary was released time and I enjoyed it. It wasn't under the strict regimen that high school was. Our teacher was kind of a clown anyway, a lot of the points were put over by jokes and his animation and so seminary was quite enjoyable for me. I enjoyed watching football games and wished that I was out playing. But I never would have "hacked" it anyway because of my size. In high school it seemed like I was a little mature for my age and lots of kids confided in me. They seemed to feel that I had answers to their questions which helped them out and so my senior year, I did a lot of "off the cuff" counseling. I found my model for counseling was the instructions given to priesthood quorums, the deacons, teachers and priests. Always found that if you followed the rules of the Aaronic priesthood, you'd pretty much stay out of trouble. And so I applied those lessons that we were taught in priesthood class time and time again to help my peer group overcome some of their problems. I even had a lot of girls come and want to know about different boys. They knew that they could ask me and get a straight answer. Sometimes I would have to tell them that I couldn't answer their questions because it would incriminate that particular person, that it was necessary for them to confront them themselves to get a straight answer. By the time I reached 5'9" I gained a little self confidence, I wasn't quite so inward. I started to feel like I was about the same size as the rest of the kids so my complex started to diminish at that point, but it had grown to such heights that it took a long time and I still have a little problem with a complex even today, particularly around people with their doctorate degrees. However, I have been told that some of the work that I was doing with my profession was comparable to any work that people had done for their doctor's degrees. It satisfied my ego for a while but I still feel inferior to a lot of people. After



graduation from high school, I worked on diesel tractors for a while in between the times that it was necessary to do farm work. After my senior year I was hired by Landis Tractor Company and I ran their big V8 Cats with killofer chisels on ripping stones out of their grain fields and loading them onto rock boats and dumping them into the wash and pulling a 24 foot rod weeder cleaning the weeds out of the fields so that they wouldn't take the moisture away from the crops for the next year. Then during the harvest I ran the combine harvester. Someone had to drive the tractor in front of the harvester but I ran the harvester and helped bag the grain. After the day's run was over, the trucker would come and we had a big semi-trailer and we would load sacks on that semi-trailer that had been filled and sewed that amounted to about 120 to 125 pounds. The two of us would get on the ends of the sack and load them six high. I really built some muscles that summer, rolling rocks and loading grain. When I started my college years, I was well built. My waist-line was so small compared to my shoulder width that I had a difficult time buying suits. By the time that I would get a suit and they would take it in to 28", it would just about put one pocket on top of another so I had to have every suit that I bought fitted to me because I was wearing a 42" coat and a 28" waist. Those didn't appear in the same bundle very often. I made enough money working for Landis Tractor Company to get started in college and I made an appeal to the college employment officer for employment because I had to have employment to stay in school. My folks weren't able to spend money on me because they still had family at home and money was hard to come by at that time so I had to make what I could make in the summertime and then work between classes or after school trying to buffer my income so I could stay in school until spring. I roomed with three boys from Hariman and Riverton my first year which proved very unsuccessful because two of the boys had a higher standard of living than the other two of us and so they did their cooking and we did our cooking and there were times when our cooking was pretty slim because of finance. In school I became very active in one of the pep clubs. We called it the MJB Club, signifying Murray, Jordan and Bingham and I was



picked as the club manager and it was my responsibility to field a team for every one of the sports that the intermural program participated in. I was continually trying to persuade people to participate. There was a time when I tried to get wrestlers and I filled my roster with wrestlers, except for one, a heavyweight. There was a fellow that was signed up in the heavyweight class that could chin three times with one hand. Just a bull of a man. I couldn't fill that spot and I had to fill that spot to get my award, which was a jacket or sweater with a big A on it. And so I signed up for the heavyweight class myself and I was only around 138 pounds and when it came to weighing in, I knew that if I weighed in that I would be disqualified because I was too light for 180 and over. So I convinced them that they didn't need to weigh me. They knew that I didn't weigh that. I wasn't overweight so I got by without weighing in and was able to wrestle in the heavyweight class. It was double elimination. The first match I pretty much held my own, however I did lose. My second match was with this bull of a man who could chin three times with one hand. It lasted just as long as it took for him to catch me. I was agile enough that he would make a pass to try to get me to throw me down and I'd get out of his way and it turned out to be quite a laughing match because here I was trying to stay out of his way and he was trying to catch me and it took just as long as it took for him to get his hands on me and hang on. I filled the group and at the completion of my senior year I was awarded a staff sweater. I wore that proudly. That meant a lot of work. My senior year the Delta Phi Club needed an athletic director for their club and my senior year they prevailed upon me to be the club manager and so three years in a row I was club manager however the last year was for the institute. It was the easier year because more people were involved in the institute classes than came from MJB. It was enjoyable. We excelled in pass football and basketball. We had some kids that were high school players and we won the basketball tournament for the clubs and all in all it was most enjoyable. My classes, I would have to say, suffered because of sports. I figured if I could get a B or a B plus and be able to participate

in the sports and social activities of the school, I'd feel all right about it so that was pretty much my goal to participate socially and in the sports field. My social end was a little lacking because I was so afraid of girls. I was afraid to ask them out to date and secondly, because I was pressed for cash and it cost about as much to take a girl out on a date as I would spend for a week's food and toiletries and so forth and so my earlier years in college were pretty much limited to activities that I could be with boys. In school, I started out taking basic courses and my math classes, my English classes and this type thing. My last two years I specialized. As I took my classes in college, I had no druthers as to whether I was in clerical work or engineering or in agriculture. I decided that probably the way that I would fit the best was to pick that field wherein I was most capable, the one that I had the best grades and so for the later part of my junior year, I sat down with my credits and my grades and determined that I received my best grades from agriculture and decided that that would be my life's profession. I had a 3.3 GPA throughout my college days. That could have been higher had I devoted more time to study and less time to softball and basketball and working in these social clubs. While in school, I had to work my way through college. The first summer after my freshman year, I got a job working for Doctor Keller on the experiment farm. As a greenhorn freshman, I knew very little of what went on but because of my ability to handle equipment and do the precise work that was necessary for plot work, I was hired to work with Dr. Keller in the experimental crops and grass farm. I was paid \$80 a month and I had to live on that a month and pay my rent and what have you and save enough to pay my tuition and get started in school. Things were pretty tight. During the summer, Ruby and I would share an apartment together. She stayed and worked in the dairy and I worked on the farm and so Ruby and I spent a lot of time together. Oft times she wouldn't have a date and I wouldn't have the money for a date and so together we would attend many of the functions that we participated in during the summer. Ruby did line me up with one or two of her girlfriends, but my dating was

very limited until my senior year. My senior year I lived in the Delta Phi House and was thrown in with a lot of returned missionaries because the Delta Phi Fraternity is a returned missionary fraternity and I guess they took me into the Delta Phi House to try to renovate me or recondition me so that I would be acceptable. I proved to be quite a challenge to them. I remember while we lived in the Delta Phi House, they had about four spots in the house that weren't filled--it could handle about 25 missionaries. It was called the Old Cane Castle. Gail Halverson and myself were two that they took in to fill that quota of 25. If they didn't have 25, they all had to share equally in cost and so it was necessary to pick up three or four more to fill that vacancy in the Delta Phi House. One of the sports we participated in each Sunday involved Sister Hammond, the head of the cooking staff. We only had her to cook and prepare our meals for us, because it was a cooperative house and each of the returned missionaries were assigned a particular duty. I remember that I was assigned to wash one week and had some 40 pairs of garments that I was assigned to wash. The one that I got tagged with the most and the one I hated the most was ironing white shirts. Each of the fellows felt that they had to wear a white shirt every day and where you get 25 times five days a week, that is a whale of a lot of white shirts. I had to recruit help and I had to iron those shirts and I really hated to have to get started on those white shirts. But I was going to say that Sister Hammond would bake enough pies plus two so that everybody would have a piece of pie on Sunday and there would be two pies left over and it was house rules that you couldn't have those pies unless you were able to slip them out of the house without being caught. Everyone would try and work out a scheme whereby they could sneak those two pies out of the kitchen without being seen. If they could do that they could eat them. Some of the schemes that were conjured up to get those pies out of the house on Sunday were something to behold. I can truthfully say that Gail Halverson and myself had far more than our share of pie. Some of the schemes that we cooked up would be stories for espionage. That was lots of fun. I enjoyed it. There was a time

when the new recruits for the Delta Phi were having their pledge week and during their pledge week, the new pledges had to do everything that they were told by their seniors. Gail Halverson and I, not being involved because neither of us were missionaries, got in the room one night of a guy named Fife, who was a great big heavy-set fellow. While he was to a school dance, Gail Halverson and I rigged up a bottle with a big cork in it and tied a string around the cork and tied it to the bottom of Fife's bed and put ice water in it. When Fife came home and crawled into bed, he felt that ice cold bottle on his legs and he reached down and grabbed the bottle and gave a yank. The string was tied to the cork and he yanked on the bottle and ice water and ice chips spilled all through his bed. The pledgers were routed out of bed about two o'clock in the morning and lined up and had to bend over and he whailed the daylights out of all of them. Nobody would admit that they had pulled the trick and of course Hal and I not being one of the members of the fraternity, we were never suspected and never offered. We took and put ground up tobacco in some of their shaving cream and put garlic in lotion and a lot of different things that the pledgers got whipped for. It was a most interesting experience for us to live in the Delta Phi House. Gail Halverson was the pilot that was recognized by the Germans as the Candy Kid. If you want to read a history, get a hold of Gail Halverson's flying experiences. Each time that he went over to drop bombs over Germany in the Second World War, every bomb he dropped, he dropped a box of candy with it and as the candy would float down it would disperse in the wind and scatter the candy all over the area where the bombs dropped, showing that he loved the people but was obligated to drop the bombs to accomplish an objective. I have many stories where Gail and I participated in some of the pranks that were sure fresh on the student's mind at the time.

Also while I was in my senior year, I was selected to be the president of the Agronomy Club. The students that were majoring in the School of Agronomy had a social club and this club would go on field tours and observe some of the works in the greenhouses and

things like this related to agriculture. It was quite a successful year for me in agriculture that year, gaining recognition of the professors and working with them in the summer. Being in the Ag group which was a business society group and the Agronomy Group. I worked closely with the Ag professors and got to know them very well. In fact, some 25 years after, I was walking across the campus from the greenhouses where we had traveled from Washington to observe some of the work that was being done with plant breeding and insect control problems and I heard a person yell my name and this took me by surprise cause I had been gone from the college for so long that I figured that it must be someone from the Washington area that recognized me. He hollered and told me to hold up and low and behold, it was Professor Peterson! He was one of my professors in agriculture when I was going to school. He had spotted me and recognized me right off and we spent some time chatting together. It made me feel good to think that I was still recognized on campus and I think most of that came because of the experience I had had in working with Dr. Keller and Dr. Peterson and Dr. Bracken and Dr. Evans. All of them became very close friends of mine. I looked upon my graduation with a great deal of satisfaction, realizing that I had made the effort to learn something that was a marketable skill and that I had done it on my own. I had Stu as an example. He, too, had graduated from USU and Ruby and I were working there together so there were three of us that graduated from Utah State. Hazel graduated from Henniger's Business College, Delos got his Master's Degree from the University of Utah and Lorin got his Bachelor's from the U of U. Dee was an outstanding or top student in Henniger's or LDS Business College, it was known when she was going to school, so for the most part my brothers and sisters were an educated group. All of us had to work our way through school. If you have to put up the money for your own school, you try to get all you can out of it to justify spending the money.

I remember the first time that I saw Ilene she was riding on the back of a motorcycle which was mine. I had lent it to a friend of mine to take his girlfriend for a ride. I was standing on the



porch of the Delta Phi House after they had been for a spin. She had her hair blowing in the wind. It appeared that she was unaffected and casually dressed. She was the kind of a girl that didn't mind getting her hands dirty and mind having her hair out of sync or her clothes rumpled up a bit without having it affect her femininity or apologizing for her looks. I found Ilene to be genuine, no show or put on. She just acted herself. I'll have to say that words couldn't express how that would be but I will try. She was very outgoing, bubbly, and effervescent; not really a butterfly brain but lighthearted and full of fun. She had a sense of humor but she could be serious when it was necessary and exuberant at other times. Ilene had a good sense of right or wrong and enjoyed doing the things that were above reproach, things that you would not have to apologize for doing later. These qualities and many others had been magnified during our married life. Actually it has been the spice of life and the ruling principles throughout our life. I remember telling Ilene after a dance that what I saw in her I liked and that forthright expression of appreciation was taken as male chauvinist flattery. Genuine as it was, it was regarded lightly. It seemed to me that my attempts to date her were fruitless because she was always booked up a week or two in advance. She actually suggested that I give her a couple of weeks advance notice but because of the lack of finance I didn't know that far in advance if I would have any money to take her on a date or whether I wouldn't. So I was obligated to wait until I was sure of being able to finance such an undertaking. That at best was only one or two days ahead of time. It was a while after having met each other that she decided that she would maybe like to wait for my invitation for a date. Only after she had come to realize that I was really serious in what I had told her, did she save time for our companionship to grow. I remember before getting engaged we saw each other 28 times in 28 days, of times seeing her two or three times during the day. I would go wait at the class for the period to end and would walk with her to the next class. I felt that she was something fresh in my life and that I liked. There were little things that happened during our courtship that I



did that were deliberate, I guess I could say, to find out how she would react to certain things. I remember during the winter before getting engaged we were out sleigh riding and having a good time in the snow around the temple grounds. There was a big drift of snow by the temple and I don't remember what prompted it but I opened the door and shoved her out head first into the snow drift. She came up sputtering and trying to wipe the snow from her face and her eyes. The sole purpose of that was to find out how she would react and she really passed the test. She came up and thought it was a funny thing that I had done and didn't hold a grudge but that was one of the things that made me feel that she would be good to live with. I remember one time I asked if she wanted to go hunting with me. The spring had broke and we usually went out hunting snowshoe rabbits. This was on a Saturday and I asked if she wanted to go. She said she did and we and a couple of our friends went out hunting snowshoe rabbits. We got into an area that was quite steep. On the south slope the sun had melted the snow and it was pretty slippery. As she started down the hill her feet slipped out from under her and she slid part way down the hill in the mud. What a mess! It was a sight to behold! But she didn't apologize for her looks, she just took it in good stride. I had to try and brush her off so that I could get her in the car without creating a muddy mess. We were able to get her cleaned up and demudded and back in the car and back to school. That also helped me make a determination of what kind of girl I was dating and whether she was the kind I wanted as mother of my children. Everything that happened was viewed in a favorable light. Not once did we get in an argument or have any second thoughts about if we were right for each other. The very first time that I took her out I knew that she was the girl that I wanted to marry. Never have I questioned that ever in the next 50 years. Any way, it has been pretty close to 50 years. I have found a lot of fine women in my life but Ilene is the one that I have loved throughout my life. There had never been any questions or any doubts in my mind that we were meant for each other. Our life has been a joy to us and we have kept that love shining brightly by the expressions of love along the way. It

seems like you have to nurture that love each day. We have tried to do that in little acts of kindness that we have performed for each other and the expressions of gratitude. Ilene has always been my best friend. It seems like I've had no need for companionship outside of the home. A lot of fellows feel that they have to have the Elks Club or the Lodge and some of these fraternal organizations to satisfy their friendship needs. I have never had to depend on those for my needs. Ilene has always been my nearest and dearest friend, but like I say, that has been nurtured every day. Our life has been eternal bliss always. We've had some differences but it's like Pres. McKay said, "The little decisions Ilene was to make, and the big decisions I was to make. I haven't made any big decisions as of yet. I trusted her implicitly. I've never had to worry about our financial structure. When the check comes I would turn it over to Ilene and know that it was well spent because she was able to be frugal in her life and protect our financial interests to the point that I need not worry how the money was spent. I have also been free of concern about whether Ilene was showing affections to any other person. Ilene is a free hearted person and makes friends with everyone that she meets, but at no time does she flirt with men to attract their attention. I have always been able to leave home knowing that she would be true to our marriage and our covenants. That has been a great source of satisfaction throughout our married life. Ilene has always tried to dress respectable and required that I do the same. I know that she always looks neat and clean and well kept so that when I came home I would have a sweetheart to welcome me home, one that could compete with other women that work in their femininity and their beauty. I had no need in casting eyes about to find some attractive girl that made a difference.

After my graduation from school, I went to work for about six weeks for the railroad on a crew to replace some of the railroad track. This was giving me a time to think what I wanted to do with my life and provide the needed cash to recoup from a full year of school. By the time that five or six weeks was up, I had secured a job from the grazing service. The grazing service today is the

Bureau of Land Management. I was hired as a range inspector and worked with the range attorneys to see that the range was managed properly and that people would not take advantage of the rangers not being there. Some of the people that were working with range permits would turn out a hundred head of cattle and only had permit for seventy-five and that's pretty hard to determine if you've got cattle out on the range. They are just plain hard to count out on the range. And so I started a survey checking with county records and so forth as to how many cattle they had in their possession and then go and check the number of cattle they had around the farmstead and determine whether they were in compliance on their range permit or whether they weren't. This got me out and checking the range considerably to determine whether they were in violation of their permit rights. Where they were overstocking without a permit, trespasses were issued. I tried to determine how long they had been out on the range without a permit and bring them into court and fine them or put them in jail. It was quite a responsibility. At round-up time, before turning the livestock out on the range, we'd conduct a round-up and bring all the stray cattle and horses in and corral them and determine from the brand who they belonged to and write trespasses or take a critter and determine who that critter belonged to and if no one would claim it, then it became the property of the government. Most times the owner would claim it and pay the trespass fine rather than give up the animal. I was also required to make range surveys as to the carrying capacity of the range and to do that I'd go out in so many isolated areas. When I say isolated areas, random areas would be selected, and you would take a sample of that area and determine the grasses and the forages, the shrubs and so forth that were on that check area and determine the feeding capacity and that way you determine the capacity of your range and issue permits to the extent of the capacity of the range. You'd maintain it and not let it go downhill but keep it so that each year you could maintain so many livestock on that area. That was part of my responsibility. I was given a panel truck as a means of my transportation and many weekdays were spent away from home, leaving Ilene alone. She was

afraid of the dark, I believe, and ascares to be alone so it was an undesirable situation as far as I was concerned. I found that as soon as I got out and was working with some of the rangers that were working the range also, they would give me asthma and the places that I would stay at night would give me asthma and I would have to give up and come home.

During this time, I was also what you would call a Federal Marshall. I had the responsibility of seeing that all the trees that were sold in the area of our responsibility had a tag on them and that tag was issued by the forest service showing that those trees weren't stolen from the forest service. I recall only once did I have to write out a warrant for a person. The thing was resolved by fining him so much for each tree and that was considerably more than the original cost of the trees.

Other than that, during deer season, I had a horse and trailer and would ride the area and see that there were no violations committed and see that peoples' licenses were valid and that they were not shooting elk instead of deer and in a general way protecting the interests of the grazing service.

Another of my responsibilities with the grazing service was being the base station for fire fighting crews. As a fire would break out in our area, the fire fighting crews would radio in to the base station and notify us of the fire and the severity of it and their requirements to fight the fire, such as: "This is a prairie fire and it is going to burn up the whole valley if something isn't done so bring one or two D8 Cats with bulldozers on so that you can cut a fire lane to stop the forward speed of the fire. Send out so many men with shovels to put out the fires once the front of the fire has gone past." This was my responsibility to co-ordinate the work from a base station. Each of the fire fighting crews had a station that they could radio in and express their needs and I would try to meet those needs and get them out to the fire front to help control the fire. I remember on the 24th of July I was driving from Brigham City to Tremonton. We were going to spend the day with Stu and Della and family and when we got about two-thirds of the way to Tremonton, I saw the smoke start

billowing up on Promontory Point and so I quickly delivered Ilene to Stu's place and got on the base station and alerted all the fire fighters that there was a fire on Promontory Point and to get on it as rapidly as possible. I had just taken my Ford panel truck out of the garage having had the motor repaired and everything was tight and I headed from Stu's place to the site of the fire. The fire was coming up one side of the hill and I was approaching the fire from the other side. I got just about to the top when there was a little swell that I had to go through before my last climb of about 150 to 200 yards to the top. My motor froze up. There I was with a car that wouldn't run and in the path of the fire. I ran to the top of the hill to see where the fire was and how many people had reported in to impede the fire to find the flames coming up the side to meet me. There was nothing I could do about it. The truck was there but the motor had frozen up and the fire was coming down and going to burn up that pickup. I went back down the hill to the place where the pickup was and it still wouldn't start. By the time I got back to the pickup the fire had crested over the top of the mountain but thank goodness there was a breeze that came with it that came up my side of the hill and the fire burned out along the crest of the hill. If that thing would have gotten started down along the other side, I don't know what I would have done. I couldn't have outrun the fire because it was going so much faster than I could have run so I just thanked my lucky stars for the protection that I had received from the ravages of that fire. Before the day was over, that fire had burned 3200 acres. It was one of those fires that was all-consuming, and was going five to ten miles an hour and taking everything in its path. Before nightfall it was checked. They had two D8 Cats cutting fire lanes around it to enclose it. After the fire was out, I had one of the Cats hook onto the car and give it a pull. The engine had cooled down and made it so the cylinders would go up and down and I got it so that I could get it started and could drive it.

Part of my job as I indicated before was range management, taking care of the livestock and the sheep on the range. I was to see that they stayed within the boundaries of the trail permit and



also within the boundaries of their grazing permits. I would go out on the range and count cattle to determine whether they were still doing what they should. The range was about on the Nevada-Idaho line on the northern part of the state of Utah. A part of the work involved being out in that part of the area with no access to hotels or motels or any such accommodations to stay for a night. There were these old CCC camps in the area and they belonged to the grazing service and so the grazing service had required that the personnel, when they were out in the area, stay at these old camps. This I planned on doing, but my first experience with sleeping at one of those CC camps was that they were mouse-infested and dust had settled on everything, and both of those were problems that I had with asthma. I was highly susceptible to mice and also allergic to dust. My first encounter was when I went to one CCC camp south of Park Valley and shacked up for the night. I had my own sleeping bag and they had cots there and about 2 a.m. the asthma attack had set in earnest and I couldn't stop it. I took some pills which the doctor gave me and he had said that one should do the job, but I took one and it didn't phase me at all and it was still increasing in intensity and I was getting so I couldn't breathe. So, I took a second one and the second one didn't help much either and I became rather excited about the thing because I didn't want to be found dead in a mouse-infested CCC camp. About 2:30 a.m. I loaded my gear in my station wagon which was my government transportation and headed for Brigham City and drove into Brigham City and got there about 7:30 or 8:00 a.m. The doctor happened to be there at the hospital and I went directly to the hospital and to the emergency room. He received me and looked at me and kind of chastised me for not following his instructions as to taking a pill to cut the asthma. I told him that I took one and it didn't do any good and then I told him that I took another and it still didn't do any good and I drove in from Grouse Creek area and the Park Valley area. He threw his arms in the air and he said, "My Gosh. You're lucky to be alive! Two pills is enough to knock any man out for about five hours!" But I was as wide awake and bushy-tailed as you could be. Every time that I went out on



the desert again, I rolled my sleeping bag out in the back of the station wagon and slept outside. Any time that I had to get in close proximity with livestock, especially cattle, it would trigger my asthma and I'd medicate as good as I could but I still couldn't control it. This was of concern because I didn't want to be employed in an occupation I couldn't tolerate so I went in and told my boss what my problem was and between the two of us we decided that probably I should terminate my employment and look for other employment. And that I did.

I changed jobs and left Brigham City and moved to Tremonton. There in Tremonton I had the opportunity of teaching school for about half of two years. The later half of one year and the beginning of another. That move from Brigham City to Tremonton was a traumatic experience. It was in the middle of the winter and Ilene and I had just gone to the furniture store and secured furniture to furnish the new house that we would be moving into in Tremonton. The winter was extreme that year, being very cold. We were told that there were troubles in the house that we shouldn't let it get too cold and so not thinking much about it I just told the people who were moving out that just as soon as they were ready to vacate, just to let me know so that I could get my stove in the building and keep it warm. But, that didn't happen. It was after four days that they had moved out that I learned that they were gone, and so we immediately gathered up what little furniture we had in the home where we were living and had the furniture company deliver our new furniture to the new place where we would be living in Tremonton. The first thing I did was set up the oil stove and start warming things up, all of the time carrying boxes and the like in and setting them on the floor until we could arrange them on shelves, which were very limited. Thank goodness we were in the house at the time that the catastrophe struck. We didn't realize that the pipes to the house were in the ceiling and the ceiling was insulated with insulation that looked like flour. When the house warmed up and the pipes warmed up, the pipes had froze and broke and immediately the water started to spurt and run in every direction and the water came down through the chandeliers and out

through the wall plugs and it was chalky and there we had our new furniture in the room. The rug hadn't been laid out, but it was in the room and once it started to break, I realized we had to turn the water off and there was no turnoff in the house and so I had to run four blocks down to the watermaster's house and tell him our plight and we had to have the valve turned off at the road. He piled in his car and we drove back and when we got back to where the tap was to turn the water off to the house, we found a snowdrift about ten feet high on the meter box. I dashed into the house and got a shovel and start shoveling that snow so that we could get into that box and turn that water off, realizing that during all this time the water was flowing down through the house. We opened the door and Ilene took a broom and to keep the water from getting on the new carpet that we had purchased and on the furniture, she was sweeping the water out the front door. When the water started to flow, I picked Kathy up who was just a little girl, I forget how old she was but about a year old and set her on the davenport and told her to stay there. It really scared her because we were dashing around and barking signals and what have you to accomplish the thing that had to be done to get the water off. Well, eventually we got the water off and the water in the house swept out and the place cleaned up and eventually we got things dried out sufficiently that we could put the new carpet down and the new furniture in and the broken pipes replaced and in the process put a valve in so that we wouldn't have to go out to the road to turn the water off. That was a bad introduction to Tremonton. The house that we moved into had one bedroom, a living room, and a kitchen and a bathroom of course, and then we had a little place on the back where we stored furniture and boxes and a few things like that. Then a little room where we kept the baby crib. These were just little cubicles but they served the purpose. There was no kitchen cabinets in there, just a table and all you could do was set your dishes on the table with no place to put them. After school, at nights, I would get permission from the shop teacher and with his help, I built cabinets and installed them in the kitchen. We put in a sink and cabinets, floor cabinets

around the sink on the north wall and put overhead cabinets on two walls and made the place fairly acceptable. At least we had places to store dishes and immediate necessities, food items, spices, soups and so forth in the cabinet. Our living became quite comfortable. My responsibilities as we assumed the job in Tremonton was that I was the biology teacher. I felt that the work that they were providing for the kids to learn was so elementary that I would take the Biology information and make up my own schedule and teach them out of the Freshman college biology book. So, considerable time was put into adapting that work so that I could really teach them something and help them with their biology. I had one student that stayed in the class for the first semester and between the first and second semester their folks moved to Ogden and I gave her a D in her biology for the semester and she protested and said that I wasn't fair and I told her I would give her another chance if she wanted to take a make-up test or a second test and she said no that she wouldn't do that. So she moved to Ogden and after the second half of the year was over she got out of school at Ogden before we did in Tremonton and she came to visit her friends and attended one of my classes. It was the day that we had our final exam and she came and wanted me to change her grade because she showed me her report card and she had gotten straight A's at Ogden High School and I told her, "I'll tell you what I will do. I'll change your grade to whatever grade you can get out of the final exam that we are giving the kids today so here is an exam paper and you sit and take the exam. The grade you get is the grade that I will give you." She was thrilled about that. She took the exam and about ten minutes later she came and turned her paper in and there wasn't anything on it and I asked her what the problem was and why didn't she take the test and try to improve her grade and she said that she had read all the questions and there wasn't any that she could answer. She admitted to me that I had taught her enough the first half of the year and that she had just coasted through the last half of the year without any studying. She didn't even have a book. I felt good about leaving her grade as it was and good about the things that I was teaching. I know

the principal came in one time and wanted to know what I was teaching and I showed him. I guess some of the kids had been complaining to him that I was a tough teacher and when he found out what I was doing to teach my class, why he gave an open book permission to do it any way that I wanted and so I felt that the kids got a good basic understanding of biology from my teaching. My employment with the school was so low that I had to get other jobs to make sufficient money to provide for our living. I was paid \$80 a month for nine months of the year for teaching at the high school. I had to moonlight at JC Penney's as a shoe salesman on Saturdays and after school and then in the mornings I started at 5:30 as the custodian of the local bank. I was holding down three jobs trying to make enough money to provide for our needs. I was casting about for employment and word came to me that they were looking for a manager in the Bonneville Co-op in Bountiful and so I made application for that particular responsibility and was hired. The Co-op at the time I hired on was basically a gas station where members would be able to buy their gas for three cents less than the ongoing price at the private gas stations. I worked at that as a manager for a period of time with the thought in mind that I would expand into other aspects of the Co-op. We would be selling lumber and fertilizer and things needed on the farm, farm tools, and the Co-op didn't want to move on this as fast as I wanted to move on it and it wasn't long before I was disgruntled with things as they were turning out. One day I ran into my old school chum at Logan, Byron Haterly, and he told me of a vacancy in the sugar company and that they were casting about for an employee. I told him I was interested because I wasn't any more qualified than the guy on the street to do the job that I was doing and the job that was open for the sugar company was an agronomist which I had received training in school for. The job interview was set up and Boyd Webb who was the Agricultural Superintendent at Chinook interviewed me and liked what he saw and so turned me over to Adler Gearhardt who was the manager in Chinook. After my interview with Adler I was approved and given instructions to show up on the eighteenth of February in Montana.

In Chinook the company used to have homes for their management leaders. When I accepted the responsibilities as a field man, they provided me as part of my wages, a house. It was a lovely brick home along the strip where the sugar company management lived. I worked as a field man there in Chinook, in and around the factory taking care of the production of sugar beets around the factory area.

My first day was spent in the office getting acquainted with the things I would need to do and know as a field man. I liked the job and it was a job that I felt comfortable with and the pay was much better than teaching school. The only thing I didn't like about it was the mosquitoes. I caught a bunch of them out there arguing over a man as to who was going to have him and that was about the way they were--they were big enough to just about pack a man away and they were numerous enough that if they got together it was a sure thing that they could. The mosquitoes were just terrible! In the spring the water from the north benchland would come down into the valley and there was a lot of pastureland that was flood irrigated and the clay flats wouldn't take the water fast--fact is, before the water would go away after a good rain, the mosquitoes would lay their eggs and hatch before the water would evaporate out of some of those puddles.

During the summer time and then during the fall, I supervised the piling of the beets on the piling ground and also in seeing that those beets were flumed into the mill when they needed the beets to be sent in. During the winter time, one of the responsibilities that I had was to go around and counsel feeders on livestock feeding, feeding sheep and cattle for fattening and rations, and then marketing the dried pulp and also the wet pulp. When I first went there, the factory was a wet pulp factory and it wasn't until I was there a year that they switched and started manufacturing some dried pulp. And so I saw the inception of dried pulp at the Chinook factory before I left.

It was a big responsibility having to take the responsibility of the ag superintendent in his absence. He would travel to visit the other field men in the factory area which covered from Frazier



on the east to Great Falls, Montana, Choto and all the area up in the north of Great Falls. I had opportunity of serving as acting superintendent in the responsibilities that he held during his traveling. I enjoyed the work. It was challenging at first and I liked the people. It was a job that was out of doors and so I was contented there except for the mosquitoes.

While in Chinook, I was called to teach the adult gospel doctrine class and really enjoyed teaching that group. The branch was relatively small, around 50 or 60 members. All of them were because of the sugar factory. Most all of the management came out of Utah or Idaho and were transferred up there to run the mill. The supervisor for the agricultural end of it was Byron Tolman. He was from Salt Lake and he hired employees from the Salt Lake area and transferred them up there. We had a branch of leaders but they were leaders only in running the mill. There was quite a bunch of them that weren't active and of course, the branch president was a sugar company employee, one of the shift supervisors. But, having been there about a year, I was called to serve in the branch presidency.

Also while in Chinook I tried out for the city league baseball team. This team played all over upper Montana and lower Canada. I was chosen to play second baseball which was an honor for me because I had taken the place from another player who had been with the team longer. The schedule came out for the times and places of all the games and I noticed that all of the games were on the Sabbath day. At this time I chose to withdraw from playing because I felt that it was more important to do the Lord's work and keep his day holy.

A transfer came and "Spud" Moore was transferred to Washington, leaving his area on the east end of the district vacant. They sent me to Glasgow which was about 100 miles from the Chinook factory. The move was made in the winter time and I remember that I came home before moving and the wash that Ilene had put out on the line was flapping in the breeze frozen solid. Having sat down and ate my dinner, I got ready to go back and the temperature had changed from about 10 degrees below zero to about



40 degrees above zero in about an hour. When I went back to work after dinner, those shirts were limp and water dripping off of them, a phenomenal change when one of those Chinook winds would come into the area. Those winds would blow down the mountains to the south of Chinook. The wind would take the snow off those mountains so that in the morning they would be white with snow and in the afternoon they would be black and water would run everywhere. It could freeze up just as rapidly; a forty degree change in less than a half hour. Conditions were severe.

We moved in February to Glasgow. When we moved, it was bitter cold and we moved into the house and turned the heat up as high as we could get it. The windows had storm windows on but those storm windows had frozen clear to the top. The water pipes to the house were frozen out in the road and it was a period of about 6 or 7 days that we never saw out of the windows. During that period of time it was so cold that we crawled in bed to keep warm. This was after we tried to heat the house as best as we could with the heat that was gas heat. Having the heat on as high as we could, we still had to go to bed to keep warm. The temperature started falling and before it got through it got to 40 degrees below zero. Like I say, the pipes out in the road, the mainlines for the culinary water were frozen. The city would bring a water truck to the mailbox out in front and then they would carry buckets of water from this water tank into our house and we would put it in the bathtub and fill the bathtub up. That was water to run the toilet and to wash diapers. We had two little kids, Kathy and Sue, that needed diapers washed and that was our drinking water and whatever water we needed came out of that bathtub. When the bathtub would run empty, they would bring us water again. During that 10 days after we arrived in Glasgow, the temperature never got above 20 below zero.

During that time I only got the car out once or twice. We had an office, a field man's office, in town and I found that it was easier to walk a couple of blocks to that office than to get a car out even though the garage was heated. If you got your car out in about an hour the temperature would be down to about 20 below and

everything would freeze solid. Your battery wasn't strong enough to turn it over and so you'd have to get a quick start from some of the tow trucks that were in the neighborhood or gas stations or whatever. I found that I had to have a heater in my car that I could hook up to the electrical circuit and heat the water in my radiator and keep it hot. I rigged my car up with a hot water heater and had a block plug that got down in the water in the radiator and I would plug it in every night and keep the engine warm and the water hot and that seemed to work fairly well.

I had some choice experiences in Glasgow and had some good friends. I was called to act as the branch president and I was transferred before I had the opportunity of filling that calling. I served as counselor to Pres. Porter and while on vacation to Idaho and Utah, I was called to serve as Branch President at the same time the sugar company transferred me to Enterprise to develop the industry in the Escalante Valley. I returned to Montana and had my furniture ready to ship before I knew of the call to serve as Branch President. It was a choice experience. Like I said, I made lots of friends there.

Glasgow had a small branch, however, they were made up basically of farmers and people that were sent there when they opened the area to the production of sugar beets. The sugar company sold farmers on the idea in the Idaho area and in northern Utah area of going up into Montana and taking up some of that land and raising sugar beets for the company. There was quite a bunch of them that did that. This was basically what the Glasgow branch was made up of was people that had been sponsored by the sugar company to go up and raise beets for the company. The branch was a good branch, a little more active than was the one in Chinook but I served as gospel doctrine teacher in this branch when I first went down there. After about six months of teaching, the church wanted to get started this teacher trainer program and so they switched my gospel doctrine class over to the teacher trainer class and so I taught the teacher trainer class for a short period of time.

The move to Enterprise was a challenging venture for the area

knew nothing about raising sugar beets or row cropping in general. Many problems were encountered there, wind, water, alkali, lack of know how, and labor and equipment problems.

We made friends rapidly and sang in the choir and played on the local softball team which took 5th place in the all-church teams. I served in the Seventy's presidency in the ward and worked with Bryson Cook on the district scout council. We also were called to serve in the St. George temple until we were transferred to St. George.

In St. George I worked in the U and I seed business as fieldman and helped in the physical developments of monogerm seed. While in St. George I served in the Stake Seventies Presidency and was in charge of the Schivowit Indian Mission, holding church services on the reservation. We also continued our temple job until we were transferred by the sugar company to Belle Fourche. Our stay in St. George was short but we decided when we retired we would live in Utah's Dixie.

In 1952 we were transferred to South Dakota to work as research agronomist for the sugar company. While there I was called to serve as the District President over the Black Hills District which consisted of eight branches ranging from Miles City on the north to Hay Springs on the south. This was the equivalent to stake president except for the size of the branches. It was while we were living in Belle Fourche that Warren and I located and purchased a ranch and 50 head of Hereford cattle. The place was located in Aladdin, Wyoming. We had 640 owned acres and 1400 acres of leased land. The ranch had two homes and averaged about 250 acres of dry land grains and 100 acres of dry land alfalfa and dryland grass hay. It was sufficient to support 100 head of cattle.

It was here that the stories of Elmer and George came into existence and where we learned that raccoons whistled. Let me take sometime to elaborate on these stories. We had two bulls named George and Elmer. They'd get in front of the chicken coop, inside the corral and Nathan would have to go shoo them away so that Kathy and Susan could go in and feed the chickens. The whistling raccoon

started one night after supper. Kathy and Susan were given a big pan full of melon rinds to go dump in the corral. It was DARK and as they approached the corral fence they saw two eyes. Kathy dropped her side of the pan and ran to the house. Susan stood there for a few seconds until she decided that it was a good idea to follow suit. As they both came running into the house they told me that there was a big animal out on the fence. I jokingly said, "Did it whistle?" They both said, "YES!" "Well," I said, "It must have been a whistling raccoon!" Sure enough the next morning I found footprints on the wooden fence indicating that it was a raccoon or badger.

Our neighbor's name was Bunny. We had to drive through their yard on the way to the schoolhouse. Nathan was just 5 or 6 (not in 1st grade yet) and he rode with us. The Bunny's had a BIG Hereford bull. It scared Mom to death, but not Nathan. That stupid bull would stand right in front of the big wooden corral gate so we couldn't pass in the car. Kathy, Sue and Mom were too afraid to get out and shoo him away but not Nathan. He'd climb out and go shoo him away and open the gate for us. Here's this little kid taking care of his mother and sisters. It was kind of embarrassing for Mom when she thinks of it now.

This was a special time in our lives as the kids were taught in a one room school house with seven students in three grades. The girls can tell of dried cow cakes fights. Life was peaceful and grand. Mom learned to fear cattle guards and one time nearly tipped the car over on a dugway.

Hunting raccoons was a leisure night time activity. We tried to reduce the coon population to prevent them from raiding our cornfields and eating the corn that we used for cattle feed.

Our house in Alladdin (on the ranch) had a battery system for lights and power. It consisted of 16 large storage batteries run from a gas generator. Our telephone system was a co-op owned by 14 ranch families and when the telephone would ring some of the ranch women would run to the phone to get the daily news. All my business calls had to be made in Belle Fourche to prevent eves dropping.

While living in Alladdin I still worked for the Sugar Company and because of earned income from the ranch being unable to support two families, I moved back to Belle Fourche going back and forth to Alladdin as seasons required. A vacancy came in Shelley, Idaho and I was transferred to Shelley to take over the job as research director on the research farm and livestock yards. I supervised the research work on the farm and also was in charge of the livestock feeding program during the winter months which was enjoyable. I couldn't get right out and work cattle. I had to give instructions and let someone else do the work. I enjoyed my stay in Shelley. We lived in the Second Ward when we first moved to Shelley and I arrived at a time when they were renovating the Second Ward chapel and they were laying some tile. The bulk of the work had been completed and they were laying floor tile when I arrived on the scene. The first Sunday that I was to church they pled for some manpower to help lay tile and so the next day after Sunday I went out and introduced myself to the bishop and worked with him laying tile for the rest of the evening. I told him I'd been active and in two weeks he wanted to install me as a counselor in the bishopric and I told him that I really couldn't be installed because my membership wasn't there in the first place and in the second place, I hadn't been released as District President in the Black Hills District. I told him I would write recommending my release from the Black Hills District and request my membership be transferred as rapidly as possible so that we could take action. But the bishop wasn't content at that and so he got on the phone and called the mission president and the mission president authorized my being called. Three weeks after I arrived I was serving in the ward bishopric in the Second Ward and had many choice experiences serving with Bishop Maurice Johnson. We served in harmony there for about a year and a half and at such time they gave Bishop Johnson a release and called him to serve on the High Council and of course that released Don and I. As soon as I was released President Christensen called me to serve as his second counselor in the stake mutual and be over athletics, drama, speech, and the activity part of the program. I served under President



Christensen for a while and then was called to serve as the Stake Mission President and served there for a period of time. Then they released the stake president, President Grover, and called President Christensen to serve as the new stake president. When I heard that the change was coming and General Authorities would be there in our stake in ten days, I had a feeling that I would be called to serve in that stake presidency. When I was called, I wasn't surprised at all because I'd already, I guess you'd say, been notified that I would be called to serve. President Christensen, when he got up to accept the responsibilities as stake president, said, "Arch must have been called of the Lord, because he wasn't my choice but it was evident that he was the one and that I was to have him to serve with me and after much objections, I finally agreed to accept the Lord's will in this matter." So I was called to assist him as second counselor. In that capacity I served under him in the MIA, sports, camping, and scouting. We worked in harmony together until such time as I was transferred to Washington.

Before being transferred to Washington, I had made up my mind that I wanted to go back and receive my doctors degree in agriculture and one of its phases. I had been offered a scholarship to the University of Idaho to study about insects and insect pests and diseases, and this type of thing, and entomology. I was trying to get my house in order so I could take that scholarship. It was small, but I thought it would get me back into school and I would get my doctors degree out of it. After a couple three weeks I received a letter from the head of the department at the University of Idaho, and he suggested that the job that I was doing at the present time would not be enhanced by further schooling. He said that inasmuch as you are working in research at the present time in entomology and agriculture, when you got your doctors degree you still wouldn't be able to receive any more pay or any different position than you are holding at present. He encouraged me to reconsider because of the lack of benefits that would be realized after getting a doctors degree. So I accepted that invitation to come to Moscow very coolly, I guess I should



say, favoring that I still wanted to go back to school, but thought possibly I was better qualified to go back in agronomy rather than in entomology.

It was in the year 1969 that I made up my mind that I wanted to go to BYU. I started making plans to enter school at BYU as a graduate student, and made a trip to Provo and contacted Dr. Walker, who I had gone to school under at Logan. When I walked in his office, he greeted me warmly as an old friend, rather than as a teacher-student. We sat and talked over old times and he said he'd do everything that needed to be done to get me in school. Right at the time there was no scholarships available in agriculture, and so I'd have to pay my own way. I kind of agreed to do it and so before leaving I rented a house to go to school the last of August, starting on my advanced degree.

One of the things that had to happen before I could do such a task was that my home had to be sold so that I would have sufficient money to meet the expenses of school while I was not able to be a wage earner. So in all faith I put my house up for sale. I had some five months before I had to check into school. Then, try as I might, I was not able to sale that house. The day approached when a decision had to be made. Without the sale of the house I didn't have sufficient in the bank to pay for the first months rent and food for my family. And so the time arrived and I had to call and cancel my application for graduate school and release my house. At that same time I received a telephone call from Salt Lake from my supervisor Brian Toleman. He asked that I take a transfer to Washington to take over the research work there in Washington. Not being able to fulfill my desires I felt dejected and let down. I felt really bad about it so I agreed to move. I had no sooner made up my mind to move and made a trip to Washington to live and my house sold. That wasn't the end to the story. Having made the move, I was called to serve on the high council in the Yakima Stake and Pres. Johnson set me apart for that calling not knowing me or anything about me. The fact is that that was the first time I had ever seen him. He told me that the Lord wanted me to know that I was where he wanted me to be and doing

what He wanted me to do and that I wasn't suppose to concern myself with anything other than what I was doing . This put a new twist on my stay in Washington. Knowing what I had to do I willingly dug in and did all I could do to help the Lord's work move along.

I was called as secretary of the Yakima Stake Mission Presidency and served in the Yakima stake mission presidency for a period of about 6 months, and was called to serve in the presidency as a counselor to the mission president. Missionary work has not been my ball of wax because of my inability to think fast on my feet and respond to questions. I have to stop and think about things before I can respond and my nature just isn't suited to missionary work. But I tried the best I could to do a good job. I was willing to serve and gave of my time and abilities, what limited abilities that I had.

I was called as the counselor in the High Council for the Elders Quorum of the stake and there was seven wards and I had to supervise and train all seven ward Elders Presidencies which required an abundance of time inasmuch as many of the Quorum leaders that were picked were totally strange to quorum leadership. I commenced a training program and trained the elders for their responsibilities as soon as they were called. This in a way I felt was answering the request to transfer to Washington.

I had a friend that lived in Washington whose place I took when he changed jobs. He took a job overseas and had a forty acre farm of apples and grapes. I took over that farm for him and worked in his apple crop and his grape crop. This was in Zillah, Washington. We moved from Shelley, Idaho, to Zillah.

I've always said that Washington was the state of the smells. I had reference to peach and apricot blossoms. In the spring in Yakima Valley the smell would just permeate the air. It was so beautiful to go up in the orchards and see the apricot trees all out in bloom without a leaf on them. It made me think of the story of the boy that tied the flowers on the apricot tree which was a signal that his family was waiting for his return from prison. That is kind of the story it reminded me of to see the apricot trees all in bloom. The fragrance was something else!

We moved to Zillah in time to get Charles into high school at Granger. I think Charles kind of upset the norm there because first of all he was an athlete and second, he was a scholar. He created quite a stir there when he made studying as enjoyable as playing football. I was told by one of his teachers that Charles had had a more profound influence on the school than any person that had registered there in the high school. Charles changed the attitude of the boys because he was such a good athlete that he could lead them in doing other things and this was one of the things that he did; he established competition in excellence in the academic aspect of the school. He wound up as salutatorian just simply because he had only been there a year. The girl that graduated Valedictorian didn't have the marks or grades that Charles had but because of her tenure in the area they felt that they had better give her the job or honor of Valedictorian.

We lived out there in an orchard in Zillah, completely surrounded with apples and peaches and apricots and cherries. Our first fall there in '69, the peaches were on when we arrived. I had never tasted fruit so sweet and so delicious as was the fruit in the area the year that we moved there. There were two Golden Delicious apple trees just south of the house on the border of our lawn and two to the west of the house bordering on the lawn. Those trees bore fruit and we were eating fruit from those trees until about the first week of December. The apples had enough sugar in them that they didn't freeze. I don't know when I enjoyed apples quite like I enjoyed apples in Zillah.

We lived in Zillah for 7-8 months (not exact on that), and we moved to Wapato. My friends' brother needed a place to live and so he chased me and my furniture out the back door as he moved his in the front door. But while I was there taking care of the financial aspect of the Don's forty acre farm, I had to pay all the bills and I had check-writing authorization. Had I not depleted his bank account, he would have lost his forty acre piece of property. I learned it was up for tax deed and he had about three months to meet the obligation. Thank goodness he had enough money in his bank account that I was able to pay off the indebtedness and save

his orchard for him. We have fond memories out there in the orchard. The house was large and spacious but cold, however, because it was a cinder block home. But, we thoroughly enjoyed our first year there.

In 1970 we moved to Wapato. It was a big school but many of the kids that went to high school in Wapato were of the Indian tribes because we lived right on the side of the Indian reservation. The river divided most of the reservation from the white sector. Everything lying east of the river was privately-owned land and much of the stuff on the western part of the Yakima River was Indian lands. The land on the reservation was very much run down, old cars scattered all over the place. I thought what a disgrace it was to live under such conditions! If they went out there they could start a junk yard just cleaning up the cars on the Indian reservation only. In the private sector where it was privately-owned lands, it was neat and clean and a very respectable place.

The kids, when we moved to Wapato, enjoyed the high school there. It was a nice school, but Judd Allsop, on occasion, would have to go over and straighten the Indians out so they would be in harmony with our church doctrine and he didn't hesitate to do that so we had that advantage. The kids enjoyed Wapato. We lived in a two bedroom home there. We had ourselves cramped in so tightly that we could hardly breathe, but we had to find a place to live when Don Kidman's brother moved us out, so we lived there in Wapato until we located a house in Toppenish. One of the members of the church, Hansen, was retiring and moving to Salt Lake and put his house up for sale and we bought the house for \$13,000. It was more than we thought it was worth at the time but felt that this was a better move to buy even though it was an expensive home than to rent and have the money go down the drain. Our rental was equal to the payments on the house and so we bought and moved to Toppenish.

We were members of the Toppenish ward even when we lived in Zillah and Wapato. We had a fairly sizeable branch there because people that came from Utah and Idaho to work at the Toppenish factory, most of them were members of the church. We had a nucleus

there to maintain the branch, or I should say, the ward. We maintained most of the programs of the church there. We had a good Mutual, good sports program; all of the things that were necessary to have a good ward.

We moved to Toppenish in 1971 and lived there until we moved to Moses Lake in May of 1973. We moved into one of the air base houses. They had decommissioned the base and the city had taken over the housing. At the time we were there, they were under government control but later on the city took over and rented them, but we rented from the government when we moved in. We moved into a three bedroom home, one of the larger homes, and lived very comfortably there on the air base for a period of seven or eight months. In 1974 we were able to buy a home kitty-cornered from the church square. I could sit in my front room and watch the softball games on the church softball diamonds. It was a three bedroom home, framed, about 15-18 years old and was a nice home. We thoroughly enjoyed living there.

It was while we were living in Toppenish that Nathan met and courted Maureen and they had a reception in a ward house there in Toppenish. That was a delightful experience because we felt that Maureen was about as fine a girl as we could find. Not only that, her parents were very dear friends of ours so we had a double connection there. Maureen has more than lived up to all our expectations.

I remember in 1973 when we first moved to Moses Lake, the first conference that I attended I sat on the seats immediately behind the aisle. The stake president was President Christensen at the time and I kind of had a feeling that he was talking about me because I had met him. He was a beet grower when I was looking for test plots and I had put one plot on his field. So I had met him just once is all and he was showing President Lybbert and President Jones and was pointing out who I was and that I was new in the area. It was a very short time before I was called in for an interview and accepted the job as high councilman. I served from 1974 to 1978 in the Moses Lake Stake High Council, and had various and sundry experiences there in working with the mutual, and



softball and basketball programs, working with drama, speech, the Aaronic Priesthood programs and many other things. It was very satisfying work because you are working with people who are anxious to learn and I love to teach when people are anxious to learn, and I could get quite excited about teaching people their duties. Even today I find it very exciting to teach these missionaries that we've been teaching. Part of the responsibility as a high counselor was to take charge of the splitting of the stake making two stakes, the Moses Lake Stake and the Othello Stake. Then dividing four wards up in the Moses Lake area and making six wards out of it. That was very challenging because we had to draw lines which would provide equal numbers of high priests, seventies, elders, and Aaronic Priesthood young men and young women, so that all of the programs would function normally within the ward. I think before the program was accepted, six plans were presented and six locations or boundaries were presented. In the final analysis the first was accepted. It took us five months to work out the details of the organization of the new stake and two new wards within the Moses Lake Stake. It was a very challenging experience for me.

One of the assignments that we had in addition to serving on the High Council was a temple preparation course that we taught in Moses Lake. That temple preparation course picked up inactives that wanted to affiliate themselves with the church again. They were invited into the Bishops office for an interview and in that interview they were challenged to participate in this temple preparation course. A part of that course was taking them through the temple to take out their own endowments. There was 12 lessons which Ilene and I developed personally removing them from various and sundry books, and then putting them into our own works so that we could get a handle on them. It seemed so successful that we were even asked for a copy of our 12 discussions and it was sent to Nova Scotia. But we thoroughly enjoyed teaching preparation courses and there's a goodly number of people in the Moses Lake Stake which came into activity because of the temple preparation courses we taught. Some of the choice spiritual experiences came from some of the testimonies that were born by the people that



graduated from the temple preparation course and went through the temple.

Also in '74 I located a piece of dry farm land. I don't know whether I was looking for a piece of ground to get involved in or not, but this piece of ground came up for sale and I checked it out and told Judd Allsop about it. Together he and I put up half and half and purchased the 320 acres. It was rolling hills but good quality soil and that meant that we had to have equipment to farm it. We found a fellow that had gone out of the dry farm business. He had a harvester and a tractor and a drill and a rod weeder and a few things that were necessary to take care of the place and we bought those from him.

We used them for two years and we put in a permit for drilling a well because as a dry farm it wasn't big enough to justify having all the equipment necessary to farm it successfully. Every time we'd put in a permit it would have to be advertised and when it was advertised, if there were any objections, they would sustain or support those objections if they were justified. Whenever we would put in a permit, the neighbor would put in an objection and they would sustain his objections. The next year we decided we'd try again and this time instead of just trying once, we put in two applications and spaced them a few days apart. When they were advertised for objections, our neighbor only noticed one of them and as soon as he saw the one he immediately sent in an objection to the issuing of a permit. But he didn't notice the other permit for the same piece of ground and he didn't put in an objection, so we were granted a permit to drill a well for 320 acres.

Right at that location, the depth of the water was at about 1100 feet and so that made water pretty expensive. When we had the permit issued and the paper work done that was necessary to tie it up so they couldn't take it away from us, then we put the place up for sell. That wasn't the reason we wanted to sell it. I was having heart troubles right about that time and I just had to have my heart worked on. In 1976 I had a heart operation and in 1977 I had my gall bladder out. This was during the time that we were trying to get a well drilled and when I couldn't take care of the

work because of heart trouble, we decided we'd better sell it and so sell it we did. Judd took his money and put it into an orchard and did real well at it and the money I got, part of it went into the operation and recuperation and so forth and part of it went into doing other things that we needed to accomplish at the time.

Our market price about doubled our money on the dry farm. In the two years that we held it we took off two crops of grain which were relatively poor crops because we didn't fallow. We were trying to get the mortgage paid off and so we planted one crop right after another which wasn't the wise thing to do over a long pull. It was expedient that we get the debt paid and so we went ahead and planted grain two years in a row.

There was a story that went along with my heart operation and my gall bladder operation. Before I went to the hospital, I felt like I was so badly out of shape that I needed to go on a good exercise program but every time I would attempt to exercise I'd run out of breath so soon that I couldn't do much in stepping up my respiration rate and so forth. All the time I was troubled with asthma as well and I couldn't tell because of the asthma whether my asthma was giving me troubles or whether I was just out of condition. One night as I walked home from high council meeting, I had to stop and sit on the bleachers and rest and that was about 100 yards from the church house. When I rested I got up and started walking the rest of the way which was about another 200 yards. A pain developed in my lower left arm and then I realized that it was my ticker that was giving me troubles rather than me being out of shape.

We went over to the doctor to find out what the score was and found out that I had angina heart problems. The doc told me to get up to the hospital and to drive up. He said, "Don't walk because as nearly as we can tell, you've lost about 95 percent of your capacity. You're working on a 5 percent heart capacity. It is little wonder that you are so out of breath!"

We went home and came back. Ilene took me to the hospital and they "prepped" me for operation. Part of that "prepping" was

shaving my legs because at that time they took an artery out of your left leg to patch the bad artery in your heart. When they got in there, they found that it required three bypasses. As they got into the leg to take out an artery, they found two of them laying side by side. So, they stripped one of them out and used one to replace some of the segments that had been plugged from my heart. The doc said that I was the only person to his knowledge that had spare parts.

But, the operation was apparently very routine because in three days I was up and dressed and walking around. One day I was sitting reading at the bottom of my bed and the doctor came in to the room and visited with the patient who had also had a heart operation the same day. I noticed he looked over in my bed and of course, I was sitting there reading. He left and said nothing to me and he came back again and talked to the fellow in the bed beside me and left a second time. The third time he came back I was still reading and he swore and wanted to know where that so-and-so patient of his was that was supposed to be in that bed. And the fellow said, "He has been sitting right there every time you've been in." In three days I had recovered sufficiently that I could get up and walk around and felt real good. Five days and I went home.

At the start of the second week, Charles and Brenda and Mum and I made a trip to the Cardston temple. Charles drove the car and Ilene and I sat in the back seat. I wasn't supposed to drive for a period of about seven or eight weeks and so Charles drove us up to Cardston and we put in a couple of days at Cardston and returned home. The third week I went back to work and worked part-time and the fourth week I was working full-time again.

The thing that was a real shaker or shocker to me was when I looked on the medical sheet that they sent to me and they indicated that the heart had been removed and stopped. After the operation was completed they had to take these electric shockers to get the heart started again. It was kind of unnerving to me to know that had it not been for the technology and equipment that they had at their disposal at the time, I would have been dead. And so, I was

glad for modern technology. But the real shocker came when I looked at the bottom of the page and saw that the operation cost \$11,000! I thought that probably shocked me enough to probably stop my heart, but it didn't. I went home and recovered and I've enjoyed good health except for my asthma ever since. I've not been burdened with medication. I've not taken heart pills or stimulants or depressants or anything of that nature ever since that time. My diet has remained the same. I don't have to worry about diet and haven't to this day.

In 1977 we went to Cardston and went to the temple and the Jorgenson's went with us to the temple. We had rented neighboring rooms to Brother Jorgenson and Rumina Jorgenson. The second day while we were there I had a terrific pain and I didn't know whether I wanted to live or whether I wanted to die. They left me to recuperate and they came back after a couple of sessions to the temple and I still hadn't recovered very much and so the group that was up from Moses Lake to the temple came in and gave me a blessing, still not knowing what was wrong. I was the driver for Jorgenson's car and I had recovered sufficiently because of the blessing to drive that car for the next nine hours to get us home.

When we got home, Ilene and I went to the hospital and I think this was the time that it was in the wintertime and I thought I was able to drive the car to the hospital. I got part way and it just got so bad that I couldn't stand the pain and drive also, and so Ilene had to take over and in the slush and slick roads and snow and so forth. It was quite a trial. She did a good job and we finally made it.

Of course when you get your gall bladder taken out it means that you can't digest fats of any kind and you have to be on a pretty strict diet. I've never had that problem. I've eaten whatever I wanted and my gall bladder has never been a problem since. While they were in working on my gall bladder, I told them I had problems with acid blowback up in my throat and was having considerable problems with it and so when they took my gall bladder out, they cut out my stomach and turned it upside down and made a new valve for me so that my food wouldn't come back up into my

throat. That just completely stopped any acid indigestion that I had. So I have an upside down stomach and it seems to work fine and has accepted anything that I've given it. It's served me well for the last 16 years. It has gotten too big but I can't blame that on the operation.

I don't remember the date, Ilene probably could tell us or it might be in Ilene's papers, but we went to Charles' graduation from medical school in St. Louis. We planned on making a trip to the pageant in New York and see some of the historical sights and religious museums and places as we traveled. We had a 1975 Pontiac station. It was a real nice old car, very dependable; and so we started for St. Louis. The dedication of the historical sights at Nauvoo were scheduled for the same day that we arrived in Nauvoo. Brenda's parents were coming to that dedication and so they brought their camper and Charles and Brenda and the Zirkers met us in Nauvoo and we stayed for the dedication and also for the pageant after the dedication. The pageant was put on right on the hillside just above the historical site. But the Missouri River had a lot of backwaters and marshes and so forth and the mosquitos were just terrible. This was at the early part of the summer and the temperature was high and the humidity was around 85-90%. We had thought of sleeping in our sleeping bags outside of the camper and outside of the station wagon but the mosquitos were so bad we couldn't even open our mouth to breathe--the mosquitos would be sucked in and so we had to sleep and made a bed inside the station wagon. Because of the mosquito situation we had to leave the windows rolled up so that the mosquitos wouldn't get in the car and fly away with us. That was about as miserable a night as we had spent and when, in the process of arriving there, because of the heat and the humidity, we had the air conditioner on in the car and Ilene was right in front of the discharge outlet for that air conditioner and the second day she developed a real severe cough and it just got progressively worse. By the time we saw Charles graduated, he'd determined that we had better turn around and head back home just as fast as we could get there. She had developed quick pneumonia and so as soon as the graduation was over, we



decided that we'd make a run for home. Charles' apartment was small and we had to sleep on the floor and the windows were small and the humidity was high and sleeping on the floor was a real drag. But after Charles' graduation, and he did graduate with honors, we left and headed back home. We checked some of the film that we had taken of some of the historical sites on the way to St. Louis. We found that on our return home we were able to get the pictures that we failed to get as we passed through the various points on the way to Nauvoo. But we got Mom home and sure enough, she'd had quick pneumonia and had quite a serious bout with pneumonia and it took her quite a while to recover. The pneumonia seemed to be over but the bout with the pneumonia had worn her down to the point that it took her quite a while to recover.

Charles made up proud with his honors and right at the same time while we were there at Charles' we heard of the volcano on Mt. St. Helens erupt. It said that it blew ash and smoke into the air about 5 miles high. Now I might be getting my stories mixed up here. We tried to fly back home and we couldn't get passage into Spokane because of the volcanic ash in the air. What was actually happening was that there was enough particulate matter in the air that it would grind these motors out in an airplane with this fine silt or fine sand that was in the air so they wouldn't even put an airplane in the air that got into the clouds of ash. At the time that it happened there were 13 police cars on the Moses Lake police force and of those 13 cars all of them damaged the motors to the point that they had to be restored and replaced. Many of the new cars had to have new motors put in them after running around the town without adequate air filters.

When we came home we got off the plane in Spokane and that was right on the fringe of the ash and we went north up almost into Canada and came down to Moses Lake from the north. We found that the ash floated in a band about 4 or 5 miles wide is all and we got within about 2 miles of Moses Lake before we hit into the ash. We drove very slowly and carefully so that it wouldn't fly up and get into the airbreather and ruin our motor. When I got home I took my air filter and took a piece of foam rubber and dipped the foam

rubber in oil, saturated it with oil, and put it in the top of my air filter. This filter I would take off each day and wash it in gas and clean it up again and put it back in after it had been saturated in oil again. That seemed to really do the trick.

When we arrived home the people were working on our yard and on top of the house. The ash was about 3-4 inches deep all over everything. I would say that we had 15-16 people working there when we arrived home trying to clean the place up before we got home. That ash was just about like a woman's face powder. You could blow it and it would just fly in every direction. You couldn't shovel it very good because it would just flow in front of a shovel like water. It was something to behold, but we had to get it off the roof because we were worried about the roof collapsing. If it got wet it would hold a whale of a lot of water and so we shoveled it off the roof and tried to keep it out of the bushes around front, moved it out into the road, and the city shoveled it up and hauled it into the lake. When the EPA, the Environmental Protection Agency, heard that they were dumping the ash into the lake they came over and were going to stop them from doing it--that would change the ecology of the lake. The Moses Lake people just told them to get lost. Until all was cleaned up they continued to dump it into the lake. The soil itself was very inert and added very little to the soil fertility.

In 1979 I was called to serve in the stake presidency with presidents Jones and Lybbert. This was a rich experience because I had assignments which were enjoyable. I was called by President McConkie of the Quorum of the Twelve and I served in the stake presidency for about a year and a half before I left to go to Pakistan. The responsibilities that were assigned me, one that always kept me on my toes was the welfare of the stake. It was mostly cases that were having family problems and needed counseling, needed someone to help them stabilize their lives. I was responsible for the Young Men's and the Young Women's programs, for the Stake mission program, for the music program of the stake, and for the Aaronic Priesthood Committee. They kept me real busy. In the Aaronic Priesthood program was the basketball program and to

keep that program staffed and functioning without bickering and without problems was quite a task. In the program I picked some of the best athletes in the stake and they in turn trained referees which provided the refereeing for our church program. After my release my replacement didn't appreciate the value of good referees, as I had, and they were released and immediately they went into refereeing high school and junior high games. After about six months without good referees, the fellow that took my place in the presidency (President Silver) tried to get back these referees that had been trained under my administration, and none of them would accept. They said that they knew enough about refereeing now that they could qualify for high school in both district and local meets and they would be paid and unless we paid them for it they wouldn't function. He had a real struggle from that time on trying to get referees.

In January of 1980 we got involved in working in the mortuary. I'd always had a feeling that I'd like to be a mortician and when we first left school, left Tremonton, I had seriously considered trying to get into the mortician business. But applications and all, I was able to get the job with the sugar company and so I didn't pursue it any further. But when I was laid off, I went and tried to fulfill my dream of being a mortician. I went to the town north of Moses Lake and worked in a mortuary there. The mortician tried to train me how to be a mortician and I'd help prepare bodies for burial and take care of the books and drive the hearse and make preparations for the burial plots and so forth. It was just generally a management responsibility and help with the funerals.

I worked there for about four or five months and an opportunity came up to buy a funeral home in the Tri-cities. We gathered up all the money we could get our hands on and tied into on an ownership basis, which was a sad mistake at the time. I loved the work. It seemed like at funerals, even though they were not member funerals, the church had something to offer the people by way of comfort and consolation and I was able to talk with many and plant many of the seeds of the Resurrection, eternal life, and families are forever and these things in the hearts of people who

had loved ones pass away.

We purchased a controlling interest in a mortuary there in Tri-Cities and I would go down on a daily basis and work and put my time in down there and basically took care of the books and the physical facilities and Frank Mueller would take care of the embalming and the ordering of embalming supplies and so forth, arranging of the funerals. It was a nice working agreement, but because Frank and his brother were at odds with each other it made it so this fight got to such an extent that he put us out of business and we had to turn the property back to its original owner. With all of our savings put into it, it was lost, an experience I choose not to go through again. However, I would like to work at a mortuary simply because of the sweet spirit that is found there and working with a person and his last rites.

I'd like to talk some about the preparation and trip to Pakistan. While still working for the sugar company, Harza International of Chicago was anxious to secure an agronomist to send to Pakistan and work with the sugar beet program.

Harza International is an engineering firm that builds dams and canals and electrical plants and so forth. They had the contract to renovate the canal system in Pakistan; it was a \$220,--,000 project. The World Bank would not finance the project unless they hired an agronomist which would improve the conditions which existed so that it would pay back some of the cost.

They had been trying to get me to go for a period of a couple of years and I told them that as long as I was working for the sugar company, I had no desire to take employment in a foreign country. Also, my mother was ailing and well along in years and I wanted to be around when she passed away. This was another reason that I was not anxious to make a trip to Pakistan, because I would not be able to come back for the funeral. We had many things that kept us from accepting the position. However, Mother did pass away and my employment with the sugar company was terminated when the factory was taken out and the company no longer was doing anything in the sugar beet business, leaving me unemployed. This was a crucial time in my life because I had never been unemployed since

I joined the work force, and psychologically I felt that I had to work to survive. That was so deeply ingrained on my mind that I found that my unemployment was very terrifying to me, to not be able to work and provide the means whereby we could live.

I made application to a number of fertilizer houses and Farm Bureau sales businesses and so forth where I felt that I was qualified to provide a service or give service which was worthwhile. For three months I went without a job. That was the most traumatic experience in my life.

The government program involved a twenty-six week period where you could draw unemployment compensation, but I always had to apologize to myself for accepting this type of funding while we were unemployed. But during this period of time, Harza's International called again and desired my services. I told them I would give them an answer within two or three days. Ilene and I had prayed continually about the proposition and although our hearts said we should stay in Moses Lake, my better judgement told me that I should take the job. This was hard for Ilene to accept, however, she had made a covenant when she married me that she would not stand in the way of my making the monies that was necessary to sustain us. She stuck to that promise, although it was very difficult for her because she was leaving friends and family and a nice home and the surroundings which she loved. But we felt that something had to be done, so I called them and told them that we would accept the responsibility of going for a period of twenty-one months. This was the time frame which was required and so I accepted it on the basis that I would receive the salary that I was getting at present plus overseas time with the addition of one more day, because in Pakistan they required that I work six days a week. They met those requirements and called and asked that I make a trip to Chicago so that I could be interviewed by the top brass. This was a rather scary proposition because Chicago meant to me important people and having a complex, it was something I dreaded. But they sent me the airplane tickets and the first thing I knew I was on the plane and on my way to Chicago. It kind of eased my problem when I got off the plane and there in the congregation was



the ex-stake president from the Pasco Stake. I knew he was now mission president in Chicago and was there picking up the missionaries. I had a chance to talk with him and asked him how he enjoyed his responsibilities as a mission president. He said it is a glorified babysitting problem and he indicated that there were a few that he received that took away the real enjoyment of being a mission president. Some were hard to handle and had not been taught to mind and obey the rules and so forth and because of this it created many problems for him. It seemed to me he had a difficult time facing those problems. But he picked up eleven missionaries there and I had a chance to talk to all of them and admonished them to diligence and then I took the bus into the hotel that they had provided for me. The next morning there was a limousine there from Harza International to pick me up and take me to the office and I had the privilege of meeting the staff who were in the policy making roles and was interviewed by two of them. After that I was taken into the manager and had a chance to talk to him for some time. For some unknown reason, that interview went well. I was pleased with the way I handled the situation and I soon learned that they were just normal human beings and were looking for someone that could do the job that they had to have done. It must have pleased them for I was hired on the spot and told to go home and prepare to leave. Having completed my interview, I returned home and started making preparations to leave. We sorted our goods; We sent part of our goods by boat, part by airplane, and kept part to take with us that we might have those necessary items while we were in Pakistan. Time went fast and the first thing we knew we were on the plane flying to Karachi. However, as we left, we left the Seattle airport and flew to London. That was the first time I went twenty-four hours without the sun setting.

As we left Seattle, the sun was just on the horizon and as we lifted off we flew over the North Pole into London. The sun went down but it never got dark. It stayed light all night. There was a period of about an hour and a half when we couldn't see the sun. The rest of the time the sun was shining. When we arrived in

London we took a taxi and went to a motel and went right to bed because we had been up almost forty-eight hours without getting any sleep. We really had plans of attending the temple in London but got checking our flight schedules and found that the time frame was too close to be able to make it to the temple and back again and pick up our luggage and board the plane, so we had to forego the temple excursion while we were in London. I had the opportunity while there of calling a distant cousin of mine who lived in London and for the first five or ten minutes, it was almost impossible for me to understand her, but as we talked I got a little better ear for the English language and had an enjoyable visit with her. She seemed to be a very special person. As the next day dawned, we made plans to go to Pakistan by way of the Pakistan air. We checked our bags and we had a maximum limit which we could take and for some reason or other, we still don't know to this day, we were only able to take so much. How we got through without paying an additional freight charge at the customs office, we will never know. We felt the Lord was looking out for us. We got all of our bags checked and boarded the plane and we set down in Berlin and fueled and let some of the passengers off. We never got off the plane at that destination because it was night again and had just a short layover there. As we took off we flew to Tehran, Iran. This was the time that the Iranians had taken the fifty-two hostages and when our plane set down in the Tehran airport, there was a military group completely surrounding our plane with armed machine guns. They were deciding what they were going to do with the people on the plane, whether they were going to take them hostage and add them to the fifty-two or let us go on. So we sat under armed guard for a period of about two and one half hours. It seemed like an eternity, but finally we were given the privilege of continuing on our journey and we took off and flew to Karachi. We were told that Karachi was a modern airport and we expected things like we saw in Seattle before we left and in London when we arrived--thinking that they were modern airports. We landed on the field and the plane stopped and a bunch of men pushed up a set of stairs to the door and we walked down those metal stairs onto the

ground and the plane stopped about a third of a mile from the place where we checked in and so we had a chance to stretch our legs before we got into the internal part of the airport. We arrived about ten thirty in the morning and we started the long wait for our baggage. As they put the baggage on the conveyor we waited and waited and waited for our baggage. We thought it had been lost in transit. What happened was that when the noon hour came, or tea time, the airplane crew sat down beside the airport building and wasted an hour there before we realized what was going on. There was still a few suitcases left to be put on the conveyer but they had taken time off for tea as well as for lunch. We mentioned it to one of the officials in the hanger and he walked out and I guess it was a good thing that I didn't understand how to speak their language because I think he used a few words that were sharp to the ears. Anyway, the crew jumped down and put the rest of the bags on the conveyor and we found ours, but from the time our bags got collected, the hanger was pretty much vacant. We walked through the door thinking of flagging a taxi to take us into a hotel in Karachi because we were to stay there until the next morning. When we walked outside the door, there wasn't only one taxi but a whole raft of taxis and the drivers descended on us like a bunch of vultures on a carcass. It got to the point that I couldn't extract my suitcases from the people there that were going to offer service to me. I had to get a policeman to get them to back off and let me do what I wanted to do. We did get one taxi and paid him eight rupies to take us into the Intercontinental hotel. Eight rupies was eighty cents, which was just a little more than most people paid. How I arrived at that amount I don't know, but it seemed to satisfy the taxi driver. They wanted to get every dime they could out of you and in most cases when you'd dicker for price they would kind of let you know that you were a cheat and you were trying to make them live on nothing and you would get a guilt complex. We did arrive at the hotel in the early afternoon and had a chance to walk around the hotel and observe a few of the things in the city which were close by. One thing I did observe, on our trip into the hotel, we went past a field of scrub oak and desert plants and in

that area, which was a large area several miles long, were people with blankets on sticks using those for shelter from the rays of the sun and any inclement weather that might come along. You could see that the destitute conditions of a lot of the people in Pakistan. This was our first exposure to real poverty and this we were warned about before we left because we were told you can't help everybody and you can't try and take on an attitude that you are going to make a change in their economic structure over there is just plain foolishness. This was difficult for us to take seeing the destitute conditions and realize that you can do little about it. We stayed in the hotel until the plane flew out to Lahor the next day. We got on the plane at Lahor and started up the engines and got airborne and the stewardess was a man and he said, "God be willing, we will set down at Lahor." This Lahor was where my headquarters was going to be, that is for my supervision. However, I wasn't to live in Lahor but I arrived in Lahor and was received there by the project supervisor and Mom and I spent an evening there with him. He was not married and left something to be desired in our lives but he being our supervisor we wanted to know as much about his lifestyle as we could so we could best serve him. We arrived in Pakistan about the time of the rainy season and as we flew from Lahor to Pashawar where we were to set up housekeeping, we could look down and it looked like a lake and we realized that all of that water was standing water on the farmland because of the excess rain because of the rainy season. We noticed in the paper that there had been a lot of lives lost and we couldn't quite equate that to what we knew and came to realize that the rain would fall on these mud huts that had willows on the top and then about a foot of soil to make the roof and as the rain would fall the water would be absorbed and it would get so heavy that those willows would give way and crash down on the people and tons of wet dirt would come capsizing down on top of them and kill them. This just was a way of life with them during the rainy season, not knowing whether their roofs were going to hold up or whether they were not. This was one of the first revelations about the country that was new and different to us. We arrived in

Pashawar and they had a fellow there to receive us and take care of us and get us located. He took us to a place they called a hostel, or a hotel, and he checked us in and they had a flat fee which we had to pay for our time we spent in the government house. Now this was something that was a little different than tour hotels here. The hostel was a government hostel and they were scattered all over the nation and these were the places that the government personnel that had to travel were put up at night so they were fairly nice places, clean and neat, and the food that they served for the most part was very delicious. I remember our first experience when we arrived there. They asked us what we wanted to eat and of course chicken over there is a delicacy, and they asked us if we wanted chicken for supper. We told them, "Sure, we would love to have chicken." The first meal we ate there was a chicken dinner. Chicken here and chicken there are two different things and chickens here are bred for their meat and to be eaten--over there chickens are scavengers and the only things they get to eat are the things that they get out of the garbage or off the ground or whatever it might be and so their chickens have long necks and long legs, but no meat on their bones. When we tried to eat the chicken, it wasn't hardly palatable because of what it had been raised on and so we didn't relish the supper they fed. We only each ate a piece of meat and left the rest. That chicken lasted for about four meals before we realized that we were going to get that chicken for the next meal until it was gone. We had to stick those pieces we couldn't eat in our pocket and discard them when we were going on our evening walk.

This was a trying time for Ilene and I both because while I was there I started working the day after I arrived. The office they provided me was hardly a place to do business. For the first part of my introduction I got acquainted with a part of the area I would be working in. That first day was a difficult day for me. I was assigned a car out of the irrigation department with a driver. I knew about as much Urdu as he knew English but I finally got across to him that I needed a tour of the area, particularly the Mardon area where I would be working most of the time, that



being one of the central offices for the Mardon Irrigation Development Project. They assigned me a Fiat which was three or four years old and I figured it was nothing but a bucket of bolts but the fellow that was assigned to go with the car and with me was well enough acquainted with that piece of equipment that he could keep it wired together and get me where I wanted to go and home again. He was a man that had seven or eight children and hardly looked old enough to be married. He took me to Mardon and I had the same problem there that I had before I got there. The supervisors did speak English but very little so I had a very difficult time explaining who I was and what my mission was there and who I would be working with and just kind of getting acquainted. They're a peculiar people in that they owe total allegiance to the supervisor that they work with and inasmuch as I would not be their supervisor they showed little allegiance to me. I was just somebody coming in for a visit it appeared and so I had my problems. I found that to be the case until I had been there long enough to command some respect and after that point I had little problems with the staff.

One of my problems with the staff was that the staff was educated personnel and of the upper strata and I didn't regard the management with any more respect and appreciation than I did the lower echelon people. Those that came out to the pickup when I arrived, to take my suitcase, I'd not let them take my suitcase. I always carried by suitcase wherever I was going. I took their arm, shook their hand first and then took their arm and walked back to the place where we would be doing business and that wasn't according to Hoyle over there--you either belonged to one strata or another and if you belonged to the lower strata, the upper strata would have nothing to do with you. Of course, I didn't realize this right at first, but I don't think it would have made any difference if I had known because I regard no man above another. That created a little trouble for me to begin with; to recognize that I was crossing some barriers that had never been crossed there before. They didn't want that barrier broken. I saw one of the supervisors that was working at a desk just deliberately push a

piece of paper off his desk (I watched this but he didn't know I was watching) onto the floor so that he could call in the peon and make him pick it up and put it on the desk again. Of course, that was his job and I respected him for what he was doing, but I didn't respect the supervisor for what he did. I didn't always hold my tongue when I saw things like that and I let him know that I didn't appreciate some of the things he was doing. This took its toll from my supposed friends because I was of the management class.

When we got to Mardon, we found it was kind of a compound. It was a government post of several buildings and kind of a stockade for cars that were used in the line of business there. It was kind of a desolate area. They made their own brick and they were very crude and so their buildings were very crude buildings. There was in this compound of buildings a hostel, a government rest area, or rest building and staff. The staff was paid whether there was anyone staying at the hostel or not. When I went to Mardon and had to stay overnight, I would be staying at one of those buildings. They had a base fee that I had to pay for staying there. That fee covered meals that I ate there and also the lodging. This hostel was fairly well equipped. It had a kitchen and when I speak of kitchen it's entirely different than what comes to your mind. They had no electric stove with ovens like you and I would have. They had hot plates and did almost all their cooking on hotplates, either electric or gas. Most of them were gas and even when they had a cupboard to put the hotplate on, many times they would put their hotplate on the floor and put the kettles on it on the floor. Why they did this I was never able to determine but I guess it was tradition that was handed down from one generation to another. The meals that I had always were good meals, not always what I would have ordered had they asked me what I wanted, but good wholesome meals. They always contained curry because curry was one of the staple foods that they served there. They would start out making it by putting a cup of grease in a pan and then they would, before they got through, have vegetables in it. Almost always turnips would be one of the vegetables. Potatoes were quite expensive there. It didn't seem like they had the technique of raising good

potatoes. Because the potatoes were always small and although sometimes they had potatoes, the basic vegetable they had was turnips and a few peas and sometimes corn. You'd never hardly ever see carrots in there and then some type of meat, either chicken or water buffalo. It was very greasy, but grease was the source of energy for their diet and it seemed like regardless of where you went, that was a part of your diet. I made a tour of the area and had it not been for the people I was working with, I would have been lost half of the time I was there. There were no graded highways or roads in the area and there would be times when the roads would take you right out into the toolees. The roads from Peshawar and Mardon were one lane on each side of the white line. From the white line to the fringe of the paved area was about six feet. The roads were very narrow and when you passed a bus, you would have to be very careful that you didn't have your hand out or your elbow out because you could get nicked by the bus that passed you. It would pass just that close. You might say that the bus transportation was the only transportation that the bulk of the people had. Few people had cars. Few people were wealthy enough to have cars. Unless they worked for a government project, their source of transportation to and from would have to be a bus. The bus fares were reasonable, however. You could travel forty miles for fifteen or twenty cents, but the buses were always crowded and people hanging out and it was a very dangerous situation. Back at Mardon, they took me for a tour of the area because I was anxious to see what kind of a crop they were talking about and what kind of equipment they were using and find out a little as to what the farmers knew and get a general review of what I had to work with. I discovered that the average farm acreage was two and one half acres. Usually on that acreage there would be a man and his wife and his children. When I say his children, it could be two, three or four sons and daughters with their families. A family farm could house three or four families but those families would live in a compound under the supervision of the father. The father at the age of about forty would turn over the responsibilities of running the farm. Not the responsibility, but the hard work of running the

farm was turned over to the boys. He was a figurehead or was a farm manager I guess you'd class him as, that walked around and saw what there was to be done and then got the kids (family men of twenty to thirty years of age) to get the work done. Too often the men would assign the responsibility of weeding the beets or harvesting the beets or things like that to the women. The men would go off to the town and sit down and talk. The women usually were the workers, the field workers, and as a result were strong, not big people but strong. Muscles on the peons were large because of the heavy work. They took me to one of the better farms and wanted to show me the equipment and took me into a little room that was about twelve feet square and had a rake and a hoe and a shovel and a few sticks. It looked like handles to something but I couldn't make out what they were. I came to realize that their equipment was this piece of equipment with a forked stick with prong on the end. They would stick those two prongs down to the side of a beet and it had a kind of a "C" shape. From the two prongs they'd come back to a central union to a crotch and then the crotch would be whored to a handle and that handle was kind of the shape of a C. They would stick those two prongs down to the side of a beet and push down on the handle and the beet would pop straight up and that was their beet lifter. Their hoe was not a hoe like we understand. Their hoe was a piece of equipment that they held in one hand, more like a trowel than anything else. They would go waddling down the row of beets with this trowel in hand and they would work the total ground area. They had no beet lifters, no tractors, no ox or horse drawn equipment to go out and lift those beets. They had no cultivators. I saw cultivators while I was there, but they were off in the corner of kind of a bone yard for equipment that didn't work at the experiment station. That 30,000 acres that was being planted before I got over there was being done all by hand. They would assign a row to their hired help and their bodies were such that they could squat down and waddle on their feet and their behinds would kind of lay down to the back of their legs. They could work all day long waddling up and down the rows without standing up and without bending their

back. I tried to squat down that way and I could get part way down but before I could get down like they do, I would tip over backwards. That is very typical of all the people over there. When they clean floors, they would squat down and waddle around washing floors and it seemed to be a very comfortable way of doing it. But, I never saw any white man that was built so he could do that. When I saw them doing all this work by hand, I thought that it was such a waste of manpower, but before I finished my tour over there, I came to realize that maybe they had something. They had to give these people a way to make a living and the only way they could do that was by using hand labor instead of mechanizing the work. Having left Moses Lake to go over there and knowing the mechanization that was being used in the U.S., it really made you wonder. Don Cheney, my son-in-law, was a beet raiser here in the Burley area. When he started planting, he would hook onto a twelve row planter and travel about three to four miles an hour and it would take him about three to four minutes to plant one acre of beets. In Pakistan it was all done by hand with seed and they would have a field full of labor and the field would be marked out in rows about 24-30 inches wide and they would give each of the laborers who were planting a row and he would squat down on his hind heels and waddle down the row and reach in that bag on his waist and get a pinch of seed and then he would poke that seed down in the hill or in the row up to the first knuckle of the finger and then release it and poke the dirt back in the hole and this is how they would plant all their acres of beets. It would take 10 men 10 hours to plant one acre which seemed to be a waste of time to me but where it was a source of income to people who did not have anything, I guess it was alright to earn their living that way.

Their method of irrigation was quite a backward way of doing things but after I spent some time there I considered it was probably a smart way because water was limited and it would prevent waste like we see in this country. They would run the water down the rows and capture it at the end of a short dike. They would fill that dike with water and the water would come almost to the top of the hill. It would soak up to the seed and they would drain



the water off to the next dike down below it. And those dikes were around 35 feet apart. They would bring the water up and moisten the seed and then cut the dike and it would go in to the next dike and bring the level of water up in the dike until it just about covered the hill and turn it loose into the next one. That way they could water a field without having any run off. Water conservation. This was their means of irrigation. When it came time to cultivate, they would do that by hand. No machine in the field. Fact is that some of the equipment that they've got here in the United States, twelve row equipment, you couldn't turn around on some of the acreage that they have over there. In the second place you couldn't get to the field if they tried because they had ditches all over the area and on the side of the ditches were trees. This was the forest service program. The forest service owned all the trees in the whole area and you couldn't cut a tree down unless you went and talked to the forest service about it and then they would come and remove the tree. They would take the tree and sell it and so it was a kind of a restrictive type of agriculture. That was basically what they would do to plant and to thin beets. When they would thin them they would go in with a little tool that looked like a trowel and they would completely work the ground. Not just clean the row up like we do here in the US but they worked the full area. Whether there were weeds or whether there weren't weeds, they worked the full area. So it was an intensive labor crop and that's one of the ways they provided work for their people is through these high intensity crops. When it came to harvesting the crop, instead of being dug mechanically like we do and run up an elevator into a bin and from the bin into the truck, the truck had the same problem that the equipment had. There were trees all along the ditch banks and there was no way to get into the field and if they did they couldn't turn the truck around in the size of beet fields that they had. A lot of the beet fields were not more than a quarter of an acre of ground. So you can see hundreds and hundreds of little pieces of ground that were planted in sugar beets. When it came harvest time, they would lift them with this crook forked stick and then they would load them in

a tight blanket and put the blanket on their back. The other end of the blanket was to hold it on their back and was put over their forehead. They had a band around their head and the blanket would be on their back and they would load beets in that blanket until the guy had all he could handle. It seemed like, just guestimating, that they would load from 100 to 125 pounds in those blankets for men to carry. Women would be out in the fields helping to harvest just like the men would. It was not uncommon, in fact, it was more than likely that the women would carry the beets out of the field. Occasionally you would see a water buffalo carrying a couple of pouches on the side of the buffalo. They would fill those pouches with beets and they would take them out to the road. But these men and women that would carry the beets would get them on their backs and get out on one of these paths out to the road and they would just go on a little jog trot. Some of them would jog carrying a hundred pounds of beets from three quarters of a mile to a mile and a quarter. They would find a place to the side of the road and dump their sack and back they would go. About the only rest they got was when they were loading the sack full of beets again. You could just see the muscles on some of those men and women from hard and heavy work. Once they would get their beets all out on the road they would have to get a delivery date and sometimes the beets would lay on the side of the road for ten days until they could deliver them and they would go rotten and they would lose their whole summer's crop. It was a deplorable situation.

Instead of topping beets like we do they would go in and pull the tops of the beets before harvest time. They would take those leafs in and feed the cattle. And if they didn't do it that way then they would turn the cattle in on the beets and let the cattle graze the tops off until the tops of the beets were exposed and then they would lift the beets and carry them off to the edge of the field. Now my training and my research work has shown that this is about as poor a method of getting sugar as you can possibly do. In the first place, all the contaminates of a sugar beet are found in the crown and they would leave the crown on the beets.

So, to remove these contaminates they did so at the expense of losing sugar. Any time that you crop the tops off, the sugar in the beet would just nose dive because the beets would try to build another set of tops and in so doing, would use all of the food energy to produce tops rather than sugar, so they had a problem there. It was a difficult situation. I tried to work with the sugar factories there and to my chagrin they thought that they were doing a good job.

But I did want to try to help them some. I went to an engineering firm there. I talked to the manager about working with me and about making a single row beet planter. I figured I could make a planter that I could put a couple of men on with a rope out in front and those two men would pull that beet planter down the row. One guy could hold the handles on the back and steer it down the row. Three men could plant three acres easily in a day. I figured that it would be as nice a way to help them out as any that I knew so this engineering firm decided that they would go with me in making one, as long as I would not try to keep the patent rights on it. If they could keep the patent rights on the single row machine, then they would go with me. I told them that I had no interest in the patent rights on it so we took off on a project to build a single row beet planter that could be pulled by an oxen or could be pulled by two men and steered by a third. It was a single seed planter. We built it so that it would drop a seed every two to every three inches depending upon the sprocket that we put on it. If we put a big sprocket, we could drop seed every inch and a half and if we put a little sprocket, we could drop them every three or four inches. That was determined by the farmer. Well, we proceeded in fine shape and got it functioning and pulled it down the row. It was kind of hard to steer because they had hilled up the rows so steep that you would have to put that planter right on top of that hill. The planter worked good, meted out the seed, and if the hills weren't really high, it planted a straight row or it planted a row as straight as the guys could walk. I just thought we really had something. Here was a piece of equipment that they could take and that could help them out and start in a big way to

go towards mechanization. After it was finished we took it out and demonstrated it to farmers and you know they never sold one piece of equipment. That was too far advanced for them. They liked to pinch the seed and poke it in to the knuckle and waddle down the rows. I never could get them to change. Yet after looking around, I did find a piece of equipment at an experiment station. There would be a tractor that would be almost new that was rusting for want of a repairman and repair parts. It wouldn't do any good to send a piece of equipment over there if you didn't have parts and services that were necessary to maintain them. They are not mechanically inclined. They are ignorant as far as how to make tractors and trucks and things run. We had to revert to trying to help them with a weed program, a fertilizer program, and with an insecticide disease program. Trying to mechanize all of these things was too advanced for them. Although I was unable to help them much in their agriculture, there was one thing that I did do that I felt proud about. Well, I should say several things but I will enumerate a few.

While in Pakistan I had a rich, recurring experience which is worthy of comment. Each two weeks I would have to report to the Secretary of Agriculture my plans for the training of his people for the next two weeks. I'd like to back up and kind of lay the foundation for a statement that I'll make. When I went over, I went over to Pakistan as the sugar beet specialist with the purpose in mind of improving their beet yields and trying to increase their sugar yields in the sugar beet business because they raise 30,000 acres of beets and tonnage was only roughly 8 tons to the acre. But when I arrived there was supposed to be another man who was an extension specialist there to work with me, or I should say I was to work with. After being there a couple of weeks I felt that it was impossible to touch all of these people in the beet business with my own help. For the acreage there, 30,000 acres, the largest acreage in the province was 70 acres, but the average acreage per farmer was less than an acre and a half. At that rate there would be some 20-25,000 farmers raising sugar beets, and to be able to cover that area was just impossible, one man doing it. It had to

be done on foot because of the fact that there were no roads into any of the areas. The only mode of transportation in many of the back areas was either water buffalo, cart, or on the backs of men and women. I felt frustrated because to cover such a wide area I'd need some expert help. I decided that the most important thing that I could do was to establish an organization and that organization, of necessity, must be an extension service. They had a series of fertilizer storehouses in the area and the men sold fertilizers, insecticides, herbicides, and many of the things that we use in sugar beet culture. I devised a program where we would train these 180 storekeepers and qualify them to be extension agronomists. Now each of these people that held the storekeeper responsibility was a two year graduate out of agriculture school out at Peshawar, and they were fairly intelligent young men, but lacked the foresight as to what their potential was and so, as I saw it, it was a waste of manpower which could be tapped to help the work. I hadn't been there long and we had a meeting with some of these fertilizer salesmen. Before the meeting started a group, apparently who were spokesmen for all of the salesmen, came to me and asked if I would represent them to the Director of Agriculture for an increase in pay, for they were getting \$29 a month as their standard wage. The only way that that could be done was by changing the job classification. So with their pleas I consented to write up a memorandum requesting that we go through a training process and qualify these young men to be extension agronomists or extension agriculturalists, and in that way justify an increase in pay. I was warned against it from my supervisor because he said it would bring down the wrath of the government on my head, and he felt that we couldn't afford that. I had pledged my support to the young men, and it was a means of accomplishing my objectives as well.

When I presented the case that we needed to increase these boy's pay because we were increasing their ability to do something, the director of agriculture really blew his stack and became very abusive. Here I was trying to help someone and the director was giving me all kinds of static. I just told him that I didn't have



to put up with this abusive language and being down trodden here. I told him that in the United States I had to speak my peace and I was still here as an American citizen and I was going to say what I had to say. If he didn't like it, it was his problem, not mine. I had enough money in my pocket that if I was going to be abused here because of the programs that I would recommend, I was going to take this money and go home and leave him without help. This really shocked him because it was the first time that anybody had ever stood up to him. His word was law. Nobody spoke back to him but this was a real shock to him so he calmed down and read the document that I had prepared. It was about a four page document outlining the reasons why he had increased their pay without having any problems.

When he realized that I was working for his interests as well as mine, he fell in and decided to put his power behind the request. It took some time, but the program was initiated. When it was just getting off the ground I received a notice that the Secretary of Agriculture had gone to bat against the National Secretary of Agriculture. Because there was a job classification change that justified it, they would increase the pay of those that qualified. I was able to get the pay raised from \$29 a month to \$42 a month, which was significant in their lives. That put me in good stead with the young fellows that were being considered agriculture extension agronomists, or agriculturalists. They all loved me for it. That was one thing that I did for them that helped the common people.

One of the things that was rather interesting was the lawn mower that was used on the experiment station lawn. It was an old style lawn mower and I really don't know how to describe it other than that it was an old mower and they hitched up a team and the lawn mower was about two feet wide and cut about a two foot swath. They would put two water buffalo or two oxen in front of that lawn mower and pull that mower around the lawn. It was a sight to behold! The oxen floundering around on that grass would just about kill all the grass that was in the lawn anyway. I thought, "Oh for the sake of a good electric lawn mower or gas mower from the U.S.!"

But, they figured it was perfectly all right, so I didn't try to change their thinking.

One of the things that I observed over there was their educational system was a memorization system. People would memorize what they needed to know and they could quote you chapter and verse but they couldn't tell you why they were doing anything. That was the thing that threw me; workers at the experiment station would be able to read the message out of the book but they were not able to apply it. I helped the experiment station set up a soil testing lab while I was there for testing soil fertility and made it so that they could make educated recommendations and start a fertilizer experimental program. There I was doing business with people with doctor degrees and I was telling them how to set up their program to accomplish their objective. I was greatly respected there by professional people and I thought that it was a feather in my hat because I was able to go in and help them with their research extension. Also I conducted group meetings. I didn't know it at the time that I moved over there, but there was a law that said that no more than four people could congregate together at one time because that would be against the law. They were afraid of subversive activities and that the only reason why people would congregate together was to overthrow the government. I didn't know it at the time and so having been there about a month I set up a meeting where we invited all the farmers of the area. Some 200 to 300 farmers came in to get some training. Nobody told me that I was doing something that was against the law. The day that we pulled it off the extension people that I had gleaned from other agriculture pursuits were there and helped teach. We had about seven topics that we talked about. We got right into the meeting and the Secretary of Agriculture showed up on the scene. We escorted him to the stand and he sat up there with me and the director of agriculture. I noticed that there were people milling around in the crowd before and after the meetings. I became suspicious of what was going on. As soon as the meeting was over the Secretary of Agriculture came to me and patted me on the back and said, "You've done something that no one else has been able to

do." I said, "What is that." And he said, "Hold a group meeting." I have permission to tell you to go ahead and do anything that you want to do." From that time on I had a monthly group meeting for training of farm folks and I was the only one that could get away with it. Soon after I moved into one of the new homes I noticed a little kind of an outhouse arrangement about the size of two outhouses put together. A fellow was always there. One day I asked my driver, "What the devil is this guy doing here. He has been here ever since I moved in." And he said, "Ya, that is his job." I said, "What do you mean that is his job?" He said, "He is the government eyes and ears of your activities. These people report to the government what you are doing and if you pull anything, you are immediately going to be brought into jail for it." They had the FBI or the CIA, that caliber of people, watching me all the time while I was there. Every now and again my driver would say this guy is an FBI agent and he has asked me what you are doing. I tell him to come and see. He would question my driver and anybody that had anything to do with me as to whether I was over there trying to create troubles and bring problems to the government. But it wasn't long before I had the confidence of the big wheels. From that point on I had no more problems. I was able to help them write a new sugar beet act and introduce top of the crown removal on all harvested beets. They hadn't had a new sugar beet act for around 30 years. It was so out-dated that the agent of the government was assigned to update the sugar beet act. He called the research director and the director got a hold of me and the three of us sat down and revamped the sugar beet act. Because of my latest experience with research work with sugar beets, I was able to point them in the right direction and put things into that sugar beet act which were necessary to upgrade the sugar beet production both in the mill and in the field. I felt that was one of the accomplishments I made while I was there. Also, when I went over, there were 30 thousand acres of sugar beets. When I left, there were 40 thousand acres of sugar beets. Whether I had an influence there or not I am not so sure, but the year that I left we increased the acreage to 40 thousand acres.

I was asked to develop some seed so they could get out of paying the high price of seed to the German seed producers. They wanted me to establish a seed trial. I told them I would start something, but results from seed trials take almost a lifetime and they expected results in about two years because they could see out in the beet fields where they had a frost and the beets were easy bolders and would put up seed stocks the first year. Some of the fields got so bad they lost almost all the crop because of bolding. They looked at that and figured we could get seed just the second year and raise our beets, not realizing the length of time that it would take to get seed that was adapted to the area, which the Germans had done. They had run trials there and established a variety that was fairly suitable to the Pakistani area. But still they wanted me to proceed, so what I did was as the fall came on, I told them to get a refrigerator. We would go into the beet fields at harvest time and select some quality sugar beets. A mass selection basis is about the first step in developing a variety. I showed them what I wanted and then told them to just pull the tops off and store those beets in a refrigerator at 38 degrees. That was cool enough to hold them and yet not warm enough to make them grow and so we'd have storage over the winter. Then in the spring we would take those beets into the areas that I would select and plant little plots and start a seed program. Well, I left the experiment station thinking that I had accomplished what I had wanted. I showed them what kind of beets I wanted kept and told them the temperature to store them and went away. Two months passed and I went back to see what we could start by taking those beets that had been stored for two months in the refrigerator and transplant them out and start the seed crop growing. Well, when I got there I asked them where their refrigerator was and we went and started making some plans and they took me out in a green house and said, "There's the refrigerator." I looked at it and my heart sank because when I looked at it I knew they had bought a deep freeze rather than a refrigerator. All of those sugar beets that we had selected out of the various fields in the Mardon area had been put in that deep freeze. They were in perfect shape but frozen as

solid as rocks. All of my efforts that year were spent and shot! And so we would have to wait for another whole year before we could start over again. But that was about par for the course. If you didn't do it yourself, you didn't know whether it was done right or wrong. We had a difficult time in getting what you wanted done, and done right. Also, I thought I could really make a savings on their production methods. I had run some herbicide trials in the Moses Lake area and in the Idaho Falls area that proved very successful. I figured if I could find a chemical that adapted to the area, it would really reduce the labor costs on raising a crop of beets. So I proceeded to set up the trial and use some of the local chemical materials for weed control. I was just doing great. We used one of the herbicides which controlled most of the annual weeds and most of the grassy weeds in the sugar beets and I laid out a randomized replicated block so that I could analyze it statistically and publish a paper on it if necessary. But things didn't turn out like I expected. We put the plot in and put the herbicide in. The beets started coming through and the results were just picture perfect. The weeds were perfectly controlled and the weren't stunted in any way. I thought, "Boy, what a beautiful plot!" To carry it one step further, I took two men and told them to go in and thin those beets and to do the kind of work that they normally do in the area. I took my stop watch and told them to go. The plots were 20 feet long and four rows wide. I started them in a plot that was real weedy where there was no herbicide and they worked through the 20 feet and I recorded a time. Then having established a time for the plots with no herbicide, I went to a plot with different herbicides and found that they took as long to work the plots with herbicide in as to do the plots that had no herbicide and I wondered what the devil was going on and why we couldn't do it so that they could benefit from the use of the herbicide. I realized that they were working the ground and doing a cultivation job by hand because there was no such thing as a cultivator over there. As the hand labor would go into the field to thin the beets, they would do a cultivation job and they would work the entire area. Not just the beet row, but the entire area



removing weeds and where there was no beets they would still work the ground because it was a cultivation job as well as a thinning. Here I was confronted with a new problem; herbicides were not doing a thing until they came up with a procedure whereby they could cultivate and remove the weeds between the rows. And so I'd failed again. I realized I'd have to change a way of life before I could change the way they thinned sugar beets and that was next to impossible. They thought that what was good enough for dad was good enough for me and no one cared to change their way of life or improve on what they did some 50 or 60 years ago. Basically that was what they were doing. It was hard to convince them otherwise. An experience which kind of tells of the nature of the people was what I noticed regarding yellow corn. I took some yellow corn and was going to harvest it by hand. The yellow corn would produce about 60 to 80 bushel of corn per acre but I saw very little yellow corn in the area. All of it was white corn. White corn would produce around 18 to 20 bushels to the acre. I posed the question to a farmer, "Why plant white corn when you can triple your yield or quadruple your yield in yellow corn?" He said, "Well you just don't understand." And I said, "Well you try and tell me so I can understand." He said, "Our wives use corn for food and if anybody had yellow corn on the table that would be a disgrace for the family and we don't want to be disgraced in the community where we have to live so we produce white corn like all of our neighbors. So when someone comes over for dinner we can feed them white cornbread and white cornmeal and this type thing. So here they would forgo 60 bushel of corn so that they could have white bread. Another thing that shows the thinking of the people over there is that I noticed some brick ovens in some of the houses and I asked about them because I noticed that they were not using them. They said that about five years ago there was a group of people from Germany that came and they wanted to help the people and to make it so that they could cook their meals better they built some brick ovens. Now no one had ovens in Pakistan, even the very rich would seldom have an oven. They cooked almost everything that they ate on a hot plate. It might be a gas or it might be an electric but

they cooked on hot plates. So out here in the country they came in and bricked up an oven and a chimney for them so that the smoke would go out the top of the building that they were living in. Well five years later there wasn't anyone using those ovens and I questioned them why they weren't using them. They said, "Well we found that when we used the ovens that the smoke went out the top and just as soon as the smoke went out the top the ants moved into our roof. It was only about 1 1/2 to 2 years and we would have to replace the roof. Just as long as we cooked on an open fire in our dwelling places, the smoke went up through the willows and soil on top of the willows and controlled the ants." So here they were using smoke for an insecticide and all of those ovens were for not. They had reasons for doing things like they did but they needed someone to spend almost a lifetime with them to help them see a better way of life. I told one of my extension agents I wanted some sugar and he said that he had some and wanted to take me over to show me the lay out when I got the sugar from him. Now sugar was a rationed product and he was selling me something that he wasn't supposed to sell to me. He took me over and he had a 240 acre farm. He had about seven or eight acres of it which looked real nice. He was doing a good job in farming but the rest was in weeds and brambles and dead trees. It was just really a mess. I got after him because he could be a real good farmer if he would take care of it. He had beautiful soil and all the water that he needed. He was really set up as far as the farm was concerned. He told me that I didn't understand and I said, "You help me to understand." He said. "Well I produce just enough for me and my family. If I were to produce more, that would bring me some income and as soon as my relatives found out that I was doing well, they would pull up stakes and come and set up their tents in my yard. They would stay there until I was dead broke. He said that is the way they are if one of the family members becomes affluent, all of the rest of the family members move in on him. They stay there until he can't support them anymore and then they move on. I thought how in the devil can a modern type of farming help a people like this. I found it very difficult to appeal to their better

senses because of tradition. I found that they were steeped so in tradition that it was almost impossible to change them.

I had an experience that was kind of a frightening experience and could have been a life-threatening experience. We were on our way over to Peshawar from the outlying area and Mum and I were in the back seat of the car and the driver was cruising along rather unaffected. We heard some shots and the driver pulled off the road and down in the borrow pit and over against the fence and I thought he had gone crazy. Soon a car sped past us and when the car went past it was being chased by a police car. It was smugglers trying to get away from the cops and they were shooting at each other as they sped down the highway and here we were in the line of fire. When the car pulled around past us, we were between the two cars and the guys were shooting at each other and here we were trying to get out of the line of fire. This happened two different times while I was there. Once on a trip made to Mardon, we were almost to Mardon and a car went past us at breakneck speed and another car at a terrific speed pulled up and pulled us over and chased us off the side of the road. This was the police force and they thought we were the ones that were smuggling. We convinced them that the car that they were after had turned off and had gone a different way. We saw them turn and go down towards the river road and so they took up the chase again. You never know; they might decide you are guilty and haul you in. But that was kind of unnerving and could have been a life-threatening experience for us. I knew when we said our prayers in the morning and at night, we really meant what we said. We pleaded with the Lord for protection and that we would be protected throughout the day and the night. One of the situations happened right in front of me. As we were pulling down the road, one bus went past me at a fairly fast clip. We were traveling about 45 as near as I can guess and the bus went past us and right shortly thereafter another bus went past us and of course two buses in front of us and we were bringing up the rear. The bus that passed us last tried to pass the first bus. Now, mind you, these were loaded with people and the first bus wouldn't let him get past and the driver of the second bus made up his mind that he

was going to pass the first one and so he kind of let the first one get a little ways ahead and while he wasn't looking, the driver in the second bus took off as fast as he could go and passed the first one. The roads are narrow and there is very little passing room, especially for cars and the trucks almost touch each other. This made the driver in the first bus very angry and so he did the same thing to the one that passed him, but when he got right up to the one that was leading, he turned into him and chased him right down into the borrowpit. The bus didn't turn over but it just bounced all over. We thought that the darn thing was going to go over but he managed to bring it back up on the road and those two buses played chicken with each other all the way into Peshawar. We got back far enough that if one bus hit the other or if one turned over, we would be in the clear and wouldn't be involved in running over people on the road, or what have you. Because those buses usually had people hanging out the windows and up on top, hanging on the back, and it was just a frightening experience. One day we were coming back into Peshawar and it had rained and my driver was going along not really paying attention to what was going on and I slapped him on the back and I said, "Pull over immediately!" and he pulled over and stopped. The bus coming towards us was packed solid with people and the bus started skidding and the back end came around in front of the front end and as he ran off the side of the road, two wheels on the gravel side gouged into the gravel and tipped the bus over right in front of us. I thought they were going to hit us before they tipped over. I got up on top of the bus and helped open the windows and reached down in and grabbed people up on top of the bus, and low and behold, no one in that bus was hurt. It was so tightly packed that it didn't hurt anybody when it rolled over. It sure paid to be earnest in your prayers in the morning and at night. It was not uncommon at all for buses to play chicken as they would come toward each other. The roads were so narrow that often there was a drop off at the side of the oil or the gravel and they didn't like to get one wheel off of the oil and so the buses that would come towards you would try to squeeze you off the road so they could stay on the oil and it was very

frightening. We were headed up in the mountains on a dugway and there were some road repairs and we had to slow down. While we were slowed down for that repair, here came a bus down the hill and I don't know whether his brakes were bad or what, but he put us almost over the dugway. As that bus came the driver gave him every inch of the road that he had to give and that put me on the side looking down over the dugway. The moment that bus went by I looked down and there about a 1000 feet down the side of the mountain was another bus that had gone off the mountain and had tipped over and killed most of the people that were in it. It had rolled and rolled and rolled. It was literally bashed up. That really unnerved me and when we had to make that trip I was darn sure that I had a driver that wasn't under the influence of dope. I had one driver that was a dope addict and about half the time he drove with a glassy eye and I never did know if we were going to get hit or hit somebody. It was quite a threatening situation.

Life was cheap there. We wanted to go out and get a camera for Ilene at an Indian trading post. The Indian trading post was at Bara and Bara was an Indian nation within the Pakistani government which refused to pay tribute to the government and all of the merchandise at Bara, as far as the government was concerned, was contraband goods and so they were always trying to catch those people who were smuggling goods into Bara as they came over the borders from various nations around them. Realizing they had a lot of stuff you couldn't find in the regular Kessakawam market, we had decided that we would like to go out and see what they had at Bara. Our neighbor friend said he had a friend at Bara that would let us in. We didn't realize what we were asking but it kind of tipped us off when he said he had a friend that would let us in. We decided that we would go out and go to Bara and see if we could find a camera. When we arrived at the forward station or the place where the armed guard was controlling the traffic in and out of Bara, he stopped us and wouldn't let us in and our friend, Kurishi, said, "Go get your captain of the guard." This was his friend. So he did and the captain came out and he pleaded to let us go in and buy a camera. After much pleading we told Karishi to forget it. If we



couldn't get in there without a lot of trouble then we didn't want to go in. He said, "Oh we can get you in all right," and then the captain of the guards said we could go in if he gave us an armed guard for our own protection. That kind of set the tone for what we might expect when we got in there. Karishi said that would be fine and we loaded an armed guard in the car with us and he and his 30-06 rifle and drove on into the marketplace. We had no sooner got there than we felt like someone was looking down our necks all the time. The hair on the back of our neck just fairly stood up. I think that for the most part that was because they didn't have any love for the Americans in the first place and it was known that a lot of the pale faces that went into Bara never came back out. They had their own policing system and if you stubbed your toe while you were in there, I don't think you'd ever walk back out again. But this armed guard walked right behind us all the time we were in there. Each of the marketplaces that we went in, people would stop on the road and on the sidewalks and in the stores and watch us until we left. We had a very uneasy feeling about it. I guess it was the Holy Ghost telling us to get out of there, our lives weren't safe there and we were supposed to get out. Our friend persisted and wanted to take us to one more place, so we had been in there for about 30-40 minutes and an alarm was sounded and our guard took off running just as fast as he could run. What had happened: some European or American, we didn't know which, had stolen an item worth about \$70 and they had sounded the alarm on him and all the guards in Bara just seemed to come out of the wall and out of the carpet everywhere and finally caught him. What happened to him I don't have the slightest idea, but I think he would be one of those that never came back out again. Just as soon as our armed guard took off to help capture the thief we told our friend that we're getting out of here while we're still in one piece. We made a beeline for the car and just about everything came to a standstill and watched us as we left. We didn't know whether we were going to make it or not, but we did get in the car and got out of there. That was our experience at Bara with contraband goods.

Pakistan was considered a modern nation, but there were a lot of things that we observed that were very different than what we were used to. I mentioned that life was pretty cheap. When I would go to work at Mardon in the morning, many times I would see a man carrying a bundle in his arms with 4, 10, 20 people behind him carrying rifles. I couldn't figure out what the devil was going on. After a while I became so inquisitive that I asked my friend, "What's the meaning of all these people trailing this fellow carrying the bundle in his arms?" He said, "Well, these bundles you see in the arms of a man are one of his kids that got killed." I said, "What do you mean, got killed?" And he said, "Well, he probably got involved in a tribal war and was shot during the encounter between the two different tribes and the bunch that are going along behind are for his protection." He told me they have to take and bury their dead within 24 hours of the time of their death and so whether they like it or not they have to go to the cemetery and dig a shallow grave and put that person in the grave. When I say shallow, they dig down about a foot or a foot and one half and lay the person out and then cover a little dirt over them and then a stack of rocks on top and put a wooden cross at the head. Some of them get quite elaborate but for the most part they're just a pile of rocks and they have three nice big stones on the top indicating whether it is a male or a female. Oft times instead of carrying this bundle in their arms and having a guard for protection, they'll have somewhere around 200-300 following a drawn cart with a box in the cart and this also is a tribal slaughter and this would be a dignitary, a tribal leader that got killed. Oft times, I'm told, they have a second battle right on the burial grounds there. One tribe will wait for the other one to come to the burial grounds and hide behind the mounds of rocks or the headstones or trees round about and when they show up there is another pitched battle. Life is real cheap. Dara is a place where they make all kinds of guns and inasmuch as Afghanistan was at war with Russia, they needed a lot of fire power and they would make guns that would shoot a shell that was three inches in diameter. It wasn't a 155 cannon but it was half way between a cannon and a

hand rifle. We decided that we would go up and see Dara while we were in that country and get a look at their works. We had our driver take us up on Sunday not thinking anything of it. We got up there and spent about three hours going around and looking at the stores, at different guns and the way they made guns and how they stamped them and counterfeited them. Some of the most famous rifles in the world were made right there in Dara from the standpoint that they copy the guns and then put the stamp of the manufacturer on which is not the real manufacturer. They just make the gun like the original and stamped it with the original trademark and it sells for thousands of dollars. But we watched them make rifles and pistols and they had a little sawed-off shotgun, a 410 shotgun, that was about a foot and half or two feet, somewhere between that. It was the cutest little thing. I wanted one in the worst way but I knew that I couldn't get it across the border one way or another because they are illegal in the U.S. and if I tried to smuggle it through, why I could get in trouble. We went past one store and there was a woman sitting on the stairs and she had one of these sawed-off shotguns that she had under her blanket. I saw it and I asked her what she was going to do with that gun and she decided that I was getting too nosey and got up and left. I asked the storekeeper that sold her the gun and she said that that lady had a daughter and one of the neighbors abused her and she is going to go and pay the neighbor off for his ruining the life of her daughter. Somebody was going to get shot. They don't think much of the value of life. After spending three or four hours there and seeing what they had we left and went back home. Figuring it was a very profitable trip, seeing many of the guns that have been used in the war in Afghanistan. They'd bring their large weapons back to Dara and they would realign them and send them back to the front.

We had a very choice experience. While we were on that trip we rode up so that we could look down into Kobel which was the place where most of the action was taking place between the Afghani's and Russian soldiers. We were close enough to the fighting that we could hear the guns going off and it was just a

war scene. We got home safe and sound and told some of the people that were in the same community as we lived in, that we had been up to Dara and so the next Sunday they were going to go and see what we saw. They got up part way and there were rocks across the road and they had to stop to move those rocks. When they got out to move the rocks, a whole legion of armed guards came out of the wash and behind trees. They had stopped before they got to the rocks and took pictures. Apparently they took a picture of one of the women who was out herding goats or llama. When they stopped them they grabbed their cameras and yanked them off their necks and dashed them on the rocks and were really making life miserable for them. The only way that they'd release them was if they turned around and went back and they felt that this was the wise thing to do. So upon the tribal leaders approval, they turned around and they really got out of there. They felt that their life really was in danger while they were on the road waiting for those rocks to be moved.

So there were two places that we got into that I guess we shouldn't have been in. But foolishly, not knowing, we thought everything would be alright. You know, the Lord sure looks out for you when you are kind of stupid. We had protection that you couldn't expect were it not for someone looking after you and looking over you.

Although it was a rich experience for me it was a traumatic and very trying experience for Ilene. She was afraid of the people and she had to put up with three servants when we first moved over there. In the first place we lived, we had a fellow that took care of the floors and kept the house clean. We had a door keeper, one that protected the place at nighttime from burglars and robbers, and one that was the cook. So Ilene had nothing of the housework to do and the cook thought he knew so much more than she did about cooking and he wouldn't follow her instructions and so we had to let him go and let the gatekeeper go because when the people would ring the doorbell at night, he was supposed to take care of the door-bell and summon me if the need be, but when he would go to sleep at night, I would have to get up and crawl over his bed to

answer the doorbell and I just figured I could get along without him, which we did.

We lived in a house with a second story and on that second story were three large bedrooms that had baths with them and two of the bedrooms had dressing rooms with them and here two of us, just mum and I, were all that occupied that whole house. Downstairs was a kitchen and formal dining room and living room and two bedrooms, a dressing room and baths. And then besides the bedrooms upstairs, there was a veranda which was open and during the summertime it was a very pleasant place to go up and sit and watch the people pass by, which we did quite frequently. During the wintertime the downstairs from the veranda had no door to it and so the cold air would funnel right down through that corridor where the stairs were and I put up a canvas to try to keep the cold air out and the only thing we had to keep it warm was a little gas stove, these two burner gas stoves used to cook breakfast and dinner on. We had three of those in the house and that was all the heat we had and so we about froze to death during the time we lived in that house.

As soon as we located a new home which was about completed, we negotiated arrangements to rent that. But, you can read the accounts of our comings and goings in Pakistan and that would be more enlightening than anything I might say right now.

One of the things that I thought was interesting to me was that I had to rely on my church experience more than I did on my professional experience. I had to work with people, and working with people I used my church organization ability, my ability to talk to people and convince them that I knew what I was doing. That church experience was very valuable to me. When I first went over, they introduced me to the Director of Agriculture. Now he is the second in command of the agriculture in the province. The Secretary of Agriculture is the top dog in the province. Now I had to report to the Secretary of Agriculture. I didn't have to but I had arranged it that way so that I would report to the Secretary of Agriculture once every two weeks. I was to work very closely with the Director of Agriculture. I was in his office sometimes several times a day. When I was first introduced to him, they sat me down



and he ordered some tea and biscuits. They call them that in England but a biscuit is a cookie. He wanted to know if I wanted green tea or black tea. I told him that I didn't drink tea. He says, "Well, we will change that. Give us three months and we will have you drinking tea." I said, "Well it is a religious thing with me." "Oh" he said, "that's alright, we will have you drinking tea in three months." And he kept it up so I said, "Look, I'll tell you what I will do. If you will eat a pork dinner with me I will drink tea with you." That really struck home because you never hear the word pig or pork over there. All the time I was there I never heard it unless it was spoken in my own home or with some of my American friends. It was taboo. You never said pig or pork. So when I made the statement, "I will drink tea with you so long as you'll eat pork with me," it had a profound impact on the Director of Agriculture and never from that point on did he badger me about drinking tea with him. I would always eat his cookies but I would never drink his tea. It made such a profound effect upon him that he called a farewell party for me of all of the people that I had been working with and at that farewell party there were around 300 people that attended. It was all of the extension service and all of the government personnel that were associated with agriculture. He wouldn't allow anyone to drink tea during that farewell party for no other reason than to honor me and my commitment to honor the things that I believed. I thought that he couldn't have paid me a nicer compliment than to withhold tea from a whole group like that. That was the only time that tea wasn't served at any of the meetings or any of the socials that I attended during the 21 months that I was there. In fact he made a point of mentioning it as he spoke as the farewell guest speaker. The Director of Agriculture said that if everyone would live their religion like Mr. Richards lived his, we would have a lot better people in this country than we have today. I think he paid me a fine tribute that day. It was interesting for both Ilene and I that when the officials heard that we were leaving they were disappointed because they wanted us to extend our stay for another two years. But when they found out that we were leaving for sure, one by one those people that turned

away from us because we wouldn't drink with them, came and expressed their displeasure with the thought that I was not going to spend another two years with them. They brought their little tokens or gifts with them to remember them by. I thought that was a gesture on their part having to run around and pay us honor because of the way we lived, even though we wouldn't drink or supply the whiskey for them like all of the other Americans did. I think that in and of it's self that sowed many seeds of Mormonism with the people that I worked with. Americans were nothing but a bunch of drunkards but Mormons wouldn't drink tea or coffee or smoke or drink alcoholic beverages of any kind. Although I was not able to formally teach the principles of the gospel, I lived them so they could see what Mormons believed.

Ilene not only taught by example but had an occasion to speak at the International Women's Club. They asked her to give a discussion at one of their meetings on the beliefs of the Mormons. Ilene came to me and asked if I thought that she should really get into the basic concepts and how Mormons believed differently than others. I told her that I thought that it was a golden opportunity to introduce Mormonism to them. They asked for it--I would give them both barrels. She spent a lot of time in preparation to give that presentation. I think that she did a marvelous job although she was never asked again to give a report about a religion. Everyone would make a comment now and then about one of the comments that she made in her talk. She realized that the things that she taught and she lived had a profound impact on the people of the International Women's Club. The leadership of Harza International that were in charge of the program over in Pakistan, had a complex working around us because we had this code of conduct, the word of wisdom, which we both lived. We didn't associate on a social basis with them. When meetings were called we were there and took our part and did the best we could, but not at anytime during the period of two years that we were there did we join with them in drinking or smoking or the use of drugs. That was very prevalent over there. So we were proud of our accomplishments.

On the return trip from Pakistan Ilene again got quick pneumonia and we tried to take in what sites we could and her health and strength would hold up for about four or five hours in the morning and so we would try to take a tour every morning before she had worn herself out and then she would go in the hotel and stay for the balance of the day and I would take my camera and go visit the various scenic points that I wanted to see before I left the town. When we visited Athens and Rome and Switzerland and Denmark, about half the time I was with my camera and chasing around. In fact, I think I've got some pictures I've never had a chance to see since I brought them home.

Upon arriving in New York, going through customs was something else. There were no carts for suitcases, no red caps, or anything that was available so we just had to muscle our suitcases ourselves and I would carry and sit them down and Ilene would watch and I'd dash back and get the other two and bring those up. It was like the fox and the geese and the corn. The fellow right in front of us, as he went through customs, they just literally stripped his suitcase to see if there was something. They were looking for drugs, of course, in that suitcase. I don't know what made them suspicious of him over anyone else's, but they just literally took everything out. We thought, "Oh no, not all of that!" We had it packed in so tight and neat. When we came up he said, "Where have you been?" and we said, "We have been to Pakistan," and he said, "Where are you going?" and we said, "Home," and he said, "Welcome back," and sent us on. That was all the time he spent with us. But we had waited in line for about 2 hours to get up for him to release us.

We stopped at Washington, D.C. and visited John and Karen for a short spell and had a chance to go to the temple there. While we were in Switzerland on our return trip we had a chance to go to the temple in Switzerland. We found out that they control the traffic by locking the door when they've got a full session. They lock the door and when we came and tried to get in the door was locked. They told us to go back at 1:00 and rattle on the door and they would come and so we finally got in. That day was German day and

the film was in German rather than in English and so we had to wear the earphones that we might be able to understand the session. We went to those two temples on our return trip home. We never did get into the London temple. We had plans of making it but our plane connections and train connections wouldn't allow it. There wasn't enough time between take-off and the train time that we could make connections, so we had to forgo that.

The time that we arrived home or shortly thereafter, in the fall of '82, we were called to work as temple workers in the Seattle temple and we labored there from 1982-1985. This was a most enjoyable assignment. We never had any of the heavy responsibility but really enjoyed doing temple work there. I served about half of my time as one of the temple officiators and this was a new experience for us.

In 1983 I was called as stake patriarch and served 1983-85, and that was a very frightening experience. To think that I could live worthy enough to receive inspiration pertaining to people I didn't know and give the blessing that our Father in Heaven wanted them to have. So I fasted much and prayed much and during the time that I served as the stake patriarch I performed 84 blessings, some of which had come to pass within the time that I was there.

Also after returning home from Pakistan, the stake president, President Jones, called me back onto the high council and assigned me to the young adult program. I called a meeting of the four stakes in the area, the Wenatchee stake, the Quincy stake, and the Othello stake, and the Moses Lake stake. I called them together and asked them permission to have their young people attend our stake young adult functions. When Ilene and I arrived and were given the assignment, there were about eight kids that showed up for meetings on Sunday and we worked with them in their socials and so forth and called some to serve in the Sunday School and some to serve as branch president and generally staff the organization and it wasn't long before we had kids from other stakes wanting to come because we were having so much fun. That is when I called the four stakes together and asked permission to use some of the young folks out of their stakes in leadership roles. This was granted and so

I had young adults from all stakes in leadership positions. Before we turned it over and I was called as stake patriarch, we had 80 to 100 people out each Sunday and it was all run by young people. I would interview and call people and kind of ride herd on them and it proved to be very successful. It got to the point where the young fellow I called to act as a counselor to me was called to serve as branch president and formed into a branch before we were relieved of our responsibilities.

That was a most enjoyable responsibility where both of us could work together. Ilene would work with the Relief Society and I'd work with the Priesthood. We would both work together on Sacrament meeting and Sunday School. Like I say, that was a most enjoyable activity. The kids seemed to like us because we would participate with them in their programs. They even got us doing some of the dances that, for the most part, were objectionable to the church, but which really by today's standards are pretty tame.

About six months before returning from Pakistan I received a letter from F. L. Bair who owned Soil Test, which was a consulting firm and providing fertilizer information and also information on irrigation. He desired that I work for him. I was involved in the consulting business in Soil Test and part of my time was involved in the management of it also. I worked with them until the time I was called to serve as a missionary in California. I enjoyed the Soil Test work because it seemed like I was able to do things for them that brought in a lot of business. One of the things which I did that helped them was when a person had a problem which was found in testing of the soil, they wanted an evaluation of the problem and so I was able to evaluate what their circumstances were and make recommendations pertaining to what I would do if I were in a similar circumstance. So the difficult cases that came along I would handle and the approach that I used was that I would see one that was way out of line, I'd immediately get on the phone and say, "We've got problems here. What did you do that would create such a situation?" Then I would review with them what I thought had happened and a lot of times I'd strike it and sometimes I wouldn't. There would be times when there was no explanation so under such



circumstances, I'd request that we run the sample over again if they wanted to provide a second sample. We would run the second sample and see if the second supported the first and if not we would take the second sample as the official sample.

I was told some three years after we returned home after our mission that people were still calling for me to evaluate their problems. They wondered where I had gone. They would call and the secretary would say, "Well, he's not here," meaning I had quit and so they would wait a few days and call again and that continued for about three years after I left. So apparently I had made some inroads into some of the people's lives. I enjoyed the work with Soil Test very much.

My work with Soil Test continued until I terminated my employment to go on a full time mission in San Mateo or in the San Jose California mission. I think I left with some not bad feelings, but they felt that I kind of left them in the lurch. They depended on me and when I received my call I received a call from the mission president who said, "We need your services immediately," and wanted to know if we could step up our mission two months and so I talked with F. L. Bair and he agreed to release me two months earlier than I had normally planned.

We served 19 months in the San Jose mission. We were stationed in San Mateo the full time we were there, and the last eleven months I served as the counselor to the mission president.

The mission president was a counselor in the South Idaho Falls Stake and many times I had sat in council with him and others of the area in stake presidency meetings and so we kind of had a common background. This was a responsibility that had to be cleared with the first presidency, having a full time missionary serve as a counselor in the mission presidency. But it seemed to work out all right. I spent many hours working with the young elders in the northern part of the mission because everything north of Santa Clara to San Francisco was under my supervision. As I was directed I would take care of the affairs of the young missionaries in that area. Part of my time was spent interviewing where people would have problems prior to joining the church, or while they were

investigating. It was beyond the missionaries responsibilities to interview those, so if there were morals charges or related, or people living with each other out of wedlock one of the members of the mission presidency had to interview them before they were allowed to be members of the church. And so I did some of this work interviewing some of the young men for district leaders and zone leaders, helping in the all-mission conferences and just generally making myself available to do whatever was required in supervising the mission on the north end. Also Sister Richards and I were required every two or three months to make a visit to each of the homes of the missionaries and see that the places that we were renting for the missionaries were suitable for the first thing, and second that they were being kept up and neat and halfway livable. That was a difficult thing to teach young men--to do good housekeeping.

After serving nineteen months in the San Jose Mission and converting ten people to the gospel, we felt that we were richly rewarded for our experiences there.

As we reflect back through the years that have brought us to this point of our married life, it has been one of numerous changes. We've not always had the money that we would liked to have had and that I had originally planned that we have before we got married. It seemed that we always had to struggle for the things that we really needed. We were frugal in our buying but the employment that I took didn't pay us a lot of money. As a result we had to save and scrimp to provide for our family for those needs for food and clothing and shelter. I always felt that inasmuch as I wasn't making a lot of money, I needed to have some type of a savings program and so I got involved in purchasing a home or improving a car that I drove or some investment which would net me something. That has been my financial philosophy; that we buy a home or an acre of ground or buy a cow or something like that so that eventually it would make us a little money. We've always tried to live in as nice of a home as we could afford. As I look back on that now I realize that at any phase of life you need to be frugal and be grateful for the things you have.

If I remember correctly it has been 49 or 50 different homes that we have lived in since we have been married. With regards to my employment, we were transferred about every three years until I had been in the company about 14 years. Then they changed the policy, but before that they felt to keep a field man effective, they needed to transfer him about every three years. After a person got in an area and got acquainted with the growers and cooperators, the company found that the field men started to show preferences towards some of their friends, being rough on others. And so, this policy was established; to move them frequently. At the time, it seemed like it wasn't necessary but nevertheless we conformed to the various transfers that were made. Not only did we take the transfers that came along, but we did it different than most. The custom was to go into the area and stay for a period of three or four, even as high as six months, in the area without your family looking for a place to live. It took that much time sometimes to find a suitable place. I had a different philosophy. I didn't want to be separated from my family and leave the responsibility on Ilene's shoulders and so when a transfer came I drove to the area in a car and started a search for suitable housing. When we found a place that was big enough to house us, even though it wasn't as nice a place as we would like to end up in, we moved the family and our belongings and we were always together. I felt that my children needed my influence as well as the influence of their mother. Together we would work out our problems but we had to be together to do that so we moved into an area and then we would continue searching for a suitable place to live. Generally speaking, finding that suitable place took three or four moves before it was located. Such as, when we moved into Washington, we took a place out in an apple orchard in Zillah. We lived there about a period of seven or eight months. We had to move to Wapato to a little house that really wasn't adequate because we had to sleep some of the children in the front room on a davenport. But we lived in that little house until we were able to buy one in Toppenish. The one we bought in Toppenish was an old home but it had been well kept and was adequate for our needs at the time.

That all happened in three years. It was really less than three years. We moved to Zillah the fall of '69 and we moved to Moses Lake the summer of '74. Those moves all took place in between '69 and '74. That was the case wherever we went. We found a place where we could get into, where we could look daily for a suitable place to live. And because of it, we lived in many houses. Like I say, 49 or 50 various places we lived in which required a move in each one of them. I realize that some of my philosophies were hard but I felt that we grew as a family.

But I really got my doctor's degree in moving when we moved from Moses Lake to Santa Clara. Nathan had an old International truck that had been sitting out back of the barn for a period of about three years. It was structurally a sound old truck but the motor was torn apart. When I told Nathan I wanted to move, he said that he'd like to move me. I said, "Well, I'll give you about what it will cost to rent a truck." And so he took the money I sent him to buy a used motor and put the used motor in the old International truck and it was a good, sound, reliable unit. However, the tires were bad and after we got it running we found out that it wouldn't stay in overdrive. From start to finish we had our problems. First we had our furniture stored in a warehouse or one of those storage bins in the Moses Lake area. It had been there the length of time that we had been on our mission. We had to make some adjustments on the truck bed and also on the trailer because it took two units to move our furniture. We had so much stuff we couldn't get it on the truck and so we pulled a trailer behind the truck. It was about a 12' by 20' trailer. We put side boards on it to the tune of about 6 to 8 feet high. We pulled those two units to Moses Lake. We didn't get the repairs on the truck and the trailer hitch fixed until it was late afternoon. Maurine, Chad, Keith, Nathan, and I went to Moses Lake to load up that equipment. When we got there we first had problems in getting into the yard. They had locked up and it was late enough that people had gone home. After getting the compound opened up, we pulled in and tried to sort as best as we could the things for the front room, the dining room, and so forth; boxes that we wouldn't need to

open and boxes that we would need to open immediately upon getting the stuff moved. We didn't realize that we were getting a terrific amount of weight on that truck. We got the truck loaded about 9:30 or 10:00 o'clock at night. When we pulled out having both units loaded, one of the tires was almost flat. We pulled over to the service station where we wanted to gas up. They had air but they only had air to 35 pounds pressure so we put 35 pounds pressure in as best we could and decided that wasn't going to be sufficient. It was going to blow a tire out before we got to Richland. We then pulled up to a trucker's stop by the interstate interchange. When we got there they had turned the power off and had bled the pressure unit. We didn't know that at the time and we started to pump up the tire. Instead of pumping it up we were deflating it because the air was going back into the air pressure tank out of the tire. We caught that luckily before it went completely flat. We went back to the service station where we could get 35 pounds of air which was the only place in town open at that time of night. We pumped it up to 35 pounds pressure again and then decided to make a run for it, trying to get as far as Richland that night. The Lord was with us. We traveled about 35 miles an hour and arrived in Richland about midnight. We had some experiences with the truck in that short run and realized that some work had to be done. We bailed out early the next morning and tried to make the repairs on the truck, one of which was buying a new tire. We took the tire down to the tire shop where they rebuilt tires and bought a rebuilt tire to mount on the rear axle. We weren't able to break those lug nuts loose and we had to go and get the tire people to break those lug nuts loose so we could make the change. We wanted to go as far as we could go and drive until we both got so tired we couldn't drive any further. It was dark when we left for parts south and we got as far as the Columbia River and things started going wrong with the truck. We got into the town and the thing that the gears in went out on us. We pulled off in front of a 7-11 store and proceeded to find a part to fix the transmission. Everything was closed at the time so we found out who had parts and where they lived and their telephone numbers. As we called around



we found no one that had parts for that old of a truck. The fellow that dealt in old used trucks told Nathan that he would have to go to Pendleton Oregon to find a part for the truck and that he would call ahead and make arrangements for him to pick it up. Nathan took my car and left for Pendleton. It seemed like an eternity until he got back and realizing that the store lights were going to go out in a few minutes I bought a couple sets of batteries for our flashlights because that was what we were going to do our repair work with. I had no sooner got the batteries and out the door when they closed up. They did have one street light overhead which helped some but to work underneath the truck we had to depend on a flashlight. Well, Nathan got back and we tore into the transmission and replaced the part. It was in the wee hours of the night that we got started again. Everything seemed to work well so we pushed it about as fast as we could push it. We got down as far as Ontario and both of us were weary from driving so we pulled off in a rest area and slept for a half hour or so. Then we both woke up and pressed on because we were supposed to meet Sue and Steve that morning at the Rupert turn off because Steve, Sue, and Shawnie were going to help us drive the remainder of the way realizing that we would be tired. It would provide drivers so we could spell off and get there as rapidly as we could. Well we drove all night long. We were about an hour late in our appointed time with Sue and Steve. We grabbed a bite to eat then Steve took over and drove and Sue drove the car and Nathan and I slept for a short spell then took over again. We continued to drive until it was night again and we arrived in St. George. I really hadn't been in St. George enough to know my way around. However, before we got to Cedar City we spelled each other off again and Nathan went back in the car so he could get some sleep while Shawnie drove. As soon we pulled out with the truck and trailer they started up the Toyota and it had a flat tire. It had gone flat while we were sitting there making the change. Nathan jacked the thing up and changed the tire and by that time we were down the road and had realized that we had lost him. We pulled off and waited for awhile. It sticks in my mind that we had my car and Sue's and Steve's car also. Anyway we

parked the trailer and piled in the car and waited at the side of the freeway and fortunately they recognized the cars as they went past. They fell in behind us and we drove to St. George. I thought I was taking the proper road. It was a road that took off up through the little town north of the highway. We went further and the road got poorer. We went a little further and it got where they were doing road repairs and the further we went the worse the road got and we got far enough that there was no point of return. We couldn't turn around. We had to press forward. I thought that everything that we had would come to pieces over that rough section of road that they were making. Anyway the road ended up in the industrial section of St. George. We finally found our way and got on St. George Boulevard and then came on in without problems. We arrived about 1:30 in the morning and rather than sleep we unloaded just as soon as we arrived and it took us about one hour and a half to two hours to unload. Nathan had to be back to haul some cabinets that he had made to one of his customers and so he had already reprogrammed himself that he had to be there in a day and a half. He wanted to get on his way so he could meet that appointment. We slept for about two hours and got everybody up and then they headed back to Salt Lake. After they got to Salt Lake, Steve, Sue and Shawnie headed north and Nathan went on with the truck and trailer. Everything seemed to work alright until he got home and when he got home the transmission didn't work anymore. He found out that when he took the part out to check it, it had been put in wrong. It had worked like a charm in backwards and didn't give us any trouble.

After coming home off of our first mission to California, I was called to serve in the High Priests group leadership in the Santa Clara Fourth Ward. This was a most enjoyable experience. There were three of us working together and we would visit the High Priests of the ward and give them encouragement and assistance where possible and conduct the meetings and socials and parties and what not, pertaining to the high priest group.

Shortly after our moving here they had divided the ward. I was called as ward mission leader and with a new bishop and him

being somewhat inexperienced he leaned on me very heavily for doing things right and proper. I knew church procedures and church programs probably better than anyone in the bishop's council and so he depended on me to bring out discussions relative to the proper approach to take in some of the functions of the ward. Then as a part of that we had a Book of Mormon sales program where we were sending Books of Mormon to the various mission fields in third world countries where missionaries were serving such as Chile, Bolivia, Venezuela, Columbia, Peru and all of those South American countries as well as in Japan and some of the countries in the mideast. Ilene and I both worked on that program as a team and had several people who were making contributions on a monthly basis. We would contact them and they would buy so many Books of Mormon. It is a surprise how many books were sold in the ward during that period of time when we were actively pursuing that project. Following that Ilene and I had worked in concert to teach a class of retirees to encourage them to go on a mission. We developed eight lessons and invited some of the senior couples that had been on missions to participate in this eight lesson course for adults. The agenda was excellent, we had stake presidents, regional representatives, and missionaries that had been out two times as couples, and once as young men. We had health missionaries, work missionaries reporting, and it just was an outstanding schedule. The success slopped over. We had two couples out of this first training course that accepted mission calls, but the thing that was most significant was that before the training course was over, Ilene and I had decided that we ourselves should go on another mission.

So when we concluded that eighth lesson and had completed the first round of mission training we went into the Stake President and told him of our feelings. Both Ilene and I had the same feeling about it, not expressing it to each other until one day. I don't remember whether it was Ilene or whether it was I that felt that we should prepare for another mission. In discussing it both of us had the same feeling roughly at the same time. We told him about it and he suggested that we prepare to go to Peru. Why Peru

I don't know but he agreed to call down where they had a place where Sister Richards and I would be able to serve a mission. He called and couldn't get an answer from South America but we got a phone call through to the mission president who was Doug Earl who was our ward bishop in Moses Lake. He wanted us to come and serve as a couple in his mission so we made a call to Doug's parents in Moses Lake and they gave us the telephone number of the mission office and the president called the mission office and talked with Doug and Doug placed a request for our service in Lima Peru in the East Lima Peru Mission. First thing we knew we were on our way flying to Lima, Peru.

First we went to the language training center in Provo and spent about six weeks there. It was the most concentrated training that I have ever been through in my life. It finally got to the point where the training was bouncing out and I was getting very little out of it. I had reached the saturation point and I just needed to back off and slow down. We went through the training course and the first thing we knew we were on the plane and wound up in Lima, Peru. We arrived at 11:00 o'clock at night. All of us were worried about going through customs because Ilene and I had taken enough pills to last us 18 months while we were on our mission and were afraid that they might want to confiscate those pills thinking they were drugs. But our mission president had learned his lessons well and he slipped the customs officer a few bucks under the counter and he didn't look at any one of our bags or suitcases for any drugs or guns or anything. So we went to the mission president's home. They had a carport and a tank house and a boiler house and what have you all in one. There was a big partitioned room over the top of that structure and we stayed for the next eight or ten days in that room, not having transportation to take us out to our field of labor until sometime later in the next week. We spent time in the mission office pasting testimonies and pictures of the people contributing to the Book of Mormon program.

We also enjoyed eating at the mission president's table and enjoying his hospitality before leaving to go to our assigned area.

We were assigned to go to Tarma which was up in the Andes. It took us a full day of travel to get there. The president had his two assistants take us there. We went in a four-wheel jeep and it was loaded to the gills with our suitcases and supplies for the missionaries. As we made our trip along the way, we stopped at a place or two and dropped off mission supplies. But in the trip we had to go over a pass, the highest road in North and South America and it was around 16,000 feet elevation.

At 16,000 feet the air is thin. We realized that we might need some help to go over that pass because of the light-headedness it would give us. So President Earl gave us each an altitude pill and told us to take it as we started to go up toward the summit.

We took the pills and were just doing great until we got down to 12,000 feet and we had to stop and unload some stuff for the missionaries. I leaned over to pick up a suitcase and that is all that it took. My head started spinning and I had to hang on to the car to keep from passing out. We went in to one of the chapels to the bathrooms and it was all I could do to maintain my equilibrium while I went to the bathroom. But I got back alright and made our journey down into the little valley of Tarma.

The overall distance from Lima to Tarma is around 125 or 130 miles. Most of that was in the high hills of the Andes. We were closer to the equator than we are in North America and only on the extreme tops of the Andes was there snow. Yet the graveled roads and cobble rock and what have you, made the driving very tedious and slow. It took us the full day to go that 125 miles.

Tarma is a beautiful farming and flower area up in the tops of the mountains, which was inland high in the Andes above 10,000 feet. A town of 50 to 70 thousand people and we appeared to be a spectacle there. People would watch us out of the corner of their eyes, and as we would go by they would turn their heads and watch us, every move we'd make. It got so that we didn't mind that, but from this vantage point today we should have felt uncomfortable because right in that town there were many people that were rioters and hated the American people generally.

For about the first three days we had to support each other,



walk slowly and breath deeply, everything to become adjusted to that high elevation. After about the third day we had adjusted well enough so that we didn't notice anything different than what we normally would if we were down at sea level.

We worked in Tarma for a period of two months. We stayed in a hotel. It was an old hotel. At it's peak it was a beautiful hotel. But that was the only place we could get that was anything suitable for us to live in so we lived in that hotel and we had an electric coffee pot that we boiled water and made our stew and so forth in that pot. We felt we could afford the expense for a time but we would have our eyes open for something which would serve our purpose better without the expense. That was the only cook stove that we had was that coffee pot so we ate our breakfast and our evening meal in our room at the hotel and for dinner time we went to one of the restaurants in town. So that was kind of a difficult situation. Our eating was very limited until we got with the missionaries. The woman that was cooking for the Elders agreed to supply us with a meal, one meal a day. At 12:00 o'clock we always went to this woman's home and she cooked us a meal. The food was good but it was kind of a bother to me. It kind of went against my grain because she had pigeons and chickens right in the house with us and one time I felt a pigeon jump up on my leg and was on my leg while I was eating dinner. We got so that we could almost call those pigeons by name. They were there all the time and were able to fly in and fly out whenever they wanted. One day we had some meat in the stew and taking an assessment of the pigeons that were left we felt like we were having pigeon stew that day because one of them was missing. I guess pigeon meat is good meat and that wasn't the worst we ate. We had tripe, and tripe is the intestines of the animal. To really have a piece of meat in the stew was something that was almost unheard of. We ate there for a month and a half and it got to the point where we felt it was just as cheap to eat in the restaurants and we could eat whenever we wanted and not right on the noon hour. So, we canceled our pension with this woman and we had been there long enough that she really loved Ilene. She felt really bad when we decided that we would cancel

our appointment each day yet, she felt somewhat relieved, I believe, because the kids, her grandchildren, were asking questions about Mormonism. Of course we would answer and they were becoming interested in what we had to tell them and so she didn't want that to happen because she was a dyed in the wool Moslem. She was afraid of what might happen.

In time, after talking to Pres. Earl and the missionaries, we decided to relocate and cut the extreme expense from the Hotel. We concluded the most suitable place would be in the library in the church house because the library had shelves and the library was not being used. We bought beds, quilts, and mattresses and the things necessary to set up housekeeping in the chapel. We only had one problem; the custodian had a set of keys and that set of keys was a master key to all of the classrooms and he could get into our quarters and rifle through our belongings. But we decided we had to trust him and make the best of the situation. We moved in and two days after we moved in we received a phone call from Pres. Earl saying to get our belongings together, put our housing things in storage, and get into Lima by noon tomorrow. We had just finished moving. I had to find a place to store and finish out my business there in one evening because he said to be in Lima tomorrow morning at 12:00. I wondered what the problem might be so I asked, "What's going on." And he said, "I can't tell you. When you get in to Lima tomorrow I will be able to tell you a little about what is going on." So we had to get a taxi because there was no buses that would get us there at that appointed hour. We had to hire a taxi and it took us \$60 to hire a taxi to deliver us to Lima. The next morning he was there bright and early and we loaded all of our gear that we could take and headed for Lima. Upon arriving there just at 12:00, the mission president was waiting for us. When we arrived he told us that the terrorist activities in the mountains were getting to the point where our lives were in danger.

Now we didn't feel undue pressure because of the terrorist activities, however we did see results of some of the terrorist activities as we traveled in the area; bridges blown up, power lines down and sawed off, roads blown up, and many of these types

of activities that the terrorists loved to do. In fact, on one occasion I had to travel to Tarma from one of the little outlying branches where I conducted a training session. We caught a bus with about 24 or 25 young people in it, people about the ages of 20 to 22 years old. I sat beside one of them that spoke fairly good English and he wanted to know what I was doing in his country. I said we were there on a church mission and we were prepared to teach the principles of the gospel and give them a better way of life. He said they needed a better way of life but he thought that this wasn't the time. I came to realize that this young man was one of those terrorists that had been out on a run and the bus was loaded with terrorists. They had been out to blow up a bridge and damage some of the roads and some of the buildings and banks that were in the area.

Elder Ballard of the Quorum of the Twelve had agreed that it was wise to move us out and he reassigned us to the Lima Temple Mission. For the next fourteen months we served in the Lima temple. Our schedule was four and a half days a week we would serve. We would start at 6:00 in the morning and our shift would end at 6:00 in the evening with an hour and a half off for lunch. In that hour and a half we would walk three and a half to four blocks to our home and our kitchen help, that we had hired to cook for us and also to baby-sit the house, prepared the soup for us for lunch and she was an artist at it. She was really able to season food so that it was delicious, but had never cooked with much of anything but soup, so we had a regular soup diet every day for dinner. During that hour and a half we had the opportunity of laying down and resting for fifteen or twenty minutes before going back to work. The Lord really blessed us in that temple mission inasmuch as I think Ilene only missed one day in the fourteen months and I missed a half day in the fourteen months. The rest of the time we were hale and hearty and able to fill our assignments. Serving in the Lima Peru Temple was a very enjoyable experience.

Upon arriving home from Peru the Bishop called us to serve as the ward activity committee chairmen, and we organized a program for a year and presented that program to the Bishop and he didn't

say it was too expensive or too elaborate but after the Christmas party which was a howling success, Ilene felt that she no longer could keep up the pace. It was a job for younger people, so we talked to the Bishop about it and he said that he would gladly get a replacement for us. We had been called to serve two weeks in the temple and this would put an extra burden on Ilene, so we were released.

Now from that time until today we are still serving two days a week in the temple. We go at 6:00 Tuesday and Thursday morning and stay until 12:30 in the afternoon. I've filled most of the responsibilities that are required in the temple except for supervisor and assistant supervisor. I could take any of the responsibilities that are required to conduct a session. We have to be up at 4:20 in the morning and leave so that we can be at the temple and dressed in whites ready for a meeting at 6:00.

Also we were called to serve as specialists in the Family History Center and this had been a challenging experience for us. Particularly me, Mum had a pretty good background of genealogy work, working with microfilm and microfiche and the books in the library, but had very little or no experience on the computers. Genealogy work today is computer oriented and you are not able to fill your full responsibility at the Family History Center until you are certified to do the work that is required on the computer. And in fact realizing the importance that computers play in genealogy, we decided that we would get one ourselves. Because at our age it appears that more and more of our time will be devoted to genealogy work and temple work and less and less to the activity part of the church, and to the responsibilities of office holding and administration, we purchased a IBM compatible 386 computer with a Panasonic 1124 I Printer and we're set up to work with our own ancestry through the Family History Center. So we are learning what we can as rapidly as we can to make ourselves valuable as consultants or specialists in the Family History Center.

Ilene and I have received a call to serve as stake mission trainers. The church has put out a video from the mission department giving a two hour training in five different lessons or

ten hours of training. Grandma and I are the mission trainers. We have had the experience of using our previous mission experiences. We have had sufficient training to help new missionaries, especially senior missionaries, to use some of the techniques that work best in contacting and converting people to Mormonism or to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Those three jobs we are doing at the present time. Each of them brings a great deal of satisfaction in the work that we are doing. The five missionary discussions that we present and the tapes and discussions we teach lead into a lot of experiences that we have had in serving in the mission in California. It is nice to rehearse and review those experience and remember some of the people that were involved and our influence in their lives. Now that takes us to the present day.

I would like now to give some of my experiences with guns, the war, and with my hunting experiences throughout my life. My first possession was a shotgun--a twelve-gauge, long-barrelled shotgun--and I bought this as one of my first purchases after having grown big enough to work out. The gun cost me \$40, but I was so proud of that gun. I liked to put it under my arm and go out hunting jackrabbits. There was no law on shooting jackrabbits at the time, and so myself and Sherm Gardner used to go out to the county line west of West Jordan and chase jackrabbits around through the sagebrush. We got real proficient at shooting jackrabbits. If a rabbit got up anywhere within range one or the other of us would get him down. In most cases it was just a reduction of rabbit population. We didn't bring them home to eat them, which was a possibility during the wintertime, but during the spring and the fall they had trichina, or a disease which made the body or the meat so you couldn't eat it. At the age of fifteen I took employment with the Schmidt family of West Jordan. My job was to go down to Cedar Valley and work on the grain harvester tying sacks and throwing them off to be hauled in to the elevator. We would leave about 5:00 in the morning from West Jordan and drive to Cedar Valley where the dry farms were and work all day harvesting grain, and then of the late evening drive home again and repeat that day



after day until the harvest was completed. I used to take my shotgun with me because oftentimes the rabbits would get out into the grain, and from the top of the grain harvester I could grab my gun and shoot a rabbit as he scampered through the grain. It was great sport. One night after the harvest for the day was over we were headed back into West Jordan, and it was quite late--well after dark--and I could see rabbits crossing in front of the truck. I thought, "Well, why not get out and sit on the fender of the truck and shoot rabbits as they go scampering across in the headlights of the truck?" So I told the driver to stop and let me out, and instead of getting on the fender I got up in the back and sat on some bags of grain. When the rabbits would scamper in front why I'd blaze away at them. That was great sport until we passed through the Point of the Mountain Armies outpost. Being a fifteen year old I was naive, and I didn't realize that this was a restricted hunting area. When the wheels at the army base heard gunfire out on the road after dark, immediately they set chase and pulled us over and said that we were on a restricted hunting area and that we couldn't use guns. The guns were supposed to be muzzled so they could be transported across. Well, I felt terrible because they took my gun and it was just a week before pheasant season. I made two trips to Salt Lake and to the Fort Douglas Army Station to try and get my gun back again. Thank goodness they listened to my plea. My plea was ignorance. After my second trip into Fort Douglas they gave me back my gun, but pheasant season had come and gone, and so I wasn't able to have access to my gun for the pheasant season. I didn't know that there was a law, only the law that the rabbits destroyed the crops and it was man's responsibility to protect his interests, and so he was to destroy the rabbits. That was the law that I understood. I did get my gun back and felt fortunate because there were those that did the same thing that didn't get their guns back--they were confiscated and never returned.

Splattergun hunting was my favorite because when something would fly up or jump up all you had to do was point the gun and look down the barrel and let it go.

I was going to school during World War II and I was making preparation to get involved. I belonged to ROTC and completed my two years preparatory course. When I say preparatory course, it was a land grant school, you had to take two years of military science. After the two years of military science, those that wanted to continue on in military science could do so by making application and be accepted into military science school. Inasmuch as the war was on, I made application to get a degree in military science. I was accepted in the school and was trained as a commissioned officer to go into active duty as soon as my two years of advanced military science training were completed. I had the ability to conduct a battalion and a battery giving them instructions to follow and had one of the crack groups on campus. I could march my group four abreast up the field and peel off one rank and peel off another rank and a third rank and then start the first rank going one direction and could get them scattered all over the field, all over the quad really, is where we used to practice, and bring them back together without missing a step. That had to be a close precision drill and I was good at that and in my senior year was considered one of the best drill team leaders working with the recruits.

In short, I was approaching the end of my ROTC course and we had to have a physical exam before going into active duty. In the ROTC we were on inactive duty. I was gaining time in the service, but it was inactive duty service and as soon as we graduated we then gained active status. I was approaching the active status and required a physical exam. I was really riding high because I was an asthma patient and figured that if I'd get into the service I could have army benefits for medical help, and so I said nothing about my asthma and went over to the Bushnell Hospital in Brigham City, which was an army hospital for wounded veterans. I got over there and the medical examiner spent a lot of time with me. He listened to my chest and put his stethoscope on my back and had me cough and sneeze and all of the things that would test my lungs. When he got through he shook his head and said, "I can't recommend you for active duty. All you'd be is a liability, and we don't

need liabilities out in the battlefield." So I was turned down and I never completed my final exam for second lieutenant because I'd been rejected. That was hard to take. I felt that I could go out and do a job and help my buddies accomplish the thing that was necessary to bring peace again to the world. I felt very keenly that Germany was going to have to be stopped one way or another, and I truly wanted to be a part of that. That was the reason for my signing up for advanced ROTC. When I realized that I couldn't fill that responsibility, to say the least, I was shook up and had to readjust my life because I was graduating right at that same time. I had to re-think my life, and that's when Ilene came into being. We had to plan our lives together.

It was a difficult thing. One of the worst dressing downs I had was by a woman in Randolph, Utah. After getting out of school I took a job with the Bureau of Land Management. Part of that job was controlling the grazing on government lands. The other part was range evaluation--how many head of livestock should a certain portion of range support. My job was to go out and round up the livestock that was on the range without permit. One of the farmers in the valley had about 25 head of horses out on the range, and apparently they'd been out most of the winter on the range, and so I prepared a trespass notice for him and went to deliver it. When I got to the door there was a woman, the wife of the owner of the horses. She came to the door, and when I told her what I was there for, why she blew her stack and asked what I was doing there--a healthy young man that should be in fighting for his country, and here I was a slacker and not doing my duty. She carried on with words I choose not to repeat. She used every name in the book, and the only recourse I had was I handed her the paper and walked away. When I moved to Enterprise, having changed jobs because of my health, I was persecuted there also because by all external appearances I was in good health. I played ball, I was active in outdoor activities, and everything looked like I was in perfect condition to serve my country. But there it was--I had a paper that said I wasn't able to go. I weathered the persecution and I guess I've still got that problem. The war finally ended and the

boys came home victorious. I did, however, put in four years in ROTC which I could have used very effectively in other lines of endeavor in my profession. I felt that I, in a way, served time, because had I not been in the ROTC, working towards a commission, they would have drafted me.

One of the things that I didn't mention about my military science training: each year in the land grant schools, the National Rifle Association has a competition within the 48 or now, 50 states of the Union. I liked to shoot a gun. I used to go hunting rabbits and shooting birds and I should say sparrows and odd shooting. In the military science, they had a rifle team which would compete in the 48 states. I made application and was invited down to the rifle range to try out. Myself and my friend and roommate, Glen Walquist, went down together and they gave us a rifle and 100 rounds and five targets. We were to sight the rifle in and after sighting it in, practice until we got to 25 shells and the last 25 shells we would shoot at the five targets, five shots to each of them. We had to shoot standing, kneeling and sitting and crawling. One other way that I've forgotten. Then you'd tally up your scores and those that got the highest score from all the applicants were invited to participated on the rifle team. Both Glen Walquist and I were good enough that we were invited to participate on the rifle team that year. He and I were about nip and tuck as far as our ability to shoot. Out of the 15 people that were on the rifle team, all 15 of them had to shoot once a week. That is they had to run a match once a week and each day of the week, five days a week, we had to shoot at least 200 rounds. You had to sight your gun in and take your practice shots, then shoot your score for competition under the watchful eye of the supervisor that there was no skullduggery going on. Then you had to finish shooting your 200 rounds and throwing your sights off and putting your gun away after having cleaned it. It took 2-2 1/2 hours. Glen and I changed back and forth. It seemed like almost every week he'd shoot seventh or eighth place and the other week I'd shoot seventh place and he'd take eighth place. I don't remember during the rifle season, when we didn't make the top ten out of the

15 that would shoot. Out of the 15 they would pick the top ten scorers and send them into the national and like I say Glen Walquist and I were within the top ten on the team. The team that year shot fifth in the nation. We had two fellows on the rifle team that really were good. They would take and put five bullet holes through the target and to go up and look at it you would think they only shot one shell. They would put all five bullets right through the same hole. Really Good! One of them was good enough that they did some trick shooting. I saw one stand down in the target area with a match in his mouth and the other would light that match by shooting it. The next year come rifle team time, they came pursuing Glen and I and both of us declined to shoot on the rifle team that year simply because it took so much time and time was money as far as we were concerned because we were working our way through school with little support from family. We acquired a skill but unless you maintain that skill it soon leaves you so today I'm not much better than anybody else but at that time I was shooting seventh or eighth place on a team that took fifth in the nation, which I thought was commendable.

That was right at the time when young men my age were going on missions also, and because of the war the draft board required that only one or two young men could go on a mission every six months. That limited the number of young men that could go on a mission because they had to be approved by the draft board. That wasn't the only reason I wasn't able to go. I just didn't have the money to go on a mission. I was making the money to go to school while I was in school, and so I worked my way through.

I first acquired my 30-06 after we were married, and that gun was sent to me by an application. The National Rifle Association put out a magazine, and they had government sales of obsolete guns, or guns that were being replaced with newer models. I made application as a National Rifle Association member for one of those guns, and it cost \$4.50. When I received the gun, I opened the package and a note fell out. Picking up the note, it read: "I've given you as good a gun as we've got because my name is Richards too." In inspecting the gun, it still had the cosmolean in, which



indicated it had never been fired. I was so proud of that gun. I made an adjustment on the stock, cutting off the forearm and putting a file to the butt of the gun, and sports-modeled the stock. I was so proud of that gun, and it served me well until I moved to Shelley, Idaho. The gun was one of my investments, I guess I could say, in something I had which was of value. They took my shotgun and my rifle as part of the down payment for a house. I felt I wanted a home worse than I needed my guns, so I let them go at that time.

Of course that wasn't the end of my guns. I've acquired at the present time a 22 which is close to a hundred years old. It used to be my father's and he used to use it when he hunted rabbits in Idaho, and that was long before my time. I acquired a shotgun which I bought when I was in a Sears-Roebuck store listening to a fellow that was getting a divorce and he wasn't going to let his wife have the gun or turn the gun back, and so he sold it to me for, if I remember correctly, \$50.00. It was a semi-automatic, and that I have still today.

I like guns for probably more reasons than one. One main reason was to be out with my boys. When Nathan got old enough to shoot, he found, or he bought, a gun from a fellow there in Jamestown for \$15.00. It had the guard to the trigger cracked and broken. It was dangerous to use it because of the broken trigger guard, but I bought the gun in spite of the fact that the trigger guard was broken. I figured that it could be welded and used without any problem. I first bought it to let Kathy go hunting with me. She wanted to go hunting because I had talked a good story I guess, and so I took Kathy with me hunting pheasant that fall after I bought that gun. She agreed to pay for the gun so everything was just going fine. We went out and started hunting and walked from Shelley, or from our home, almost to Goshen, which is about six miles out and about six miles back. Of course I was in good shape at that time, but by the time we got home that evening she told Nathan that she'd sell her interest in the gun. Nathan decided that that would be a good investment so he paid her the fifteen dollars and owned a gun. The trigger guard still was

damaged, and Dale Jolley, Nathan's scoutmaster, told Nathan that he would weld that guard if he would do so many merit badges. A deal was struck and Nathan got the merit badges, and I think he still owns the gun right at this time--still a good gun.

He kind of incriminated me one time. When we had his missionary farewell I told the congregation in my comments that I was going to miss the boys, and especially Nathan because he was my hunting buddy, and that we'd gone deer hunting and pheasant hunting. When he got up he said, "Yeah, I know why Dad's going to miss us. He's going to miss that extra three or four pheasants that he can get and that extra deer that he can get because I don't kill them myself. This last season the limit of pheasants was four a party, and he got eight for the two of us. When we went out deer hunting there was a limit of one per person, and he got them both. I can see why he's going to miss us." It about brought the house down. I had several tell me that they had evidence that I was violating the law, and if they ever had need to blackmail me, that would be what they'd use.

Nathan and I had another hair-raising experience on a hunting trip. We went out north of Arco in a party of six people. We stationed ourselves out on the ridge, and we had to walk out about a quarter of a mile--a half a mile from where we parked the pickups and station wagon which I brought. I brought a station wagon and a trailer. We had to walk to go out onto the ridges and set up by the time the sun came up so we could see to hunt. Nathan and I went together. I had a red fluorescent jacket as did Nathan, and the hour to start shooting commenced, and we heard a shot over the hill that was ahead of us, and no sooner heard the shot then a deer popped over the hill. I knelt down and took off a good sight and fired and missed. The next shot I heard I was just getting up because I couldn't see the deer anymore, and in the getting up I heard something tell me to get up. As I started to get up I heard the shot and the shot went through my leg. It was a fortunate shot. It was a flesh wound, and a long ways off, and the bullet that was fired was a silver-tipped bullet. Because of the silver tip the bullet hit and spent the energy going through my leg, and

the jacket was still hanging on the flesh of my leg as it was coming out the other side. Surprisingly enough it didn't hurt when the bullet hit--the hurt came when I got in the hospital and they tried to clean it up. That was what I call real pain. But I flagged Nathan and he came over and saw me bleeding. Thank goodness it hadn't hit an artery or a major blood vein in my leg, and it was bleeding but not seriously. I got Nathan over and suggested to him that he go find Harold Coble who was with the other bunch in our group. They went down and got the truck, and it had positraction, and they were able to drive that truck right to me and load me in the truck and take me down to the station wagon. When we were standing at the station wagon, loading me in the back, a bunch of deer came around the brow of the hill. Nathan was so concerned and thought that I was really seriously hurt, which I wasn't, and I told him to get his shot off and get one of those deer before we left to go to the hospital. He hesitated, but I insisted, so he pulled down on the lead deer which was a big buck and let her go and down he went. Arnold Coble said, "Now you unload your trailer and we'll bring your trailer and your deer in. You get him to the hospital." Nathan was only about fourteen years old, and he had only driven on the farm and on farm roads. He had driven the truck with potatoes loaded on it into the cellar and unloaded it, but not having any road experience it was quite a traumatic experience for him, especially with his dad lying in the back with his leg bleeding. He maneuvered out of the canyon and down onto the oiled road and headed for Idaho Falls and delivered me to the hospital. On the way he was really having a difficult time because I was quiet. The reason I was quiet was that I was studying my missionary discussions. I had to memorize the missionary discussions because I was a stake missionary at the time and I figured that was as good a time to study those lessons as any. Because I was quiet Nathan thought I was dying. So he made a speedy trip to Idaho Falls. When I was on the hill waiting for the truck the three people in the party that shot me came over. The boy who was about twelve or thirteen years old was almost impossible to restrain, he was crying and moaning and what have

you. The father took the blame for the shooting, but I knew it was the boy by the way the boy acted. He promised to pay the doctor bill and hospital bill but I knew that wasn't possible because he didn't have anything. We got to the hospital and Nathan called Mum and by that time he came to realize that I wasn't going to die and had calmed down some. He called Mum and said, "Now, Mum, --I don't know just how he approached it, but he said --Dad's all right." Ilene said, "What have you done? Have you shot him?" That's all it took to turn Nathan loose. He had been penned up emotionally and he broke down and cried. Ilene realized what she had done and then told him that she was glad that it wasn't him that shot me. When we got to the hospital Doctor Petty operated on me and took the cartridge out of my leg. He took a bottle brush and just run through that hole where the bullet went. I thought I was going to climb right out of my hide. He cleaned it up and bound it up. The next Saturday after that was pheasant season and I went out and hopped out into the field and sat on a rock, wishing I had my shotgun. I had let someone else take it for the hunting season, thinking that I wouldn't be able to go, but I had many chances for pheasants that day--more than any other day that I'd had. I had to sit and watch them light close to me, unable to do anything about it. My leg took quite a while to heal because the muscle had to mend, and it was real painful to get my foot so that I could flex it again. That's an experience neither Nathan nor I will ever forget. We came to be very close because of it. Sometimes I think these unfortunate situations are fortunate because of the closeness we feel for each other because of the experience.

There was one other experience that we had while we were hunting that turned into be kind of a nightmare. Nathan and I and Neil Baird and his boy and one other fellow went out in the area north of Arco to hunt deer. To make a long story short, the next day we were out and just as the sun was just going down, two deer walked across a shale slide below me. I got both of those deer down, and I gave the Ramsey boy that was with us one deer if he'd carry it in. I knew that it would be dark in about fifteen minutes, and we were out about a couple of miles up in some pretty

treacherous country. I signaled to Neil for help, and he told Nathan and Bob to get firewood and gather as much as they could gather as fast as they could gather it. As soon as it got dark they were to start a fire and keep that fire going until we got in camp. Neil started out to where I was, and at eleven thirty the three of us got in camp. Had it not been for that fire we'd have had to stay out all night. That fire was a beacon for us to zero in on and make our way back to the camp. Life's pretty much that way. You've got to have a beacon-light which you can zero in on in life. If you haven't, your course of events is not in one straight line. You wander from one side to the other, and waste time in the meantime. Ofttimes you don't reach your objective. I thought this was a good learning experience that you should have a definite goal, and go directly to that goal. Don't deviate because the byways are a waste of time. I also learned one other thing: make your mark before you're too old to be effective. Had I got those deer down in the morning, there would have been no problem in getting them in. Late in the evening it became a very difficult situation. I concluded that as best I could, I'd set my goals and try to get them met in an early stage of my life. I had to make a choice in between my occupation and my church work, and I chose the goal that would lead to eternal life rather than to financial success. I believe that I could have had position and prestige and all that went with it had I chose the other, but for me and my house, I chose the Lord.

I'd like to spend a few minutes talking about world events and in some way tie them into my thoughts regarding those events. I might repeat myself, because I don't know where I left off on the other tape, but the Depression was a very difficult time for everyone, and as I indicated, many three-lettered responsibilities came as government support or subsidy for people with financial problems. We were suffering like everyone else, and were invited to sign up for WPA, but Dad was too proud to be taking handouts from the government, and so we, like I say, suffered in that period of time like all other families. That was a very difficult time. Then I felt the need for education and trying to rise above



contract work and digging ditches, thinning beets, pitching and bailing hay, and a few of those menial tasks that you hire laborers to do--the hard tasks. I didn't want to do that for the rest of my life, and so I made plans to go to school at Logan, and I was able the first quarter to meet my expenses. It didn't take long to find out that I was inadequately funded to go a full year, and that I was going to have to work to go through school. It wasn't sufficient just to work during the summer, but while I was at Utah State University as a freshman, I found that my experiences in working on the farm were of value to me because I was able to drive tractor, do precision driving, and was very precise in the things that I was doing. I was hired by Doctor Keller. I first was working for Dr. Keller on the south experiment farm, and he observed my work and hired me and, although government pay was pretty meager, I was able to put a little away. When I say a little, I'm talking about just a few dollars. He hired me for the summer, and some of the tasks that had to be taken care of were: the harvesting of plots, recording data, driving equipment to harvest those plots, setting up equipment, and all that's done to do experimental work. At that time we had several crews working on the experiment farm through the WPA program, and these were men from 35-65 years old that made up the crews. Doc Keller, my boss, would give me instructions as to what he needed done, and then I would go out and put these WPA crews to work and supervise their activities, collecting data for experimental work that was going on on the farm. So from the time of my freshman year on till I graduated I worked for Dr. Keller. It got to the point where Dr. Keller wouldn't allow anyone to run the equipment except me, and so when Utah State University Crops and Soils Department needed something done, why Doc Keller would say, "Go talk to Arch. If he can do it, fine, if not, you're gonna have to wait until he can." This finally turned into being a problem because Doc. Keller was paying me fifty cents an hour, and when the school wanted to hire me they would only pay thirty-five cents an hour. When I had all the time that I could spend for Doc Keller at fifty cents an hour, and I just couldn't see losing fifteen cents an hour to please

somebody just because they needed the work done. And when Doc Evans needed some work done he came to me and I said, "Hey, Doc, if you can arrange to meet the pay schedule of fifty cents an hour I'd gladly do some work for you." He says, "I can't do that. The school has got a program where they pay thirty-five cents an hour for everybody that they hire." "Well," I said, "I'm sorry, because I'm able to get fifty cents an hour." That was taken back to the department, and the department, the agricultural department, went to the higher authorities and finally were able to get not only my fifty cents an hour, but they had to raise the pay for the whole school staff that was on temporary employment like I was. And so I made a few friends, and I made a few enemies out of that, but through it all I became very close to Dr. Peterson, Dr. Evans, Dr. Keller, and Doc Bracken--those that I served with during the summertime as well as took classes from during the winter. I seemed to have a special gift, I guess you'd say, for comprehending agricultural problems and was told by Doc. Evans that I had an unusual understanding of agriculture. By the time that four years had rolled around I was able to get my degree, and war was on, and all of the stresses and strains. I took employment rather than go on to school, because in the first place I didn't have money to go, and by that time I was married and had responsibilities to provide not only for myself but for my wife and maybe expected family to come.

One of the world events that was a problem to me was McCarthy and communism. McCarthy was a politician who hated communism and did all in his power to thwart the work of the communists. Because of the pressures brought to bear on some of the politicians, a lot of them were embarrassed because they espoused the communist way. Many of them were exposed to being communist sympathizers. I think this kind of was the beginning of the Cold War. They, both sides, would make demands and it just kept the world on the brink of a war. No one was anxious to go out of their way and help any other, but they sat and watched what the other person was doing and tried to find fault and bring criticism and a bad time on the other nation. This was particularly true with Russia and the United

States. We really didn't make any friends in the war, the Second World War, although England was saved. They would have fallen to the German machine had they not had some help. Germany, after the world war was over, was split, and part of it was put in the United States sector, and part in the Russian sector. Even as late as the time that I was in Pakistan, I casually mentioned the American sector of Germany. I was talking with two Germans, two German scientists, and they proceeded to take me apart bit by bit to let me know that it was still Germany, it wasn't the American sector, it wasn't the Russian sector, it was Germany. From that point on I was careful as to whom I referred to Germany as the American sector and the Russian sector.

One of the things that I observed as a young man was the affect that TV had on the United States public. It seemed like the TV brought politics into the home. Before then you were exposed through the paper and through radio, but really the exposure came when TV became popular because you could not only hear but you could see, and this had a pronounced affect on the politicians and also the politicians going before the public and getting the support of the people behind the government. Also professional sports became big business from that point on when you could watch a football game on TV in its entirety and have a better viewing than if you were sitting on the fifty yard line--it became big business and from that time on players started to approach the million dollar a year salaries. It's gone to as high as four million a year, or for a four year contract, sixteen million dollars, and so the exposure that has come through TV has made big business out of politics and out of sports.

The next thing that I might mention in world events is the man on the moon. I remember watching TV and the space shuttle touch down and saw the men coming out of the space craft and walking on the moon, or I almost could say bouncing on the moon. That was quite a thing. You could sit on your back porch at night and look at the moon, and see outlines, but little did you realize that man someday would be up there, walking around. And so it was a great experience to see them make one small step for man and a great step

for mankind.

The Cold War brought on a condition in Germany that separated the two sectors, and that was the Berlin Wall. Even though both sectors were German, movement was severely restricted. For the most part you couldn't go across the Berlin Wall and visit relatives on the other side because the American sector seemed to flourish where the Russian sector seemed to retrogress. That wall stood for forty years as a barrier to good relations between countries. Were it not for one man, the wall still would be standing, but because he could see the Russian way of life going down the tube, and recognizing that the American way of life and freedom was the way to go, he set in motion the machinery necessary to break down the Berlin Wall, bring personal business enterprises or promote them in the country, and make it a free trade area. I think watching the Berlin Wall come down brought tears to the eyes of millions throughout the world--being able to watch the activities and see how thrilled people were to again be able to visit their friends on both sides of the wall, and go to the store and buy whatever they choose.

Another event is the assassination of President Kennedy and his brother. I personally feel that President Johnson had aspirations of becoming president, and this was one way that that could be accomplished, because he was selected as vice-president. To have the president removed would then automatically move him to the position of president of the United States. My personal feeling is that he was the inspired one, and the mafia was the organization that executed the deed. This was the mafia's way to counteract any world change that would bring pressures to bear upon their ruling subversive forces. Controversy over the shooting of President Kennedy is still shrouded in mystery, and I don't figure that we'll ever know the truth. The people that were accused may have been involved, but were scapegoats for others in higher positions. That story I don't think will ever be told. Right at the time that happened President Kennedy was planning on changing the banking structure, and also performing functions in Peru that needed the support of the people. Because it was in contradiction

and would affect the mafia financially, they conjured up the assassination of Kennedy.

The next thing that came about was the impeachment of President Nixon--the Watergate incident. My feeling regarding Watergate is corruption in government. Nixon was in support of the problems in that time of the election: the campaigning, and bringing down one person and elevating another. All of these things exposed the government, and its top leaders, to the problems of corruption. This has increased as the years have gone on since Nixon's time. I'm sure there was corruption before, but it became self-evident that corruption was a way of government. It has come to fruition in our time, in our present election, making it possible for a complete unknown, if you will, as far as the public's concerned, declaring his candidacy after the date for the closing of putting names on the ballot, and in three months' time exceeding the polling of the two major candidates, the Republicans and the Democrats. Ross Perot, if he never gets to be president, has done a great service for the country in exposing and bringing politics a rebuff that they'll never survive. Even at this time there are people that have duped the government out of many thousands or many millions of dollars, and realizing that they'll never be elected again they've backed out or vacated their office. Ross Perot means a change--a change from big politics to a circumstance or to a condition which is still in the hands of the people. We're fortunate that this comes without any expense on the government by taxation, and so Ross Perot has had a great influence on the people today. He talks the people's language although he's a multi-billionaire. I think it should be said in passing that I've noticed the past 15-16 years the women coming into political power. Now I'm not saying that this is bad, but only when a woman running for political office runs on the ticket for women's choice to have an abortion. I think that women should be in politics, but I hate to see them transgress the laws of God and take the right of the newborn, or new birth, away from them. Just a statement on modern technology that I have observed in my time. One with the most far-reaching influences is the invention of the TV. Today



there is better than an average of one TV per family. Now I know in our home at the present time we've got one and a small one that has never been taken out of the package which was a gift to us when we had a car repaired. We feel that TV is for good and for evil both, depending on the shows that you watch, and the time in your life that you watch them. Many of the shows today are evil, showing immorality right in front of you, and it's given to you in steady diet almost daily. This is not good. It's had its affect on the citizenry in the world, and as a result moral conduct has wasted away and degraded and is hanging in the balance right today. TV has also had its affect on family life. The shows that play down families and the role of families, and the role of father and mother being a valued commodity is eroding this great standard of living. The other side of TV is the sports events that we see live, such as the National Basketball Association and National Football Association at prime time on TV to show the games, and this I think is good. There's one problem with TV generally and that is that it's a time-consumer. If we would take the time that TV-watching consumes we could probably gain a doctorate degree in the four years that we'd watch TV. It has its advocates and that's where the big money is today, in TV advertising products which puts tobacco and drugs and all of these things in the front rooms of the homes of the nation.

Cars and motorized equipment--I guess I could class them all in one group. Cars have made a dramatic change in lifestyle. They speak of some of the pioneer fathers making a trip from Salt Lake to St. George in a time span of roughly eight days. Well, today in a moderately expensive car the trip from Salt Lake to St. George would take about five and half hours. Now motorized equipment could be classified as tractors, trucks, and this type of thing which is closely associated with making a living. The auto industry has made great strides in motorizing the American way of life. Where I used to hook up a team of horses to put on the harrow to work the ground in the spring, a person turns a key and automatically you've got power at your fingertips. And of recent, beet growers are using twelve-row planters and traveling at roughly

three miles per hour, making one farmer capable of farming great tracts of land. Motorized equipment has revolutionized the agriculture industry, making the cost of production less through increased yields and the ability of one man to handle large tracts of land because of motorized equipment. A person could spend all day talking about the affects motorized equipment has had on their life. Very definitely it's had its affect on mine.

One of the features about motorized equipment which isn't the best is that it is a status symbol--people wanting a new car every year, every two years because the neighbors have one and they want to keep up with the neighbors. This is another indication of affluence, an affluent society is the number of cars they have parked around their home.

Another thing that has come on the scene is household appliances, making it possible for women and men as well having more available time to do the things they want to do. I think the Good Lord's plan in prompting new inventions was to free time so that people could be more engaged in temple work and in church work, but instead of the free time increasing the activities of church-going people it's motivated the people to use their spare time in luxurious pursuits--in sports, such as going golfing on a daily basis instead of going to the temple. Now the appliances expand the joy of living, there is no question about that, but how we use our time, we'll have to account for. Then there are labor-saving devices that have come onto the market. I have an electric drill, and that electric drill is also a electric screwdriver, and there's enough tork on that electric drill to twist screws right off. When I've got a job to do that requires putting screws in, if it's an extensive job, the use of that electric screwdriver makes slick work out of it. It's this type of thing that makes the difference.

I think of Nathan, in his work as a carpenter and home builder. With the automation that he has--power guns that not only can shoot you in the leg, but they can shoot boards on a stud about as fast as you can pull a trigger. There are a lot of automatic guns that simplify the job of building homes. You can take every

profession that you want, and they have these labor-saving devices. Especially the medical profession--they claim that's one of the reasons that your medical bill is so high, because of the technology that's been developed to perform certain operations or to find out if there are operations necessary. Of course these things we want. A few years ago gall bladder removal took a lot of hospital bed time and recovery time. Today they poke four little holes in your stomach and use a laproscopic operation technique that can remove the gall bladder. One of my good friends said the third day he was out swinging a golf club. We're living in an affluent society, and we surely don't want to go backwards.

Another thing that has created an explosion within the last few years is the use of pills. Today you've got a pill for almost everything you do. They're designed to improve living, but we take pills today for everything that ails us and for a lot of things that don't ail us. I attended a regional meeting where President Kimball took this as part of his talk, that we're using pills that we have no need of using. If a person has a good standard diet, getting your five basic foods into your diet each day, there will be no need for vitamins and minerals like we use today. This is a multi-million dollar enterprise, the making of pills and the selling thereof. Technology has made for affluence and an affluent society. It's made to free our time to use as we see fit, which is not always good, but it's a way of life today, and the American way of life is better than any I've observed anywhere else in the world. I would have to say that the modern technology has raised our standard of living immensely, and I don't think anyone wants to backtrack, but be wise in the use of these things that they're used for the proper purposes.

A little about the spiritual highs that I have had in my life. My testimony has not always been founded on any miraculous manifestation but my testimony has grown day by day; not by seeing a vision or having a dream but by the promptings of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost has been a rather intangible entity to me. It is able to move about without the limits of the body. For years I have pondered and prayed about the courses of action that I should

take. Unbeknownst to me the Holy Ghost and the spirit of my Great-Grandfather Archibald Gardner have had their influence in my life. Also a another influence on my life is the experience that I have had in the St. George Temple. As a young man, 27 or 28 years old, Ilene and I used to attend the St George temple once every two weeks on assignment and acting as the workers there in the temple. I loved the part of Peter and was able to act in that role without fault. I had taken the part of Peter enough times that I begin to feel and think on that wise. Each time I would play the part of Peter I would try and envision how Peter would act. Then I would incorporate that in my own life. This was the same way with my grandfather Archibald Gardner. Having read some of the stories and about his strength and the work that he accomplished such as in building saw mills and flour mills, canals, roads, ditches, to improve the Salt Lake Valley, I thought how I would like to be strong like that. I prayed and pondered many times on the things that I should do. Unbeknownst to me the Holy Ghost and the spirit of my dead ancestor, for whom I am named after were having an influence in my life. That's where I got my name of Archibald. The experiences that I received of my great great grandfather were the stories that mother told me of some of his works and his accomplishments. As she told these stories I recognized in her some of those same traits and I desired to emulate those in my life. So when a decision had to be made I consider what my father and mother would have me do. I learned a secret fairly early in life that the Holy Ghost often uses others to accomplish his purposes. Therefore my parents had a dual role in my rearing and that was of acting in the stead of the Holy Ghost and also in their own behalf. So you see my testimony has been garnered over the years from little tidbits, stories experiences of friends and family and it has had a lasting impression on my life. Today I'm stronger I believe than in any time of my life. Probably with two exceptions and that is when I was on my mission both to California and to Lima. But working in the temple in the family history center keeps me from doing the things that I shouldn't be doing. The fact is that with this responsibility I find little time to do

anything but the things that I have to do. But, like I say, my testimony has not been because of anything miraculous but has grown day by day. I have had experiences which gives me strong evidence of the truthfulness of the gospel and the goodness of God to those who keep his commandments. It wasn't until I was in the temple in Lima that I had an experience which let me know that Jesus lives. He is our Savior, our Redeemer, and our Advocate with the Father and that truly he sacrificed his life for the redemption of all mankind. I know that the Prophet Joseph Smith was a true prophet called of God in these latter days to restore the gospel that the world might know that Jesus is the Christ. That there are other scriptures beyond that of the Bible, which are a companion witness to the Bible. I know that Ezra Taft Benson is a true prophet of God. One other time it was made known to me that President Benson was a true prophet of God. With my making that statement, I would tell you of the experience that I had in California while on our mission there. Pres. Kimball had passed away and that meant that a new head of the church would be called. The area director called a meeting of all of the missionaries in the San Jose Mission for an early morning meeting. All was in place by a quarter of eight. He told us at that time that the announcement of the new President of the church would be made. As we sat there in concert with the full-time missionaries, about 165 of us, the announcement came over the closed circuit broadcast from Salt Lake that President Benson had been called to serve as the next prophet, seer, and revelator. I saw no personage but the spirit rested upon me and made known to me that Pres. Benson was the person that the Lord wanted in that position as prophet, seer, and revelator in these the latter days. It made such an impression that it will last with me forever. I also had an experience with Pres. McKay. As conference was commencing the brethren were in the tabernacle for a priesthood meeting and a hush fell over the congregation and I looked about to see what had stopped the commotion because it was quite noisy before. As I turned around and looked I saw Pres. McKay walking down the isle shaking hands with the people that had assembled there. It was at that time that I knew that Pres. McKay was a true



prophet of God and he had a mission to perform. In Lima, Peru I had an experience there that is too sacred to tell. I have told it once and I prize that testimony beyond description and chose not to bare again, other than to say, that I know that Jesus lives.

Also I had an experience while I was still in Idaho that I remember well. While I was in the Stake Presidency we had the need for a drama director for the stake. That was the year that we needed to put on a drama for the stake and have each of the wards put on a drama and so we needed someone who was qualified to do that work of counseling and instructing and seeing that the wards participated and that they were qualified to do somewhat of a professional job. As I called this particular sister to this responsibility, she turned me down. Not giving any reasoning back of it other than she wasn't able to do it. Time slipped by for a couple of months and I was prompted to extend the call to her again for the same duties and responsibilities. Our discussion was that she was not able to do it, giving no reason or rhyme for such a statement. But a week later I was impressed to call her again and I ask that her husband come with her this time. Well the two of them showed up and I pointed out to her the need that we had to fill this responsibility with someone who was qualified to lead in the drama program. She turned me down. Of course I was prompted to pull out of her the reason that she rejected the invitation three times. She broke down and cried. She said she didn't know why she had refused, but for some reason or other she couldn't take that responsibility. At this time I had a terrible feeling and the Spirit made known to me that she was possessed with an evil spirit. I invited one of the other members of the Stake Presidency and her husband to stand in with us and I cast the evil spirits from her body never to return again. She went as limp as a dishrag. After the tears stopped flowing, she agreed that she would take the job now. She knew why she couldn't take the job; she was listening to the wrong party. She had a neighbor that was a prostitute and she was going in to her neighbor's house trying to convince her of the error of her ways. She spent many hours in the neighbor's house. She was a convert to the church and hadn't been

strongly indoctrinated in the gospel principles and as such was susceptible to the powers and influence of the devil. He had made inroads into her life. Until the evil spirits were cast out she was powerless to do anything in the church. Only after the blessing which was given requesting she never return to the house of ill repute again, did she feel relieved and a desire to serve the Lord. She did a magnificent job. We had a production in the stake that year that was equal to anything that was put on in Rexburg at Ricks College. She always gave thanks for the blessing that she received. I know that the adversary is real and has great power and influence. Anyone that toys with the devil stands in jeopardy of losing his soul.

We had an experience in Enterprise with Kathy and Sue when they were just young girls. During the wintertime it seemed like we could hardly keep either of them well. They were plagued with colds most of the winter. In checking the tonsils of both of the girls we decided that we better take them to the doctor and have those tonsils out because it appeared that the tonsils were badly infected and needed to be removed before they could make a rapid progress in recovery. So arrangements were made and we took the girls over to receive their operations and it seemed like Sue didn't have any problems. In fact, when we left that day we ask the doctor what the diet was for Sue and Kathy so that we wouldn't damage the tissue that was healing. He said that we could give them anything that they could eat. We took him at his word and asked Sue what she would like to eat on her way home and she said that she would like to eat potato chips. We felt that wasn't too wise of a choice but she pleaded that the doctor said she could have anything that she wanted and that was what she wanted so we bought a sack of potatoes chips for Sue to eat on the way home figuring that they would scratch her throat and irate her to the point that she wouldn't eat very many chips. To our surprise she consumed a lot of them. She had no ill effect because of it but Kathy was another story. The doctor suggested that we leave her in the hospital and give her throat a little time to heal because her operation was a little more extensive then was Sue's, so we left

her there over night. We went back 7:30 or 8:00 in the morning to pick her up and bring her home. It was Sunday and when we walked in the room two doctors were working on her. They had her head over the edge of the bed and a baby bath pan was covered with blood. She had started bleeding and they had packed her nose and throat as best they could and they couldn't stop the bleeding. When I walked in the room, the doctor shook his head and said, "I just can't do anything for her." Realizing the seriousness of the situation I went and told Ilene. As I was talking to her I was standing on the north end of the hospital and I noticed some brethren coming to church. I slipped down the stairs, Kathy was on the third floor, and I asked one of the older brethren that I met if he would come and help me administer to my daughter. He agreed and we made our way back to the hospital room and asked the doctors to leave for a few moments. Having closed the door I asked the gentleman if he would anoint her with oil which he did and I sealed the anointing and gave her a blessing of health and strength. We hadn't hardly taken our hands off her head when the blood stopped running and by the time the doctors came in it had completely stopped. Now the doctor that was doing the work was a non-member of the church and he just couldn't understand what we had done to stop the bleeding. We just had to tell him that we had performed a blessing that was under the influence of the Priesthood and that the Lord was the Master physician and healer and that he had granted the priesthood blessing that was offered. We stayed for another hour, to an hour and a half and everything was all right. She had stopped bleeding and the tissue had started to heal over and we took her home before noon that day. The gravity of the situation was simple. When I walked in I could tell that the only way that they could maintain her life was through IV feedings or with blood transfusion and they weren't capable of handling either one successfully. So we had to leave it in the hands of the Lord whether she should live or whether she should die. That blessing that was given was granted. These things all strengthen my testimony and I know that our Father in Heaven hears and answers prayers. I also know if we've got a reservoir to store up good

deeds to be used in times of stress and in times of need, we will never fall short of our responsibilities.

We had an interesting experience when we were on our way to Steve's wedding. We had some furniture that we had to take to Kathy and so we had loaded the pickup truck and started on our way. Now we didn't have too much confidence in that truck because we had a previous experience of the transmission giving us trouble; having it go out twice on us while we were on the highway with no way to contact friends and family. We had to rely on our abilities to find people to help us. Like I say, we didn't have much confidence in the truck in the first place. Second place, we got fairly close to Santaquin, which was our Waterloo previously, and the car conked out on us. When it conked out on us we didn't realize the reason for the problem was that I had run out of gas in one of the tanks. Figuring that the tanks should carry us to Salt Lake I never gave it a second thought when it started coughing and sputtering. I tried to start the car and it just refused to start and I did everything that I knew how to do to get it started, to no avail. A fellow came along in a convertible coupe and stopped and seeing our plight asked if there was something that he could do. We asked if he would stop in town and send a wrecker out to pull us in or get us started. We sat on the road waiting and waiting for that wrecker to come. We talked about our plight and Ilene said, "Well there is one thing that we haven't done." I questioned what that might be and she said, "We haven't made it a matter of prayer." And so we went on the opposite side of the car. We didn't kneel in prayer but we offered up our supplication to the Lord and asked that he help us with our problem and I had no sooner got through with the prayer than I went back and crawled in the car and closed the door and it had started off perfectly like nothing had ever happened to it. We drove into Santaquin and the wrecker came and we paid him for his time and his travel even though he didn't help us get the car started. In talking with him, he said, "What happens with some of these older units is that when they run out of gas the last gas that goes in forms a vapor lock. Until the motor cools off you can't start the car and in evaluating the situation,

this was apparently our problem. The Lord helped us solve it and we haven't had any trouble with it since then. We've gained quite a bit of confidence in it's ability to get us where we want to go and back. We took it up to the northwest for a family reunion and had no problems so we feel pretty good about it. That experience brought us humbleness and we realized that we had to have the handy work of the Lord to help us out.

I don't remember whether it was in vision or what, I cannot say, and to describe it is too sacred, and so all I'll say is that I know that my Redeemer lives. It's made an impression upon my life that I'll never forget. I also had an experience in the Seattle temple some fifteen years ago. I was taking a party through the temple and the last part of the temple service I knew the patron that I was working for was with me because I could feel him right at my side. As we went through the veil there were only two of us in the room--all others had vacated--and there I felt him bumping my side as I left the room. I felt that I could talk to him if I wanted, but was too fearful for fear I would have problems keeping the faith after and would be held for a greater condemnation. I removed all shadow of a doubt. I also was in the Seattle temple one other day as we were working there. It was a Saturday, and in the morning before the Saturday session got under way they'd have a prayer meeting in the men's lounge for all the brethren that were working on that session. President Kay who was a member of the Quorum of the Seventy for some years, for five years actually before his release, was the temple president. Just before he released us to go to work, he posed the question, "How many of you would like to walk where Jesus walked?" Of course it raced through our minds going to Jerusalem and walking where Jesus walked, but that wasn't what he meant at all. What he said later just made our hair stand on edge. Everybody said they'd like to walk where Jesus walked. He said, "All right, brethren," and opened the door and said, "go right down that aisle, for last Thursday Jesus walked down that aisle himself." There were some tear-filled eyes and some deep thoughts of reverence that day.

I had an experience in Deadwood, South Dakota. I was District



President at the time, and we were holding district conference in Deadwood. A woman came to me with a young boy about two years old. Our morning meeting was over and she came and started talking. I asked her what we could do for her and she said, "This boy wants his hearing for his birthday." That was a shocking revelation to me to think that I could give a child a blessing and restore its hearing. I told her that I'd like some time to pray and meditate about it, and she says, "Well, if it's possible, I'd like to have that done today. I know that you brethren in the presidency have the power to do this thing, and for the sake of the boy, I would appreciate that you do this." Well, I met with the presidency, and we knelt in prayer, each of us, and we agreed that we would miss our noonday meal and that after the afternoon sessions of branch conference we would give this little boy a blessing. As we took the child in our arms and pronounced a blessing on him I could tell from the feel of his body that the tenseness left and the boy quit crying, and as we would speak after the blessing was completed, the boy would look at the direction of the voice. I know that boy was granted his hearing immediately. The power of our Father in Heaven is great, and He answers prayers and blessings to those whom He will. Sometimes the request for a blessing is denied because our Savior has other plans. We should realize that when the answer is no it's for a good reason, and so we shouldn't complain and gripe and criticize, and feel that we have not been blessed. We've wondered about Nathan many times, wondered about the reason for him having as many problems as he's had--accidents. Especially an example of this would be being shot by a nail by a pneumatic gun. He just happened to be walking past and the fellow accidentally pulled the trigger and shot Nathan. You wonder why these things happen. He's also tangled with a saw, and the likelihood of losing one and possibly two fingers. You ask yourself why, and we don't know why, other than the Lord allows these things to happen. True, He could protect us from harm and evil, but we're here to work out our salvation, and these problems that come into the lives of his children are to build them up and to help them to be strong and to recognize the hand of the Lord in all things. I'm sure that if

Nathan had been highly successful as a young man he wouldn't have the strength and fortitude and the sound gospel foundation that he has today. It's sad that these things happen, but if they build us we can't help but say they're for the best.

I remember one time when we were in church in Glasgow, Montana. A little girl of one of the members was deathly ill and they didn't know whether she was going to live or not. The parents, who were just new members of the church, telephoned and made a request that the branch pray for their little girl. During the sacrament services that Sunday the branch president wanted to know if we could meet as a group and meet in prayer in behalf of this little girl. The branch president, not being knowledgeable in church doctrine, wanted to know if there was anyone there that had conducted a prayer circle. I told him that I had, but prayer circles were not for this purpose--that is, a prayer circle that you would see in the temple--but I would counsel him as to what was legitimate and what wasn't legitimate in holding a prayer circle. That night, at twenty degrees below zero and the most bitter wind outside, the branch traveled to the Fort Peck Dam site at the locks or the spillway, and as we met and knelt in prayer we asked that the blessings of the Lord would rest upon her. The Sunday following, just a week's time, the mother said that the child was doing well. She said the most funny thing happened. She said, "We were gathered around the bed and thought the end was so near and just at seven o'clock the little girl opened her eyes and sat up and asked for something to eat." It was just at seven o'clock, because as we knelt the clock on the mantle in that lock house struck seven. Our Father in Heaven heard those prayers and blessed that child so that she had a speedy recovery and was returned back to us in short order.

I was invited to administer to a young Rushtan boy in Glasgow who was very sick. The two missionaries that were in the area-- Brother Laxton being one of them and Brother Lee was the other-- and I were invited to come and administer to their sick son. Having completed the anointing and sealing of the oil, we walked out of the room into the living room and sat down for just a few

moments to answer some of the questions that the Rushtans put to us. Before we left, which was less than fifteen minutes, the Rushtan boy called out and said that he wanted some food to eat. He too was healed. The Lord hears and answers the prayers of the righteous.

I definitely feel that little Bradley is a prayer and administration boy. I think his life was spared because of the prayers and the administration of those that loved him. I don't know whether I've told Nathan or not, but when Trent was born he had an undeveloped lung and was in the hospital trying to fight for his life. I knelt in prayer at that time and promised the Lord that he could take anything that I possessed, other than my family, for the life of that child. I had almost forgotten my promise to the Lord for his health when my savings and my hope for the future went down the tube. The Lord had kept his promise, he'd saved the child's life. I kept my promise by contributing all that I had. I'm just as certain that Trent's life was not accidentally taken, the Lord required it of him, and he filled his end of the bargain and then took him, and I'm sure today that he's doing a great work--equal to that of his two brothers, Chad and Keith. I think his personality is such that he was needed on the other side, and as a result received a mission call. He has been touching the lives of many people since that time. I definitely feel that little Bradley was spared. All evidences suggest that he shouldn't be alive today, but he is--he's well and healthy, and has received blessings from our Father in Heaven.

These small and sometimes insignificant experiences have a great affect upon your life, build testimony and give courage and confidence to carry on against persecution or whatever it may be. In closing I want to repeat once again that I know that my Redeemer lives. As for me and my house we will serve the Lord!



## KATHY'S MEMORIES OF DAD

First off, Aunt Kathy, I wanted to ask you about family traditions around Thanksgiving time, Christmas time, etc.

The first thing that comes to mind is going to Grandma Richards' house in West Jordan for Thanksgiving dinner quite often. It seemed like whenever it was possible we made the trip to Salt Lake from Shelley. As a younger child, I remember those dinners being really fun because I got to meet all of my cousins which I didn't get to see very often. The things that I remember were that Grandma had a great big huge table in the kitchen with a great big "lazy susan" in the middle of it and all of the kids, of course, were put in the kitchen around this big table. Half of the fun of Thanksgiving was swirling that "lazy susan" around and everybody trying to grab the food off of it. The older people were in the other room away from us and so we had a really fun time when they weren't around.

The women always did the dishes after. Where the men disappeared to, I don't know, but they went somewhere. It seemed like the dishes went on forever. I didn't think we would ever come to the end of the dishes. As I got older and that tradition continued of the women and the girls doing the dishes it got to be more of an interesting time for me because you would catch up on all of the gossip that was going on in the family. Who was doing what... who was where, and it became a social time. I don't know what the men were doing while the women were doing the dishes, but at that time the Utah State vs. the University of Utah football game was played on Thanksgiving Day. This was an old tradition that went back many, many years. Part of the family had gone to Utah State and part of the family had gone to the University of Utah and so this game was always a big deal. I suspect a lot of times the men went to the game when it was held at the U. Everyone was always talking about who was going to win the game. I don't know when that stopped being played on that day, but that was when it was played.

It seemed as we grew up I remember two or three cousins older



than myself and when we would go to this Thanksgiving gathering, of course, all of the Aunts and Uncles were there and this was where you brought the boyfriend. If he gained acceptance in this group after you had introduced him, then he was accepted into the family. But you never brought anybody to this dinner unless you were really serious about them because once the family had given its approval then it was almost the given fact that this was going to be the one that would be entered into the family, so that was tradition too. Now who is going to bring who this year? Who is going to be the one that brings somebody? Along with that we had all kinds of things that we did in the afternoon after the dinner was over. A lot of the cousins my age would go out and do some target shooting to see who was the best. We would go roller skating sometimes. It just seemed like to would have a really good time together. For two or three years Susan and I would go and stay with my Uncle Stu and his wife. We had a cousin our age and we would go stay with them, and then Mom and Dad would pick us up on the way home from Thanksgiving dinner. Those are some of the things that I remember about Thanksgiving that were traditions.

I can remember Christmas from the time that I was 9 or 10. I remember one Christmas that we had out on the ranch. That was the Christmas that I learned that there wasn't really a Santa Claus. The way that I learned that was because Santa Claus and my father wrote exactly the same. His handwriting was so distinctive that when all of the presents were signed "Santa Claus" and it was in his handwriting then you could not mistake it for anybody else. I knew, I was like 7, who Santa Clause was and it was kind of a disappointment but I knew that there was nobody else who could write like that. Family tradition was that you couldn't get up until 5:30 in the morning. I think that was the one thing that I remember. Mom and Dad were very strict about this. I can remember in Shelley particularly sleeping in the basement. I would try (I didn't have a watch or a clock) to calculate what time it was by how many times the furnace would go off and on. I can't remember what the formula was but I think that it went on about every 15 minutes. I carried that into my family, getting them up at 5:30,

but nobody wanted to get up. Pretty soon they decided that was for the birds and so we didn't do that anymore.

We didn't go on very many family trips. There were two family trips that I really remember that we ever went on. One was to California to Disneyland and I was about 15 and a half when we went there, and the other was a trip that we took to South Dakota and I think that was a couple of years before that. Those are the only two I remember ever taking. So we just didn't do an awful lot of traveling because there were so many of us and we didn't really have a car big enough to take everybody. The summer was always a busy time for Dad in his work and so that was not a real good time to go. Other times we were in school so we just didn't take too many trips.

We lived in two different homes in Enterprise that I remember. The first one we lived in was an old army barrack. I can just remember vaguely how dusty and dirty it was. That is one of my recollections of it because it didn't seem like there was any grass around or a yard or anything like that. I just remember a few of the families that lived there with us. I can remember walking down a dusty road to get into town or to get to school. I do remember having the measles there and having to have it all dark. The second house we lived in was a really old home and there wasn't much of a yard. The thing I remember about that home was that in the wintertime a huge icicle was formed from the water dripping off of the roof and by the time the end of winter came this icicle was absolutely enormous and it went all the way from the roof clear down to the ground. It had to have been two feet in diameter. I remember worrying that it would break and come in through the window. I remember when we lived in that home that Mom and Dad were temple workers in the St. George temple. I remember them leaving and going to the temple and having to have a baby sitter come in. I don't remember who the baby sitters were but I do remember them leaving. It seemed like they went once or twice a week to St George to work in the temple. They were not very old at the time. I was only in first grade. They did work in the temple at that time. I remember Dad playing on softball teams when we

lived in Enterprise and going and watching him play softball. This softball team was really good. I just vaguely remember coming to Salt Lake to play. I guess it was an all church or an all region baseball game. The one game that I remember in particular is that he ran into somebody out in the field and they crashed. They both laid on the ground for awhile. I don't remember too much else about living at Enterprise. I remember the church that we went to, and I remember drinking out of the sacrament cup that was one cup that they passed to the whole congregation. There were not individual sacrament cups at the time. It was just one cup that was passed. School was held in the church. I remember going to kindergarten in the church building. so the separation of church and state didn't exist back at the time. It was an interesting situation and I remember going to school there and learning to crochet in kindergarten and first grade. I remember something about the "Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairies." I remember a few of the people that lived there that were good friends with Mom and Dad. I remember the Staleys and their house that we went back to visit later.

Enterprise was a town of about five or six hundred people, maybe even one thousand. I don't remember knowing very many people in Enterprise, but because of the size of the town I'm sure that Dad and Mom did and that everyone knew them. That is one thing about Dad. He was always very well known wherever we lived. He was required to work with the people of the town and with the farmers because he had to go and put these small research plots in their gardens or on their property. He was always very well known by everyone in the areas where we lived. It didn't matter how big or how small it was. People pretty well knew who he was because of the work that he did. He was fair with them. He did a good job in what he did and when he did it.

We moved into St. George after Enterprise and moved into an old home there that I have since been back to see. It was almost identical to what I remember it being. I could have picked it out. It is amazing how your memory when you are young like that remembers certain things and I could remember that house. I could

see that house and when I saw it again it was older but it was exactly as I remember it.

I think we went to St. George just because Dad went to work in the seed plant there for awhile for the sugar company. I very distinctly remember the house that we lived in because of the cockroaches that were there. I remember the announcement of the war breaking out in Korea when we lived there. I listened to it on the radio. I remember hearing that and wondering exactly what it meant. I never worried about Dad being called into the military because he had been medically released from the Second World War because of his asthma. I don't ever remember thinking that it was a threat for him. I just remember hearing about the Korean War starting and then that it had been settled.

I was in the first grade there. I don't remember a whole lot about St. George except the walk I had to take to school. How terrifying it was for me. I kept thinking that I was going to get lost. It seemed so far away that I had to go when it was a few blocks really.

After St. George we went to Belle Fourche, South Dakota. I can remember Dad telling Mom that they had been transferred to South Dakota and Mom lying on the bed crying because she did not want to go--that was a long way away. A long way from family and a long way from the church and just not what you would think of as a real fun experience. I know that she had a real hard time with that. First we moved to Belle Fourche, and then we moved out to the ranch, and then we moved back into Belle Fourche, so there were two homes that I remember living in Belle Fourche. The first one I don't remember a whole lot about. I remember that it was by a Holy Rollers church and that we would hear this big commotion coming out of there on some Sundays. I remember the Elders coming over to our house a lot. When we lived in Belle Fourche Dad was the District Pres. at one period of time. That was like the Stake President here and we used to travel all over with him on Sundays and go to the different areas that he was over to go to church. He would always make us talk. We would always have to talk or say the prayers or do something because we were some of the only people

that were regular members of these little branches. We had a lot of opportunities to give little talks all the time. We didn't have any choice; he just made us do this and it was just something that we had to do.

This was the place that I was baptized. I was baptized at one of the colleges in Spearfish that was close by. I was not baptized immediately when I turned 8 because it was winter time. It was April, I believe, before I was baptized. I remember that very well because I was baptized in a swimming pool. It had just been filled from the melting snow and it was ice cold and I can remember my dad taking my hand and taking me out into the water. We had to get out deep enough so that I could go down under the water and I remember just freezing to death, coming out of there just frozen!

I'm sure Dad confirmed me also because there wasn't anybody else around. There was no other family or anything. It was an interesting experience.

We lived in Belle Fourche for awhile and then we moved out to the ranch. Dad traveled back and forth into Belle Fourche which was about twenty-six miles away every day to work and back and then he and Uncle Warren would run the ranch. It had cattle on it and they raised hay and that was about it. It was a fun experience. It was really different and quite foreign because I had never before really lived in the country like that away from everybody. Our closest neighbors were about three miles away. I don't think Mom liked it. Too many of the conveniences that you get used to were missing. There was no electricity when we first moved out there. The R.E.A. had not come in yet and so every night we had to go out and start a generator for our electricity. Because there was no electricity we could not have an electric stove to cook on, but instead had to cook on a wood burning stove. We did not have hot water for baths so we had to put the water onto the stove and fill the tub up with it when it got warm. We took our baths in a big wash tub. We had lived out there for awhile before the electricity came out and that was really nice when it did come.

Shopping was nonexistent. For Christmas I remember that everything was ordered out of a catalog and came in huge boxes and



we just hoped that it would get there before Christmas. School shopping was the same way. I can remember ordering a pair of patent leather shoes for Sunday School when we were getting ready to start school.

There was a lot of work to be done there, and Dad always gave us the opportunity to participate in it. I can remember one Labor Day in particular that I said to him, "What is Labor Day?" I thought it was a holiday because he got to stay home from work. "Well it is," he said, "and we are going to Labor." We went out on Labor day and we tore an old barn down. A ranch had an old barn on it and we went out and tore the barn down and saved all the wood and all the nails. We pulled all the nails out of the boards and straightened them with hammers and put them in buckets. So when we got through we had a huge pile of wood stacked there and that was our Labor Day celebration. Ever since then when ever I hear Labor Day that is what I think of: LABORING.

We had a huge garden out there that we had to help take care of. There were a lot of other things that I can remember, such as cougars and mountain lions out in our front yard. It was a different way of life and we only stayed there for maybe a year to a year and a half, which was plenty long. We moved back to Belle Fourche and lived there for about another year. Then we moved back to Shelley when I was about 10 years old and in the fifth grade. Up until that point in time I had never started or finished a school year in one place. We would start and finish somewhere else and start there and finish school somewhere else because Dad was being transferred by the sugar company about every year or year and a half. He would be transferred and we would have to pack up and move. I don't remember ever getting a feel from him that he disliked transfers. I think he accepted it as part of his job because they knew that would happen about every year to a year and a half. That is the way the company functioned. If you wanted to stay with the company that is what you did. I learned to make friends easily. I also learned to depend on the family because they were probably the only constant thing I had. When we lived on the ranch we were the only people we had. We didn't have playmates

to play with because the nearest ones were three miles away. We didn't play with other people, we played with the family. Even at that, there was not a lot of playing because there was so much work to be done. I don't remember spending a lot of time playing. When I was 6 or 7 years old I can remember one summer in particular playing but most of the time after that I don't remember playing.

Because I was the oldest I think I was delegated to do things with Dad more often than some of the others because he needed help in his work. I went and did a lot of things with him whereas some of the other kids may not have done quite so much. I can remember that first summer we lived in Shelley starting to work for the sugar company for Dad. I was 10 years old at the time. I remember asking him how much I was going to make. He taught me a wise lesson that you do not count your money before you have it. I made 33 cents an hour. I worked in the beets that first summer and every summer after that until I came to Salt Lake when I was 19 years old. We helped him with the sugar beet research. We were part of the labor force that he had to get the work done. Summertime to me was not a fun time or a play time. It was always very busy and there was very little time to mess around. I just don't remember doing that hardly ever. But that was okay. I always had money because I worked. At harvest time when others were working with potatoes, I was working with sugar beets. It was hard work. It was labor. It wasn't pansy stuff. By the time I got to be in high school I could arm wrestle with any guy in high school and give him a run for his money. I spent a lot of time doing heavy physical labor when I grew up. That may have influenced the way I raised my children if there had been an opportunity for them to work like I worked. When you live in the city finding work for your children is not very easy to do and so I don't think that they grew up with the same outlook on life that I did. Whenever they have to do physical labor it is a real pain for them. They have always kept themselves in very good shape which I feel is very important and I think that is where it came from. When we used to go to Grandma's for Thanksgiving, one of the things that we would do (somehow Dad and his brothers always got

this started) was to hold contests between the cousins and the kids and, of course, Dad and his brothers, to see who could perform wonderful, physical feats. One in particular that we did was to lay down with your heels on one chair and a chair in the middle and then your head on another chair. You take the chair out from underneath you in the middle and bring it up over the top and put it down on the other side supporting yourself with your heels and your head. That was one of the Thanksgiving tricks that we would do. Physical conditioning has always been, whether intentional or not, an important part of what we did.

There was a difference in how Mom and Dad treated me because I was the oldest. Being the oldest you are the Guinea Pig more or less for a lot of their ideas on how children should be raised. I see the same thing happening with my children. You have a lot of ideas and concepts of how things are to go and how things are to work and how you feel that they will react to certain situations. Being the oldest all of these theories get tried on you and it is not always real fun. I didn't necessarily agree with everything that they were trying to do. A lot of the disagreement was just due to my own personality I'm sure. It led to a lot of bad feelings sometimes because I didn't think what they were doing was right. They were very adamant with what they were doing because they were strict people. However, I always had a lot of respect for them. Sometimes I rebelled but it wasn't an open rebellion because I always respected them and did what they asked. Many times I did not agree with what they were trying to accomplish or how they were trying to accomplish it. That was it, I guess, more than anything. As the years went by, they realized that a lot of the things that they did to get certain results were not necessary. It was not necessary to go to the extremes that they went with me. They learned that they could accomplish the same things but in another way and have good relations with everyone.

Growing up, I remember the radio very well. I also remember our first T.V. I must have been about 12 years old when we got the TV. The use of TV was something that was strictly regulated within our home. It was not watched on Sunday. We only watched certain

programs. I remember for many years sneaking over to the neighbor's house and watching T.V. after school and particularly the Sunday programs that we never got to see that everyone else was talking about. It was always fun to go to someone else's house on Sunday so I could see the program. That had changed; now they watch T.V. on Sunday, but as we were growing up we were not allowed to. I disagreed with that strongly. I was told that when I got my own house I could do what I wanted.

When I was dating the church hadn't come out with the sixteen rule. I started dating when I was a little over 15. I was restricted to two dates a month for a period of time. I had a curfew that was reasonable for what I was doing. I don't remember a lot of restrictions probably because I didn't date a whole lot. I don't remember a lot of contention over dating. There may have been more contention if I had dated more. They were very idealistic in a lot of the things that they thought should happen. Eventually they softened and realized that they didn't have to be quite that strict with their other children. Because of my personal character and the way I am, I grew up not feeling really close to or really any allegiance to father or mother until later in my life. I realized what I had put them through and what they had put me through. Of course, we all have our free agency and we can't blame anyone for what happens to us. I believe that where you come in your family definitely makes a difference on your outlook on life.

Over the years I have noticed that Dad has mellowed a lot. From the time that I really remember him, he was always a very black and white person. There was no middle ground. You were one or the other. There was no gray. I think that as time has gone by he has realized that things aren't always black and white. Because of that and because as you live life you have a lot of experiences that kind of affect that, you realize that there are situations that you cannot be a judge of other people and their actions. You can't say this was black and this was white. I think that has happened to him. He has realized that he can't be a judge and a jury. That is not his job. He can do what he can do and that is

all.

Dad loved to hunt. I just remember him hunting all the time, especially the deer hunts. I wasn't a boy so I didn't get in on that too much, but I can remember him going deer hunting and going with his friends from the time I was a little girl. I remember when we lived on the ranch that he would go out and shoot deer for our food. There was some kind of an agreement between him and the game department because the deer would eat our hay. We could shoot the deer anytime as long as we would use the meat. I remember him shooting rabbits and sage hen. We ate all kinds of weird stuff that they had shot. He and Uncle Warren kept us in meat and food. Because of their love of hunting and the availability of food, I remember them hunting all the time. Deer hunting, in particular was something Dad loved to do. He had to get dressed up in a wild garb because he was allergic to the deer hide. He had to wear this huge respirator. Then he would have cover-alls that he would have to wear and gloves because he couldn't touch the deer hide. He would have to be totally covered from head to foot in something that he could physically take off and put somewhere else because the smell of it would give him asthma. When someone has asthma and is allergic to deer as bad as he was, you would think he would have the good sense not to go deer hunting, but he didn't. He went all the time.

Other hobbies that he loved were baseball and softball. He still does. Give him a chance to play and he will go play. He played from the time that I could remember being a young girl around 5 or 6 years old. Where ever we went he always played on the church softball team. He was always a very good player. When they lived in Moses Lake they had the old man team. He was still playing when he was 50 and 60 years old. It was something that he really enjoyed doing. He enjoyed sports as a young boy in high school, too, if I remember correctly. Dick's father and he went to high school together. Dad loved cars. We always had a new car. They were never brand new but we always had a nice car. One of the joys of his life was in the fall when all the new cars would come out, he would take me and we would have to go look at all the new



cars. We would go from showroom to showroom and look at the new cars that would come out. It delighted him knowing all about the old and new cars. He would come home about every year with a different car. It about drove Mom crazy. We were always having new cars and if you have ever looked through the photograph albums, the pictures of the children were always taken by the car. The car was one of the fun things that he had.

His church work was almost a hobby because of the time that he spent involved in it. I can remember sitting around the kitchen table on Fast Sunday days counting the Fast Offering money. This was back in the good old days. I remember him saying, "Don't tell anybody what you see here." We would have to take the money out of the envelope and count it and make sure that it agreed with what was on the little card. Then we passed it on. It was kind of like an assembly line that we had around the table and I remember looking at those envelopes with pennies in them from people that I knew had money. I had a hard time understanding why they didn't give more. He was very, very strict in saying, "Never, never tell anybody what you see." We participated in a lot of those things when he was in the bishopric and stake presidency and different things like that. That took a lot of his time. It was almost like a hobby because of the time that was involved.

I can remember him being in the bishopric. He was the Stake Young Men's president for a period of time. He was in a couple of stake presidencies. He was on the High Council for a lot of years. He has been a Patriarch and done a lot of temple work. I don't know a lot about what he did when he was young. In South Dakota, he was District President. He never got to go on a mission so I think he felt like he needed to put in the extra time just to prove that he still could be a good member of the church. That was something that he was always trying to prove to himself.

I never remember Mom and Dad yelling or fighting at all. On the other hand, I don't remember them being overly affectionate either. I perceived them to be just two people living together congenially. I don't remember conflict at all in the home.

The work ethic was very strong in our home. They taught me,

whether they meant to or not, to be a very independent person. I learned to do for myself and not rely on anyone else in my life. That did carry over. I have always been a very, very independent person. I don't rely on anyone else to do much of anything. Consciously or unconsciously, I think that lesson really came through a lot. Being the oldest, I learned to take more responsibility than the others and that kind of contributed to my being a very responsible, dependable type of person. If I had been born 20 or 30 years later, I would probably have been the head of the feminist movement because I have a lot of tendencies to think very independently. I had this type of attitude but it had to be kind of squashed because of the era in which I was born.

Being the oldest, I did a lot with my father. I thought of myself more as a man than a woman growing up because a lot of the things I did were men's jobs. That is where I got those ideas and those impressions. They really did carry over to what I do now.

I am more liberal with my children than they were with me. They were more restrictive and structured than I have been. As you think about it, you realize that about everything you do you can point to it and say, "I got this from here and I got that from there." Most of that does go back to your home life. Very few things are picked up and started on your own for no good reason. You do them because of the way you were raised.



## SUSAN'S MEMORIES OF DAD

Okay, first off Mom, can you tell me about some of your childhood memories, family traditions, things like that?

I think one of the things that is an important factor in understanding my memories is that my Dad worked for U & I Sugar Company. He was an agronomist and did research and so it seemed like when I was young we moved around a lot. This didn't seem to bother Daddy. He had an ability to meet people and quickly become a part of things.

I recall living in a housing unit in Enterprise, Utah. It seemed like even back then I had the distinct impression that it was a low class situation. I think there was just us three children and that's when my first memory started. I can remember my little brother, Nathan, being really tiny and having bad nightmares. Dad gave him a blessing and told him to make friends with the bear in his dreams and that seemed to solve the problem. The housing unit was an assortment of army barracks that were used as apartments and we had some rather strange neighbors including a fellow with a dog that was frightened by thunder and lightning. Once when the owner was gone and a terrible storm came up, the dog went crazy and the police had to come and kill him.

What are your earliest memories of your Dad?

One thing I remember about Dad is that he loved cars. I guess he wasn't into buying expensive ones but he loved them, and it seemed like every year or so, we'd get a car. He had taught Nathan all the names of all the automobiles. So we'd be driving down the street and Nathan would be naming the years and names of all the cars. Over the years I recall Dad taking a lot of pride in his cars.

When we lived in Enterprise the weather was really extreme it would get down to 30 and 40 below-- and Dad took pride in the fact that his car always started. When we would go on trips when we lived in Belle Fourche, Mom and Dad would put a feather-tick

(an old fashioned mattress) between the front and the back seat so that we had a bed. That's how we would take our trips. When we first lived in Belle Fourche, we were in a basement apartment which we rented from a Catholic woman. She had just had a baby die and I recall Dad talking to her about the Mormon concept of baptism. She had been told by her priest that because her baby had not been baptized before he died that he would burn in hell. Daddy told her that just was not true and that brought this woman a lot of comfort.

One day Dad went to the store and came back with a beautiful western style bicycle complete with guns and holsters. He worked and worked with us until we learned to ride that fancy bike. In a garden spot near the sugar factory us kids would pick potato beetles off of the plants and Dad would pay us for every beetle that we smashed between blocks of wood. It was a fun thing to do.

Dad did some leather work when we were in Belle Fourche. He stayed at the office late every night and made a leather purse for Mom. Dad is very meticulous and sometimes he would drive us all crazy because he liked things done right. Probably when he was doing that purse he took longer than most people would but when he finished it, it was a work of art. I remember Mother making the comment "I was beginning to think you had an affair going" because he was gone so much. I remember how pleased she was with that beautiful leather purse.

Dad has an adventurous spirit and likes doing hard things. He would have made a great pioneer because he enjoyed figuring out ways to use what he had to meet his needs and solve problems. When we lived in Belle Fourche, Daddy and his brothers got the idea of buying a ranch. He thought they could buy the ranch, which was 25 miles away in the Black Hills, and he could still carry on with his work at the sugar factory. As long as I can remember, Daddy always had this dream of having a ranch or a farm. His father was a farmer but in those days, as I guess it is now, the sons were leaving the farm. There wasn't enough land for everyone to go into farming like their Dad had. But Dad



never got over his love of the land. He always respected the land and the lessons it taught and he never distanced himself from it. It was Dad, Warren, and Jay who bought the ranch. For a while we lived in Belle Fourche but then, since there were two homes on the ranch, we moved out to the the ranch. The time from when we moved to the ranch to when we left it was probably only about a year. For me, that experience was full of adventure and fun. We were living amongst beautiful pine trees, with a stream, with wildlife, and with the freedom to roam. We had cattle and branding season and we went to a one-room school house. We rode horses to school. It was just like a fairy land where little children would go and have all their fantasies played out. It was such a special opportunity.

Looking back, I know that for my mother it was a somewhat of a nightmare because we had no electricity for a long time. All day long we were there without electricity and then when Dad got home at night he would start up the generator and so then we would have power and water. Warren and his family lived in the little house behind ours. During that time Charles was born. We did a lot of sight-seeing. It was a new and exciting place for us. We all went to Deadwood and Spearfish and toured the areas where a lot of the great Indian battles took place. There were lots of museums.

Dad was very capable and knowledgeable in church work and everywhere we moved he was immediately called to positions of responsibility and leadership. Dad was selected to be the District President after we had lived in Belle Fourche a while. He would take us with him to visit all the outlying branches. He always expected a lot of us. One of the first trips we took to visit a Branch, (I must have been six or seven) he said, "How would you like to give a 2 1/2 minute talk today in the Sunday School we're visiting?" I said, "Oh, I can't do that. I haven't had any preparation". He said, "These people have never heard a 2 1/2 minute talk. They don't have the foggiest idea what that is and I'd like them to see what a 2 1/2 minute talk is." It took me back and scared me to death. I said "No." He didn't

force the issue but you know, the more I thought about it the more I thought, I'm going to be able to do that. From then on I was able to do it. He expected big things of us. It seemed like he always had us reaching a little further than what we felt like we could go. I don't remember him being especially critical if we couldn't meet up to the challenge but he kind of got us thinking "Well, why can't you do that?" He knew the gospel and he was really good at working with people.

In Belle Fourche they had the two meetings split and so between the two meetings the whole ward would go to the park and have a picnic because everyone lived so far away there wasn't time to go home between meetings.

One of the traditions we had while we lived on the ranch was that after sacrament meeting we would go home and the missionaries would follow us home and we'd have a weeny roast. We did that every Sunday. Dad loved the ranch, he loved the wildlife, and he loved owning property. It was a disappointment for him when things didn't work out. I realized even then that he put his love for his brother ahead of his dream of owning a ranch. But that is another story.....

The only down side of living there was that it was so far away from regular schools that when kids got into eighth grade they had to go away to boarding school. They couldn't live at home and go to school. Also, the people that lived out in that area, especially the people out in our area, were quite back-woodsy. Some of our closest neighbors were quite the characters and unlike anyone I had ever met in my young life. We were really up in the hills. Dad knew that if we stayed there, that in a few years, when us older children got into eighth grade, we would have to go into Belle Fourche and live in a boarding school. I knew that neither Mom nor Dad wanted that so when things didn't work out on the ranch it was somewhat of a blessing. But, all in all, it was a special time for all of us.

Dad has always had a spirit of adventure. You look at some of the things he's done such as going to Pakistan, and serving two missions. He has a lot of that pioneering spirit in him and

he's always taken pride in the fact that he can make do, that he is resourceful, that in an emergency he can step in. He has an ability to react in emergency situations because he isn't afraid. He faced so many situations in his career early on. One time he went into a field to negotiate with some workers. One of his jobs when he was in Enterprise was to work with the transient labor. In those days if you worked with sugar beets you had crews come through that would go into the fields in a timely manner and thin beets and then hoe them and then move on. These crews would usually be minority groups. The sugar company tried to maintain housing for the crews that came into the area. These labor houses were sometimes trashed by the crews despite the companies' efforts to maintain them.

Well, Dad had to help manage these labor crews and sometimes there would be outbreaks of violence. He's probably told you about the Jamaicans that had come in to top beets. It used to be that all the beets were topped by hand with big knives. So the people would have a knife that had a hook on the end with a strap that went around the wrist and they would straddle the row, and hook the beet with the hook, hold it with their other hand and then they would top it and toss it into a pile. That's how they used to top all the beets in the fields.

One time they brought in this one particular group that were Jamaicans. Dad said they were enormous people. They were having trouble and he knew from past experience that it could be very dangerous. To show the kind of courage Dad had: he just went out there and confronted these men who were all carrying big beet knives and he talked with them. He said as he talked with them they closed a circle around him and he realized that he was in a very dangerous situation. But he was able to talk with them. They sensed his concern and he helped them resolve their differences. That took a lot of courage.

Dad has the Gift of Discernment that enables him to know people and their hearts and intents and to spot deception in situations and personalities. He has been blessed with wisdom and has been an invaluable counselor to me throughout the years.

He will not deal in "half-truths" nor be a "yes" man. He can meet somebody and he has the ability to form quite an accurate judgement of the nature of that person - not on what he sees or what he hears but on what he feels. He's had several times in his life when he has met someone when he has sincerely sensed - even though they may have looked fine-- that there was something out of sync with them. And his feelings have usually proven to be accurate.

Dad was very tough physically. Sports were always an important part of his life and his teen years were filled with involvement in basketball, baseball, boxing, hunting and later even skiing. His small size during his early years kept him from playing on the school teams but he was a scrapper and excelled at nearly every sport he attempted. In one of the pictures that I have of him he is standing with an arm around a buddy and I think they must be up in the mountains on a hunting trip. He has his shirt unbuttoned halfway down his chest. You never think of your Dad as "macho" but I think if I could have known him as a young man I would have found that he was somewhat "macho". He took pride in his physical strength and his capacity to do. I have come to realize he was extremely gifted athletically. Even last summer when we went to play tennis - here he is 74 years old - he still could have probably outplayed any of us there.

I have always thought that part of the reason he was protected in the incident with the Jamaicans was that he honored his priesthood and he had the strength of being pure. I have never known Dad to make off color remarks about women. I don't think in his whole life he's ever been untrue to my mother. He may have had some times when he was tempted but I don't think he's ever been untrue to her. I think that was a source of his strength - he honored his priesthood.

We were not a family that had much money. We hardly ever took trips. The most trips we ever took was to go to Grandma's. We did take a trip to Disneyland but as far as family vacations I just don't remember any. Maybe some in the family resent that we

didn't have more or do more but I guess I just always knew that he was doing the best he could.

Grandma Richards had a big home in West Jordan. It was a home that Archibald Gardner built. Grandmother was raised in that home as a child and eventually returned to raise her family there. It was a large home full of all kinds of exciting antiques, mirrors - and all of us have fond memories of that home. That's where some of Dad's growing up took place.

He went through the Depression years and has told many stories of those difficult times. He tells of wearing his older sister's shoes to school because there just weren't any others and of feeling embarrassed and humiliated by it. He worked long hours as a young boy in the beet fields and driving teams and lifted heavy loads, a factor in the curvature of his spine.

I don't know if his family had a piano, but Dad encouraged us children to sing and develop our musical talents. He always set the example of being in the ward choir and sang in small ensemble groups on occasion. During my teen years, he and Mom were a popular duet singing "We Two." As a member of the stake presidency in Shelley, he was frequently told by elderly members of the congregation that they appreciated it when he spoke because they could always hear him. Not only was the tenor of his voice pleasing but he was a frequent speaker at funerals because of his love and understanding of the gospel and because of the love the people had for him.

Sometimes Dad would express feelings about his own Dad that led me to believe that he was not very warm or accepting of his children. When Dad graduated from high school, he invited his father to come and his father responded that when Dad did something really impressive, like graduating from college, that he would come. Those kinds of things hurt Daddy and yet motivated him to prove himself and accomplish all he could. I have wondered if Grandpa John was under so much stress with his large family and limited resources that perhaps he didn't express his love and pride in Dad.



I have watched Dad over the years and seen him struggle with his feelings of inferiority, but I have felt that it was a blessing to him in that it helped him to be sensitive to the feelings of others and ever aware of those who might struggle with their own feelings of worth. Another thing that was hard on Dad was that he was a slow reader, but he enjoys learning and has always encouraged us children to learn all we could. Dad has absolutely gorgeous handwriting and a very poetic and flowery way of expressing himself in writing. His conversation is usually less flowery and very direct and at times he has been accused of being blunt and too honest.

. One important tradition was that every Thanksgiving we all went to Grandmother's. Of course, most of the family lived in Salt Lake, Murray and Sandy. We were living in Idaho most of those growing up years so it was only a three or four hour trip to go to Grandma's. We would arrive Wednesday night and stay through Thursday and Friday and go home Saturday. Thursday the Aunts would cook the meal in Grandma's big kitchen - she had a great big round oak table. I wish you could have seen the house because it was very facinating. It had high ceilings and cupboards clear to the ceiling, a wood burning stove to cook on, a treadle sewing machine and light fixtures that you turned on from a string by the door hooked to the fixture on the ceiling. She had a front porch that you could go out and sit on and a back porch that today would be called a greenhouse. Everyone would begin gathering Thanksgiving morning and all of us would want to look our very best. Wednesday night the older cousins would usually get together and just being together was special. Grandma had tables set up that reached from one end of the house to the other so that we could all be seated for the meal. There was always white tablecloths and nice china. The fun thing as we got older was to to bring our boyfriends to meet the family. I can still remember the night that Kathy brought Dick. It was so exciting! She was in Salt Lake working and Wednesday night before Thanksgiving she brought Dick and that was ur first chance to meet him.

That was Thanksgiving - going to Grandma Richards. We didn't have another reunion. I recall one time we got there and Dad played a joke on Uncle Jay. He called him and pretended to be the Stake President and said, "Jay, this is the stake president here and we'd like to have you come down for an interview at the office." Although he and his brothers didn't live close it seemed like when they got together they enjoyed the association.

Another thing they would do is have arm wrestling and games. One year they had a trick where we all had to see if we could lay on three chairs and pull the middle chair out and toss it across your body and put it back in the other side. It's kind of like the broom you hold and you try to climb in and out of the broom handle. You know, just crazy stuff like that. Everybody would be gathered all around, everybody visiting and that was our time together as a family.

Then I remember another time that we all gathered at Grandma's and we all did her yard work. She had an enormous yard and lots of beautiful flowers. Those were special times.

The only thing I remember about Grandpa Richards is that when we would first go there they had a wood burning stove that we cooked on and I remember going out with Grandpa to gather eggs and we came in with eggs and we cracked them in the frying pan and there was a chicken in one. I had never even seen a chicken in an egg before. I remember those great big horses he had. He farmed his land with enormous horses and they would always be out in the barn. But I don't remember very much about Grandpa Richards. I remember walking past the casket during the viewing. They had the viewing right there in the home in West Jordan. I think I was probably three or four when he died.

Tell me what you remember about Shelley.

I remember that one thing Mother always wanted was a home of her own. When they got to Shelley they had a chance to buy a red brick home. The only way they could come up with the down payment was for Dad to sell his guns. I guess he must have had quite a collection. Everything he had he took good care of. It

was like he hadn't ever had much when he was growing up so when he reached a point where he had some special things, he took good care of them. That's the way he was with everything. He disliked seeing things abused or wasted. Anyway, he gathered his guns together and sold them to get the money to get into that red brick house. I don't know exactly why they decided to build, except I think they never did like living in town because they both liked their space and they didn't like all the neighborhood kids superimposed on us. So we hadn't lived there a long time when they started talking about buying some land and getting out - even a mile - where we had a little space. I think that must have been why they decided to do it.

Some people have a notion that you have an image and that you have to live up to that image and that people expect a certain thing from you and my Dad - darn it - never had that problem. And it was a problem to us kids because when it would come to some things it seemed like he had no reservations about doing what needed to be done to reach your goals. Such as - the land that they bought had a little house on it and they decided that to save money so they could get into a new home that we'd all move out to that little house. Well, here we were moving from this nice brick house in town to this little teeny house by the railroad tracks so we could save money to get into a new home. Originally it was kind of a stop gap measure - "We'll only live in this little house until we get moved into our big one." They had purchased some land by the sugar factory in Lincoln and we were going to build soon. So anyway, we moved out to the little house and what should happen but my Dad was called to an important church position in the stake where we were then living. He was called to be in the Stake Presidency. I had a feeling it was going to happen. What that did was put all our plans to build on hold. It was a great lesson in and of itself to me because Dad put the Lord first - he always did. There we were living in that little tiny house. It was so small that Dad and Mom bought a little trailer that Kathy and I used as our bedroom. The trailer was close enough to the railroad tracks that when a train went by

if I put my hands out I could touch the train. I am not exaggerating - we were that close to the railroad tracks.

So here we were living in this little house and the folks decided that if Dad was going to be involved in the stake presidency that we would build our home in Shelley. They sold their lot in Lincoln and bought the lot right next to that little house and that's where we built our home.

I still remember the day we moved in. Dad and Mom bought a new couch and chair and light fixtures and I recall Dad walking around the house that night late looking at everything and what a sense of satisfaction he had that we were finally in our home. I guess he had never been one to say much and I just figured it didn't really matter to him - but it did. He took a lot of pride in that home. He was just so delighted to finally have us in a lovely home. They set up an office for him in the basement.

There was only one time I remember Dad being dishonest. U & I started providing Chevrolets for their men to drive and we had an Oldsmobile. We had an Oldsmobile station wagon and it ran beautifully but it had 100,000 miles on it. When U & I Sugar decided to provide cars, we didn't need our Oldsmobile. So Daddy put it up for sale and everyone that came to see it would see how much mileage there was on it and they wouldn't even consider buying it. He was so frustrated because he knew what kind of car it was. He knew it had never given us a minutes' trouble. Finally one day he said, "I'm sorry but I'm not going to sell this car if I don't do something" and I think he turned the miles back and sold the car. I remember thinking "That's the first time I've ever seen you do anything dishonest, Daddy". I'll be darned -I kept track of the people that bought it and I think it ran another 100,000 for them. It was that good of a car.

He never felt completely satisfied with his job with the sugar company and many times I could sense his discontent. He was very exacting in his work and couldn't bear to see anything done "half-baked." He was a perfectionist and that is one reason he was so capable as a researcher. He was meticulous and knew the information he was gathering was accurate.

He came to a time while we were there in Shelley when he decided he was going to go back to college and get an advanced degree. But he had one thing that had always been a problem to him. He couldn't read fast. He called himself a "plodder". He understood it once he read it but he never learned to read fast. He and mother went to Provo and found an apartment they were going to move into. He was going to leave the sugar company and go back to school, but he realized that this problem would keep him from doing what he wanted to do in college and he decided "It's not worth the risk. I'd better stay where I am." There was one time when I asked him why he didn't leave if he was unhappy with his work. He said, "One reason I don't is because I have security and I have a family and this job gives me an opportunity to work with you children."

Because of his upbringing he knew the value of work and expected each of us children to do our share. My early remembrances were of Dad finding all sorts of jobs for us to keep us gainfully employed. Along with household duties, he would involve us in his work with the sugar beets. He had small plots of beets in gardens and fields throughout the area and we would go with him and weed and care for these plots. When he couldn't use us working for him, he would have us contract to work for others. One memory that sticks in my mind and epitomizes Dad's feelings for work was the instance of us thinning the beets in a field next to the cemetery in Shelley. Dad and Kathy and I would get up at five, go to thin beets in the cool of the morning and then about eight Dad would leave for his job and we would work a little longer and then go home until it cooled off later that day. I knew that it wasn't easy for Dad to work with us like that and then put in a full day's work at his own job. I knew that he wanted us to learn the value of work.

Every job was a learning experience. He would talk as we'd work and he would teach us about the plants, the weeds, the growing process, the different varieties, and then he would somehow tie those lessons to life and help us see life as he saw it. On the way home from working his plots, we would stop for



ice cream and have a chance to visit about our fiends, school, and other concerns. He expected a lot of us and he gave us responsibilities beyond our years. He had a knack of sensing a teaching moment and taught us the gospel through precept as well as example. Next to the gospel of Jesus Christ was the gospel of work and we all knew how he felt about idleness.

One project that was indicative of his upbringing was the project to dismantle a shed in the New Sweden area and rebuild it behind our little home in Shelley. Each Saturday we would go with him and board by board load the shed into our small trailer. When the project was complete, Dad built a storage shed for Mom with the lumber.

He liked things neat and tidy and transformed weedy yards and gardens into something to be proud of. He took pride in the fact that he was able to cook and a few times when Mom was away, he proved his proficiency. I recall frying hamburgers one night and getting ready to serve them. He suggested that I make gravy with the drippings. I made the mistake of saying that there wasn't enough drippings and flavoring for anyone to make gravy. That was enough of a challenge for him and he proceeded to make some delicious milk hamburger gravy that surprised and pleased us all. He had us paint the house one summer, he had us milking a cow, he had us driving a truck when they loaded hay, he had us thinning beets. He would talk and say things like "Now this is like life. Thin the beets out. If you do a good job early, then when you come back to hoe this patch you won't have much to do because you have done your job early. But if you do a sloppy job up front thinning, then when it comes time to hoe you are not going to make much because you are going to have so much to do." He would talk to us like that and say "It's like life - if you work hard when you're young and do things right, then it's not that tough when you get older because you have set the path and set the habit." When we would go on trips he would point out things. He would say, "Look at those trees. Do you see how those trees are? Why do you think those trees are on that side of the hill and not on that side? Do you see that barn? Look at

how it was made." He was a teacher. He would tell us about all kinds of things. He had a lot of knowledge about a lot of things. He had always been curious.

He loved to camp. He liked the feeling that he could go up into the mountains and take care of himself. He liked to cook. He also enjoyed cooking outdoors and felt like he could survive in style in the woods. He was an expert shot and proved it by having a pheasant, rabbit, or sagehen for every bullet shot. His love of deer hunting nearly cost him his life, but never dampened his enthusiasm for the sport.

He has wrestled all his adult life with hayfever and asthma and his large white handkerchiefs were as much a part of his wardrobe as were his garments.

He's probably told you about the time he had sourdough brewing in his college dorm. He lived in an apartment and he kept sourdough and sourdough has a smell to it. You just have a start of it and then you add this and that and it leavens it. You don't have to use yeast or baking powder. He would have a start of sourdough to make his pancakes and things like that. One day the landlord smelled something and thought these kids weren't being clean or something and he went in and it was my Dad's sourdough.

He loved to hunt and so he would wear a respirator and everything he could to protect himself because he was so allergic. He couldn't even be around men that smelled of deer or he would get deathly ill. But he just loved to hunt. He always bragged that he never wasted a bullet.

In regards to that decision to go back to college, he kind of had a spiritual experience that told him that he shouldn't do it--that he should hang on to the job he had. Within a year, he had been transferred to Washington--to a situation closer to what he wanted. Right after he was transferred to Washington, he was called to be on the High Council there. At that time, in the blessing they gave him (they didn't know anything about why he was there) they said something like "the Lord is pleased with your decision and this is where you are supposed to be." That

was his confirmation that he wasn't supposed to go back to school. So he was in a Stake Presidency in Shelley and was put back in one in Washington. In his church work he always held positions of responsibility. As I mentioned previously, he was called to be in the stake presidency just a few weeks before we were scheduled to begin work on a new home in the Ammon area and he made the decision to build our new home in Shelley rather than refuse the calling. Prior to his call to the stake presidency, he had a spiritual manifestation that he would receive that call. He had opened the scriptures to the account of Abraham being told that "thou art one of them thou wast chosen before thou was born" and he had a confirmation that that same thing could be said of him.

Daddy would probably not share with you something his mother shared with him years ago but I will mention it as I remember it and hopefully he will fill in the rest. Once Grandma Clara was very discouraged about her life and she found herself wondering if she had accomplished what she should have. She had some sort of manifestation in which she saw some of the great prophets of the earth and in that same instant she was shown Daddy and led to know that her son Arch could stand next to these other great men and that she would be blessed for her role in his life. Daddy was very close to the spirit and several times had premonitions that things were going to happen and they did. It always unnerved me when he would have those premonitions because I feared that one of our family was going to die, but it also reaffirmed to me that Dad was able to receive revelation for himself and family.

In Shelley we worked in harvest with him. He had a lot of faith in us. He would have us kind of run his crews for him. There was one time we worked on a beet combine and it was so cold that I remember thinking my legs would fall off. I remember Dad's concern for us. Although he expected a lot I remember him being very compassionate. It was during those years I was in high school. He and Mother were not ones to be overly involved in the schools or community but I always felt like they were

there for us. It was while we were in Shelley that I was in the Miss Ricks College Pageant. He and Mother were teaching a temple preparation class and they felt like they just couldn't miss a week. It just happened to fall on the same night as Miss Ricks College and my Dad was the one that came for me. When I went back as Woman of the Year the year afterwards, it was Dad that took me. I knew that he was immensely proud of me and he tried not to be too boastful but I knew he was proud of me. It was always important to me to please him because I felt like he had worked hard to prepare me for what I should do.

He worked in the Young Men's Program for many years. He was highly respected and he did a lot of speaking at funerals. He probably told you that he spoke at a funeral for a boy that had committed suicide. It was the son of the woman who was the Young Woman's President in the Stake when he was the Young Men's President. Her name was Vera Armstrong. She was from a difficult situation and her oldest son hung himself. They found him downstairs hanging from some pipes. Vera asked Dad to speak at the funeral. I remember him just agonizing over that and praying over it. Finally he came up with some things to say. After the funeral was over (I didn't go because I was too young) I overheard him say to Mother that it had come to him very strongly that the young man was not to be responsible for what he had done--that he was very sick. (This was many years before they knew anything about chemical imbalances.) He was sick and he would be helped on the other side and the family should not grieve because of that. Even after he left Shelley, he was invited back to speak at funerals. The old people liked Daddy because he had a great big loud voice and some of them (even Steve's grandmother) would say, "Oh, I always liked it when President Richards would speak because I didn't have to turn up my hearing aid."

He seems to be kind of soft spoken now?

As you get older you lose some of your confidence. You know that you are just as valuable as you used to be but because of your physical limitations you withdraw a little. I've seen it in

older people and I feel it coming in myself. It's an interesting phenomena and I think that's what we see in Daddy. He doesn't hear as well and he isn't as bold but it's there and it will be there in the resurrection.

What other changes have you seen in him over the years?

Well, I was thinking back about the times he locked horns with my sister Kathy. They were both very strong-willed and Daddy expected obedience from us in all he said. I think much of his feeling about this came from his own experience with his dad and sometimes he was overly strict. As time went on he mellowed and it was nice to feel that we could talk things through with him and that he accepted the fact that maybe our disagreeing with him on some things was not an act of disrespect but a difference of opinion. He was not as threatened by our expressions of personal concerns as time went on, but he never would permit any expression of disrespect or sassing. We were taught obedience and knew that what he said was law. He sometimes came across as very gruff but I think he took his "fathering" responsibilities very seriously and didn't want to fail to teach us everything he felt was important.

After I married and started having my own family, he was supportive and gave me such good advice whenever I sought it. He was careful not to meddle though if I wanted to handle something my own way.

When he was made a Patriarch he went through a time of trying to purify himself because he was so humbled by the assignment. The day before he gave his first blessing Mother called and had all of us fasting because he was so nervous. He has always had a lot of spiritual capacity.

When they moved to Washington, I remember going up there and I was pregnant with the twins. It was when Charles was a senior because everyone said, "Why don't you let him finish his senior year in Shelley? What a shame to take him out of Shelley schools where he's gone and put him up in Washington." My folks said, "No way, we have one year left to whip this kid into shape and he's going with us." And that year he was selected as the most



valuable player of the year on the basketball team there in Washington.

Tell me what role Grandpa played in your life as a teenager?

Well, he had a major part in seeing that I toed the line. I knew I had to answer to him. He was in the Young Men's program for several years. I don't remember him being too much a part of the high school scene for me. I was a cheerleader. In all my years of cheerleading I only remember him being there once. That was so strange to have him and Mother walk into the high school because they just weren't into that kind of stuff. His main role was in the work area, where I worked so much with him in harvest and summers. It seemed like that where he had a big influence on me was the lessons he taught me as we worked together.

What about dating?

Well, sometimes he was really strict and other times he wasn't. Like I told you--he wouldn't let me wear anything immodest. My pants had to be modestly loose. I had to be in by midnight. I couldn't sit in the car very long after a date. We seldom had boys drop by the house because they knew Dad was really strict. I couldn't have boys bring me home after school or hang around the house much because Daddy didn't like it.

One of my fondest memories of Daddy was the frequent trips on warm summer evenings to the nearby tennis courts to play tennis. He could easily beat me but it was special having the time alone with him. He also found time during the winters to take us kids to the nearby frozen canal and try to teach us to skate like he could.

He bought us this old jalopy that was multi-colored and was quite a sight to behold. I think he did it to keep us humble. He was always making sure that we didn't get the big head--always making sure that we remembered the underdog--that we remembered that he had been an underdog. I can remember time after time that he would remind me, "Know where your power comes from and you have a responsibility. You are really blessed--don't let it go to your head." I knew he was proud of me but he was really careful not to let me get carried away. One night,

one of the boys I was going with dropped by and I was already in my nighty and bathrobe. It was dark and I think he knew that this fellow and I were having some problems and he said, "Why don't you just go out and visit with him for a minute." I thought it seemed so strange to be standing outside in my nighty and bathrobe with this kid. I think my Dad sensed that I needed to be alone with him. There wasn't any place in the house so he just said to go on out.

One time he worked with a fellow that had just gotten home from his mission. He had a crush on me and I just could not stand him. But he was really good looking and everybody was crazy about him. One day Dad said to me, "Now Sue, I'm worried that maybe I've made you grow up to be too frigid" because I guess this kid had told him that I wouldn't even let him get near me. And I said, "Oh, Dad, I'm not frigid. I just can't stand that kid." It seemed so strange. Here was the guy who had guarded my virginity since the beginning of time and he's saying to me, "Sue, maybe you need to loosen up a little." It was kind of an interesting situation and I just had to chuckle a little about it and reassure Dad that no, I didn't think I was frigid but that this guy just nauseated me. We both had a good laugh about that.

Daddy sat in the choir seats each Sunday and somehow managed to have eye-to-eye contact with me and let me know that whispering was not acceptable. To this day I cannot sit in a meeting without giving the speaker my undivided attention.

Although Dad never served a mission as a young man, he has given devoted service all his life and represents to me those things that the Lord would want him to be.



## NATE'S MEMORIES OF DAD

I am going to start out by telling different things that Dad used to talk about. When we were in Enterprise, Utah and I was about three or four, it used to be a tradition to make root beer in the summertime. We had a bottle capper and everything and I remember doing that often. You are supposed to let root beer sit for three or four days to really get good and usually we would drink it before it got three days old. When we lived in Enterprise there was an abundance of beer bottles and a scarcity of pop bottles, so I guess the folks dug up a bunch of beer bottles and put root beer in the beer bottles.

They were sitting down to supper one night having some of their homemade root beer when the branch president came by. Dad said they walked in and noticed the beer bottles on the table, and Dad realized that they would have to get him to drink out of one of those beer bottles in order to convince him that it was really root beer. They invited him to sit down, and of course the branch president declined and was doing all he could to get out the door. Dad knew that if he ever got out the door he would never in his whole life believe that it was really root beer that he was drinking.

I guess they finally poured him some in another glass and showed him that it really was root beer that was homemade. Dad said that was the last time they ever put root beer in beer bottles.

I would like to relate the incident when Dad and I were hunting and Dad got shot. I am sure that Dad has related it and probably given it from a little bit different perspective than what I had. I was 14 at the time, and we went out to Medicine Lodge, and that is where the incident happened.

We had gone out the night before and slept in the car. We were with Fred Carpenter and Harold Cobbley. We had gone out on a Friday night before the opening day, Saturday. Medicine Lodge is somewhat bare and not very forested, with only a few trees. There are draws, hills and dales, and the deer kind of hang around in the

draws, so the idea is to hang out around the draws.

We started out Saturday morning before light, and I went with Fred and Dad went with Harold, and we went up and down and we hadn't been out there very long before daybreak when we could hear shots. Fred was looking through the scope in his gun, and I asked him if he could see anything. He said, "Yah, I can see Harold running over the hill." Harold was probably 55 to 60 at the time, and I had never seen Harold run in my life so I kind of got suspicious that something was wrong.

Anyway we got back in the truck and headed over there and Harold said that Dad had been shot. He said that it didn't look like he was hurt really bad but we needed to get him into the hospital. So we got out and got to him. Dad wasn't a long way from the road and he was sitting down with his leg elevated and his red handkerchief out. He had tied it just above the wound and had been taking care of himself.

The fellow that had shot him was from Roberts, Idaho and had a young kid. Dad really thought that the kid was the one that shot him because he was crying. Dad felt like it was really the kid that did it, and that the dad was taking the rap just to cover for the kid. The kid looked like he was probably ten or eleven or twelve, I don't know. He was hit by a 30\30.

Dad was his usual self...just sitting there kind of calm, more concerned about how we were going to get off of the hill and what we were going to do. Everybody else was kind of running around but Dad was very calm and never really acted that concerned about it.

The wound was bleeding a bit but he had his leg elevated and the handkerchief around it (he didn't really have a tourniquet, he was just slowing down the bleeding). It hit the fleshy part of the leg, and not the bone or anything. The hill didn't have many trees, so we were able to get quite close to him with the truck, get him in the truck, and then get him down to the car. That's when we saw the deer up there, and Dad told me to go ahead and shoot the deer.

I don't want to dwell on that so much as the fact that I remember the fellow that shot Dad had eight kids and was making



about \$300 a month and told Dad that he would go ahead and take care of the hospital bill. When Dad found out how much he was making he told him not to worry about it and that he would have his insurance take care of it. Dad basically just let the guy off, and I think that is kind of indicative of the way Dad is. He wasn't the kind to hold a grudge or to jump up and down or say too much about it in a critical sense. He was more the matter-of-fact, take care of the situation type.

I remember Dad's response when I broke my leg, riding on a motorcycle in Salt Lake after I was married. I was concerned about calling them for fear that they would be worried, and Dad's response which had been so typical was just, "Well, these kind of things happen." It wasn't, "You are too old to be doing this kind of thing..crazy kid and all that." Dad always had a way of kind of sorting things out, getting rid of the chaff and then saying, "This is how it is. Let's not worry too much about it, life goes on, these things happen."

That has kind of helped me as things have happened in my life. Most of the time when bad things have happened and I have been able to look at it and say, "Yup, it happened and that's the way it is, and life goes on, and we are going to be all right, and we are going to make it through this." It seemed to be one of his philosophies that has carried over a little bit.

When we were kids we were kept in work with Dad and his job with U&I Sugar Company. We were either thinning beets or looking for root maggot or doing samples or steckling plots or something. As kids will do, we would complain about this or that or the other and didn't like the job, or it was too dusty or our allergies were bothering us, and Dad had a saying, "It all pays the same." I always thought that that was a stupid thing to say, because if it all pays the same why don't we get an easy job so it would be a little bit easier.

As I have gotten a little bit older, I think the thing that Dad was getting at when he said that, was that you can go to work, work hard, do a good job, and get paid, or you can loaf, get out of doing what you are supposed to do, and slide by and you haven't

done a thing, haven't earned a thing, you're not worth a thing and yet time has still gone by and you haven't improved yourself nor your situation.

That is kind of the way Dad was. He put his whole heart into everything he did. All you have to do is look at Dad's handwriting, the way he played softball, or the way he worked at his work. Dad never really made a lot of money but was recognized in the company that he worked for as someone who was a hard worker and someone who gave an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. He never shrugged off the hard jobs. He would be right out there.

I remember a number of times when we would be out thinning beets (Dad would drag us out of bed at 5:00 in the morning; I don't know if he wasn't sure we would actually make it out into the field to go to work or what it was). Dad would go out with us and work with us until it was time for him to go to work at 8:00, and then he would go off to work. (We'd have to sneak off and take a nap then.) Anyway, Dad got us going.

I appreciate his work ethic. That is probably one of the things that has stuck with all of his kids throughout our lives. As I look at my own life, and the way I feel about work, and the way I feel when I can see my own brother and sisters and how they approach work, I know that it is something that he has ingrained in all of us...that you get up and go to work and work hard and accomplish what you can. I think that has been important.

This next is an incident that I don't recall very well, but I think it gives some insight into his integrity. When he was in Moses Lake, he had a boat that he decided to sell. It was a little Bayliner and I can't remember what its size was, but it was a cute little boat and ran well.

There was a fellow that wanted to buy a boat that called Dad. Dad asked him if he wanted to take the boat out and try it out and everything and the fellow said, "No, I know you well enough to know that if you say that this is a good boat, then I'm sure it is a good boat. I don't need to take it out and try it out." He trusted Dad at his word. Dad was always good for his word...if he said he was going to do something, he would and he called it the

way it was.

Dad always trusted us. I remember that he would allow us to do things at early ages. I had my motorcycle when I was about 14, and had my car or pickup and was allowed to go places and do things that our friends couldn't quite often. Dad always had the philosophy that he would trust us as far as we trusted ourselves. The fact that we knew that he trusted us helped me because I know that I was careful about the way that I did things. I didn't usually hot rod around and take dangerous chances when I was out driving. When I was out hunting I was careful not to damage property and shoot out windows or do things that quite often my friends were doing because I knew that Dad trusted me not to do that kind of thing and I felt like I needed to live up to it. I think that is a mistake that many parents make...not trusting their kids. The kids know they are not trusted and they live up to what their parents expect.

I would like to tell you about an incident that happened in approximately 1966...about the year that I graduated or the year after. Dad was involved with the youth and there was an activity (I'm a little sketchy on most of the details, but remember some of the specifics). The youth were gathered together in the stake. Some of the youth were asked to pick someone to be the chairperson for an activity and to take care of arranging the music and refreshments and all the details.

The youth were to nominate someone. They got together and kind of as a gag picked Bruce Dye. He lived down the road from us about half a mile. Bruce was kind of a shy backward kid that was never in the middle of anything, and just kind of the behind-the-scenes type. He wasn't a bad kid, just one that was never really very aggressive and not the kind of a person that would be in charge of something.

Dad, of course, when he found out that Bruce was who they had picked, was immediately aware of what had happened. He knew Bruce Dye; I had chased around with him a bit, and he knew that Bruce wasn't really the best person for that job. But Dad thought that it was okay, and that it was an opportunity to pull Bruce out. So

Dad kind of took this on as a bit of a project and he acted like that was their choice, and Bruce was the man.

He proceeded to call Bruce about every couple of days. He got together with him and said, "Okay, this is what we want to do and this is the kind of numbers we are looking at to attend this function." He gave him a briefing there of what he expected and then every couple of days he would call Bruce and ask him if he had done this and checked out that. Dad was careful not to overstep his bounds, but to make sure that Bruce did everything, but he was right there prodding him along.

The funny thing about this was that Bruce came right through. He made all the arrangements and took care of and was in charge of the whole thing. It was the kind of a deal where when all was said and done, the youth that had picked Bruce out kind of stood back and thought, "Gee, what's happened here? This whole thing went right by us, and what's going on?"

I felt really good because Dad had the ability to realize the potential of people, and even though many other people, especially adults, are quick to criticize young people when they have problems and faults, Dad was always able to look at those kids and say, "No, this kid is okay. He is going to make it and be all right even though it may take a little bit of time."

There was a boy named Louis Jensen. His dad was the stake clerk and I remember him sitting up there at the desk as the clerk for as long as I can remember. His kid, Louis Jensen, was really into cars and hot rods and was kind of a wild and crazy one. Dad always said, "No, he is going to be okay...he is just right now going through a stage and he will be all right...".

The same was true of Doyle Allred, whose older brother was Lane Allred, who I think was in a stake presidency when he was about 23 or 24. Doyle was doing his darndest to be just at the other end of it. He was smoking and drinking and carrying on. All the time all the other adults in the stake were saying, "This kid is just going off the deep end and not worth a hill of beans," Dad said, "No, Doyle will be okay and he'll come through...he is just trying to work it out right now and doesn't know who he is but he

will figure it out." Sure enough, Doyle went in the service for a little while, and before long we got word back that Doyle was going to church, had met himself a good girl, was going to get married and doing real good. Sure enough, he came around.

As kids we didn't see this as much, but I know, looking back now, that Dad really had insight into the fact that people can change. He always tried to bring out the best in people and give them a chance and an opportunity to come through.

When Dad got his transfer from Shelley, (we had lived there since I was in the first grade, about 12 years, so we had been there a long time) he was well known in the stake. He had been in a bishopric in a ward, served as the Young Men's President in the stake, as mission president, and was in the stake presidency. He had done about everything in the stake that could be done, and Mom had likewise been in a number of callings. We kids had also been active.

One fellow made a comment that about summed it up. When we were getting ready to leave, and the word got out that we were moving away, Sollie Christensen saw and grabbed Dad out in the foyer of the church there and said, "Arch, I hear you are moving." Dad said, "Yes, I have gotten a transfer and it looks like we are going to be moving to Washington." And he said, "Well, Arch, once you go I can't talk to any of those other guys up there in the stake presidency. You're the only one I can talk to."

I think Dad had a way of being able to relate to some of those maybe not-so-spiritual religious souls who were good hard-working salt-of-the-earth farmers. They felt like Dad was someone they could relate to. They felt like he was one of them and yet Dad also was able to relate to those people that were (I don't know what you want to call the other side...you've got the farmers and then the other people). Dad was able to relate to a full spectrum of people from all different walks of life.

I think the Depression had a real big impact on Dad. I don't know that he will ever really get over the impact it had on him. When I was a young man and became priesthood age, it became a ritual on the way to Priesthood Meeting during the five minutes it



took to drive there that Dad would chew me out for not having polished my shoes. I was kind of glad when Charles got to be 12 so he could spend half his time chewing on Charles, too.

Dad always had his shoes shined, and he always looked well dressed; not necessarily expensively dressed, although Dad has very good taste. He can walk into a place where you buy suits and pick out the most expensive suit without looking at the price tag. He can just tell nice clothing, and he was always very appropriately dressed. I think that a lot of that had to do with him wearing his sister's sandals to school and getting into a lot of fights because of some of the comments that other boys made. I think it made a lasting impression and to this day I doubt that you will ever see Dad in a pair of shoes that are not shined or where he looks out of place.

I might just mention a little bit about Dad and cars. He has always liked a nice car. When we were in South Dakota for a few years, the John Deere dealer gave Dad a new Chrysler for several years running. I remember the smell of a new car. I've never had one of my own but I remember us getting a new Chrysler a number of times. I don't know what the arrangement was, but Dad put in a good word for the dealer and the dealer would at the end of the year take in his car on trade and give him a new Chrysler, which at that time was like the top of the line, like a Cadillac is now, about the best thing you can buy, for putting in a good word for him.

Anyway, this went on for several years, and I guess it came to the point that Dad decided to tell the dealer that he didn't want him to do it anymore. Dad said he felt like people expected things of him that he couldn't produce. He didn't make a lot of money and he wasn't a high roller and driving a new car every year like that kind of put him in a category where people expected things that he didn't feel he could live up to.

A similar thing happened to my mother when she got a mink coat from Grandma Richards and had a stole made out of it. She wore it a few times to church and shortly thereafter we found it parked in the closet. Of course, we all loved it. She had paid good money

to have the separate pelts made into this mink stole and it was a beautiful coat. She finally ended up selling it to Sister Christensen, the stake president's wife, for nothing, \$25 or something, considerably less than she had even put into it, because of, she said, the way people treated her. The folks were never put on. They were what they were, and their friends and everyone loved them for what they were. They were salt-of-the-earth people, the people in Shelley especially. I will say Shelley (I'm sure it has been the same wherever they have gone) because that is where I grew up and that is all I can relate to. I know that among the people in Shelley they were very well respected and revered by members of the community as well as members of the church there for their honesty and for their just being good, hard working people.

Let me go back to the car incident. I am backtracking here. When we moved to Shelley, Dad had to sell his guns and his car just to get a down payment for a house that they bought there on So. Milton. Dad had to sell his car, and we bought an old Ford in Pocatello.

We only drove it about 20 miles and then we traded it off for something else. I can't remember what it was but it wasn't very long before we stepped up to the world of Oldsmobile and bought a '53 Oldsmobile.

We had that '53 and Dad turned into an Oldsmobile fan. We drove that for a while, and I'm not exactly certain what happened then, but we got a few other Oldsmobiles. Anyway, as the story goes, we got this '57 Oldsmobile that Daddy really liked. It was a two-door hardtop with a lot of get-up-and-go and he just loved it but decided that we needed a bigger car and so we got a '58 Olds, a stationwagon; a nice car. The '58, by the way, has more chrome on it than any other car had before or has had since (just a little trivia there). Anyway, we had this '58 Olds that Daddy really took a liking to and enjoyed.

Until that time the U&I Sugar Company had been giving its employees so much per mile that they drove on business for their own car. Mom said that it was too nice of a car for him to use for work, so Dad went out and bought an old white '50 Chevy. Mom drove

the nice car and Dad always called it her car. Although Dad had the privilege of claiming it, it wasn't like it was his car. It was Mom's car, and his car was the Chevy.

That went on that way until '60, and in 1960, U&I Sugar decided that they would be better off if they gave their employees a car and they just paid for the gas in it and all maintenance and everything. Maybe they thought it was going to be cheaper or what so Dad got a 1960, but this was a 1960, three speed on the column, six cylinder Biscayne. I don't know if you know what a Biscayne is but there is a Biscayne, a BelAir and the Impala, and the Biscayne is the bottom. It's like the cheapest of the cheap cars and when Dad got that car, it just hurt his pride like something horrible. It's not like Dad's a proud person, but there is something about that car that just ate away at Dad the whole two years that we had it.

When it came to '62 it was time for the company to give another new car, and I think Dad went in and told them (I'm not certain if they made him do it or not) or volunteered to pay the difference so he could at least get the V8. I think in '62 they gave them a BelAir which is a step up. Dad felt a little better about that and eventually worked up so that they were giving them a half decent car.

In '66 he got a little nicer one yet, and in 1968 he got in a wreck with it while I was on my mission. Anyway, later on they got him up so that he was in a management type of position of sorts so he got a Monte Carlo, but I know that that first car, that 1960 Biscayne, was probably the greatest test to his pride that he's ever had.

I remember Dad used to say that when he was a kid for Thanksgiving they had the outhouse out there since they didn't have an indoor bathroom, and one of their traditions was that they would go dig the outhouse out before they would have their Thanksgiving dinner. I would think that would be enough to keep a person from wanting to celebrate Thanksgiving or to keep a person from being very thankful.

As a kid, I remember that we always went to Grandma's for

Thanksgiving. All the cousins would plan to be there and it was a great time. Dad and the uncles would all get out and go skeet shoot. Delos would always have to show off his new Browning Over and Under, and we'd go out and shoot. That was just kind of a family tradition that we had during the time that I was growing up.

Dad on a number of occasions could sense that something was going to go wrong. I don't know if you want to call it prophetic or what. His Dad had had a number of experiences that he has probably told you about, such as when a person came to his Dad in the barn and told him that he was going to take one of his children. This is my grandpa John that I am speaking about.

Anyway, in the fall of '65, Dad said that if I wanted to take a few days off from work before school got started that he would let me. Hay wasn't on or anything, so Craig Palmer, a good friend of mine, and I took off for Missoula, Montana on motorcycles.

At the time that this happened, we were taking care of the Seminary Building. We used to bring in a little extra money there by our family taking care of cleaning the seminary building every day. It was summer time so there wasn't much to do, but the folks must have been over getting ready for school to start. Dad related this incident to me afterward.

What happened was that they were working and Dad said, "You know, I have this foreboding feeling that something is going to happen. I am really concerned. I can't put my finger on what it is." Of course, Mom immediately thinks of me out there running around on a motorcycle and of me being crazy and getting hurt or in an accident. And Dad said, "No, it's not Nathan. I don't know what it is, but something is going to happen." The next day, I think it was Uncle Jay was in a car accident, quite a serious car accident, and his brother Stu had a heart attack. I don't know what it is or why the Lord works this way but Dad was always very sensitive to these kinds of promptings and I suspect that that was one of the reasons later on why he was called to be a patriarch. I guess I kind of include myself in that because in my life there may have been times I may have felt things but I couldn't put my finger on what it was whereas Dad on numerous occasions has had some definite

promptings of things that would happen. One of those was the time when Abbey was going to be born. I may be wrong on this and you might want to question Kathy but I think that she had an ultra sound and the doctor told her it was going to be a boy and Dad told her it was going to be a girl and she said, "No, Dad, you're wrong on this one." Anyway, he wasn't wrong, the doctor was wrong. This was not uncommon for Dad.

When Dad was younger he played a lot of softball. He played with Keith Staley who pitched when they were in West Jordan, and as a young man they went to the All-Church Tournament and placed sixth. That may not sound like much but Dad was really a good ball player. He played shortstop for a while and then went to second base he said when he slowed down a bit but even as a young man in South Dakota he was good enough that he played city league. He got injured. A fly ball went up and the second baseman and fielder came in and they ran into each other as Dad caught the ball and it put the other guy in the hospital and Dad felt like that was enough of that and he didn't need to be doing that anymore.

I remember a game when I was in high school and we were playing softball and we showed up there and we were short a man and Dad happened to be there to watch me play (I guess he was killing time and didn't have anything to do) so we asked the guy if we could just have Dad play. Well, they took one look at Dad and thought, "That old man over there? Sure you can, get him out here and that will make that that much easier." They put Dad out in right field or something thinking that "this ol guy can't do anything". Dad got up to bat the first time and everybody sits there kind of half asleep. Dad hits the ball over the fielder's heads and Dad wanders around the bases and comes in home and makes a home run. The next time Dad got up why they had seen where he had hit the ball so this guy (the fielder out there) he stands right there by the fence. Dad gets up there and hits the ball over the fence. He runs around the bases and this fielder jumps over the fence and can't get the ball and Dad comes in home again. Next time Dad gets up I think he changed because he could bat either way, anyway I can't remember exactly what happened but the fielders



move way back because they are getting wise by now....Dad hits the ball...it goes out there again....goes around and hits second base....and his knee which periodically gave him trouble since he threw it out playing football or hyperextended it while playing ball in high school and which on occasion would give him trouble....as he came around second base his knee went out. He crawled to third base. It was kind of funny. Here these old guys ready by the end of the game to protest the game by saying that "this old guy (Dad) wasn't a valid player." Before the game there was no problem at all. It was indicative of the fact that even as old as Dad was (about 55 at the time) he was a good ball player.

He excelled in most things. Dad's penmanship was beautiful and one lady asked him if he had typed his name on a script typewriter because it was so perfect. Dad was always proud of his handwriting. In a way it may have been a little bit of a detriment because it was so good that Dad couldn't just sit down and write a letter like Mom. Mom would sit down, scribble out a note and everything and we would all laugh about it but we loved to get Mom's writing just as much as Dad's but still it was kind of funny because Dad couldn't just sit down and do that. It had to be right and had to look just perfect. That's kind of the way Dad was.

When Dad was a kid he used to have a Harley-Davidson. I don't know much about it but I know of one incident when he was at college and he was out playing tennis and it started to rain. It sprinkled at first and then it started to get downright serious about it. Dad got on his bike and as he came around the corner the bike came out from under him, the pavement was wet and slick. Dad had a silver dollar in his wallet and that Harley went out from under him and he started sliding on his hind end and it wore right through...the Harley went right through the bushes with Dad sliding on the pavement...didn't even get hurt...it just wore right through his pants and wallet and just about rubbed all the engravings off of that silver dollar. There was a perfectly round hole in his wallet when he came to a stop.

Dad loved to ride motorcycles and when I was about 15, somewhere between 15 and 16, Uncle Warren made some kind of a deal



on an old Matchless, which is similar to a BSA, an old military motorcycle. I don't know what he picked it up for but he told Dad that he got it and shortly thereafter Warren either got transferred or got another job. Anyway, he didn't need the bike and couldn't take it where he was going and so he told Dad, "Arch, if you want it I will send it to you and if you'll pay the freight on it you can have it." Dad thought it was such a good deal that he couldn't turn it down. Well, Warren sent it rail express or something and it cost \$66 if I remember right. Well it got there and of course, Mom was upset about it...Dad had to pay it cause he wasn't just going to leave the bike there. It was an obligation he'd agreed to do it...so he paid it but that bike sat out there. Of course, it didn't run. It probably hadn't run for 20 years, I don't know. Anyway, it sat there and I kind of took a liking to it and thought that this was the kind of thing that I could kind of get into.

It was about this same time that I had a biology teacher, Mr. Clinger, Burt Clinger. He was really a nice guy, a farmer. Most nice guys are farmers. Anyway, he had out in his garage, I don't know how it came up, but we were talking about it one day in his class about this old Harley-Davidson that he had. He said it wasn't a Harley 74...it wasn't a big one...it was a small one..a 1948 and I was interested in it. I had a motorcycle at the time and so I told him I was interested in it. I went out to look at the bike and it looked to me like the chickens had gotten the best of it and pigeons had done a number on it and it looked pretty rough. The seat was all torn up and it hadn't been run for 10 or 12 years. He said that if anyone wanted to buy it that he would give it to them for \$75. I wasn't that interested 'cause I already had a bike and this thing looked like it would never run anyways. I got home talking to Dad a little bit about it and immediately his eyes sparked up and he was interested in this bike. Well, Mom immediately came on the defense, "No, you don't need a bike. You're too old for this. What are you going to do with a bike?" and on and on and on.

Well, Dad wanted this bike. But, he couldn't see any way to get it. He had this other bike sitting out there that I had kind

of taken a liking to. I didn't have any use for the Harley but I told Dad, "Listen, Dad, I've got \$75 and why don't I go buy the Harley and you and I just kind of do a little deal on the side here. I'll take that bike and you can have the Harley and then everybody is happy and Mom is none the wiser. That's what we did. We managed to get the bike started and running and brought it home and I can't remember what happened but somehow Mom figured things out or got wind of what was going on and she was mad for a long time but I think she got over it. Dad's still got the bike. Since then he has rebuilt the engine on it and a few other things. He doesn't spend a lot of time driving it but I don't think anyone would have the heart to ask him to get rid of it or sell it because it is his last link to childhood or his youth.

Let me go back to St. George. Dad and Mom, from the time they were married or thereabouts, began to work in the temple. They always enjoyed temple work. Even to this day they spend a good deal of time in the temple. Back then they had a young family. I was probably 3 or 4 and they would drive from Enterprise to St. George where the temple was once a week to work on Friday night. It was kind of a date, I guess. They would go out. It got so that on Friday nights about the time that they would get ready to leave that I would get a fever. So, they would stay home and shortly after, later on in the evening, I would be just fine. The fever would go away and everything was just fine. The next Friday night about time for them to go I'd get this fever. About the third time it happened the folks decided that this was Satan trying to keep them from doing the things that they needed to do and enjoyed doing. And so, they went ahead and got the babysitter, gave her the number of the temple where they could be reached, and decided that they weren't going to be kept from going to the temple. Sure enough, shortly after they left, the fever went away and that was the last time I got a fever on Friday night.

One thing I do remember Dad saying about his working in the temple (back in the time when they didn't have the movie, just the parts) was that he always enjoyed the part of the devil. I don't know why and I wouldn't dare guess right now but he always said

that was his favorite part.

Let me go over another incident that happened about the time we had the 1960 Chevy, so I was about 12 or 13. We went on a father-son outing into Jackson Hole and Yellowstone Park and in the Park there are numerous rivers and whatnot there, small streams I should say, not really rivers. We passed one of those on the road and there were signs up that said they were poisoning the fish. I don't know if there were trash fish that they were trying to get rid of or what but they were poisoning all the fish and then they were going to restock them. We got out of the car one time to take a rest or a break and some of us got out there and started throwing rocks at the fish. We figured if they were killing the fish it sounded like great sport and we'd help them out. There were fish all over, lots of fish, and the stream was low enough that it wasn't hard to see them and we were out there having a good time. Well, it looked like a pretty fun time to Dad too, since he still had some of that young blood in him, and he was out there throwing rocks, too.

Well, along comes a ranger and he wanted to know what was going on. Dad said, "Well, we are just throwing rocks at these fish. Understand you are killing all these fish." Well, the ranger said, "Yah, but we are not doing it that way and it is against the law." He was starting to haul Dad away because it was against the law to be killing these fish like that. Anyway, he was literally in the process of taking Dad away and Dad said, "Hey, sir, I've got a whole carload of boys here. What's going to happen to these boys?" The ranger took one look back at all these boys out there and we could see what was going through his mind. He would be stuck with us and he would have more problems than he knew what to do with, so anyway, we got Dad off the hook so at least I helped bail Dad out once.

Let me tell you about another hunting trip we did. Not far from our place when you go from Shelley southwest toward Goshen and then you head off toward Wolverine. We hadn't been able to make a full fledged hunting trip and so we took off one Saturday afternoon. We got in the car and got about five miles from home and Dad

asked me what I had for coats and everything and I had a light jacket and sweatshirt or something. He proceeded to tell me how stupid I was and that it was crazy not to wear more clothes than that and if I got caught out in a snowstorm I would freeze to death before they could get to me. He was right. I had lived in Idaho long enough to know that it doesn't take long that time of year for the weather to turn sour and you could get caught in a blizzard or something. Anyway, after a while it got real quiet and Dad said, "Ya know, I forgot my deer tag." Anyway, I was kind of glad for that. He said, "It doesn't matter anyway. Noone ever brings anything out of Wolverine anyway. We're just going to go up, walk around the hill a couple of times, come back and that will be it." Well, we get up there and sure enough, you know, what we could see confirmed all of our suspicions, that is that noone had seen anything, noone had shot anything, we were wasting our time up there and we were going to turn around...we didn't get up there until almost noon. We were driving up there and everyone else was coming down, just given up. We get up there...we probably walked about an hour...got up the hill and over the hill...and sure enough I hear some shooting going on and Dad's jackin some shells and shooting and shooting and shooting and sure enough I go over the hill and Dad's got a couple of them down there...hit one of them four times until he finally brought it down, but we spent the rest of the afternoon and into the evening...it was dark before we got them out of there....it was just kind of funny...Dad forgetting his tag just after chewing me out for not having my coat and everything and here we are hauling this game out illegally without having any deer tags or anything. The only thing that could have made it better was if we had gotten stopped and heard the game warden chew Dad out. That would have made it a complete day...anyway, it didn't happen. Dad got a couple of them..he was a real good shot. He shot for Utah State the year they took second in the nation on their rifle team.

One more incident that you might have to have Dad fill in the details. I'm not certain..I know there was this exhibition. I think the Navy was coming to college and Dad would go down to the

gym several times a week and spar a little bit. He would box..his brother Warren was a really good boxer and beat the Golden Gloves champion of the state of Utah when he was a year younger than he was or something. They wouldn't let Warren box because he was too young but he beat the Golden Gloves champ, knocked him out. He sparred with Dad a bit and Dad used to enjoy boxing. He'd go down to the gym and this one particular day when he was down there why there was an individual there who had come as a part of an exhibition. The military wanted to make an exhibition boxing and he needed someone to kind of warm up on and Dad happened to be around and the guy told Dad that he would go easy on him and to come out and let him get warmed up. So anyway Dad got out there and boxing around a little and the guy was pretty careless and Dad said, "I told him that he was dropping his guard so you want to watch that." The guy said, "Hey, I'll drop my guard. Go ahead and try. Tag me. Let's see what you can do." Dad said to himself, "Well, what the heck." So the next time the guy dropped his guard Dad hauled off and took advantage of it. He really hit him. Well it kind of unnerved the guy a little bit so then the guy got a little put off because here was this amateur that didn't know anything and he was supposed to be the big pro that had come over here to give this exhibition on boxing and here's this kid, this nobody, out here giving him a hard time. So he hauls off and kind of gets a little bit wild and drops his guard again and Dad tags him again. About the third time he did that, Dad knocked him out. Anyway, they cancelled the exhibition. He was Navy, that's what he was. Dad was a good boxer. He did boxing like he did other things, putting his whole heart and soul into it. He didn't do things half-way.

The next incident I would like to tell you about kind of illustrates Dad's feelings about carrying your own weight. As we were driving along a country road out on the Hayes project, which was just there to the east of Shelley, across the river, a farmer had been out burning weeds along the side of the road and one of the wood fence-posts had caught fire and kind of burned up so that the top of it was still there but the bottom of the fence post was

completely burned off so that it was just hanging by the barbed wire that was coming from the other two fence-posts. Dad commented on how he thought that was how a lot of people were. When they were put in positions where they were to help support but what they really did was just drag down most people around them because they wouldn't carry their own weight. I know that Dad was always very short with people who were given a position and did not come through. He didn't mince a lot of words. I remember people that used to work for him that would show up on the job late or didn't come through and he was not above just talking to them straight. Once people understood that they would produce a lot better. Dad didn't feel like that by mincing words that you really did a person a favor. That was something I feel like he ingrained in us, although I don't feel like any of us were as blunt as Dad was.





1. Dear Becky

Sorry it has taken me so long to get this together. I'm not sure that this will get to you in time and if not, please don't feel bad. I'll try to list some of the things that I remember about Dad as well as some of the stories that he has told in the past which impressed me .

I don't have much recollection of Dad as I was young other than that he was always very dedicated to the church. He worked in the Stake Mission and I believe he was also on another Stake Board and a member of the Stake Presidency while we lived in Shelley. He worked hard for U&I Sugar during the day and very frequently was gone till 11-12 o'clock at night with church work. I do remember that he was unable to come to many of my ball games but that didn't seem to bother me since I knew that he was doing what was right. I do remember him coming to some of my games though to watch me play.

When we moved to Granger, Waxhington it wasn't long before Dad was placed in the High Council and worked there for several years before we moved to Moses Lake. It wasn't long before he was on the High Council and the Stake Presidency there. People seemed to trust Dad and his opinions about the church. Even his work cohorts who were inactive in the Church looked up to him and respected his opinions. For some of them that was quite a compliment.

I recall several incidents that happened which others may not have mentioned. When I was 16 and in the explorer program, I remember going on a winter trip to the Tetons during Christmas break. Dad took the time to go along with us and was real fun to have along. At that time several of my friends commented on how much fun my Dad was and I realized for the first time that he did have a fun side to him. I had always remembered the serious and spiritual side of him as a boy. From then on it was somewhat easier to see that he was fun to be around as well as a good man.

I also remember once as we were coming back from a trip to Salt Lake that Dad mentioned to Mom that he had a feeling something was not right with one of the family. At that time, just Deniece, Lisa, and I were in the car as Kathy, Sue, and Nate were either married or unable to come. I thought nothing of it at the time, but when we got home, there was Nate in a full leg cast. About the time that Dad had mentioned to mom of his concern, Nate had been skiing and had fallen and sustained a serious break in his leg. Evidently this is not the only time that Dad had been sensitive to the whisperings of the Spirit.

There were a few times in my life when he taught me some very valuable lessons. I vividly recall the night that I showed up at the Stake Dance with a turtle neck sweater when shirt and tie was the standard. I was actually dressed very nicely and was not trying to be rebellious. As I went to enter, I was stopped and told I couldn't enter. I was pretty upset and thought I was going to get some sympathy from Dad who was in the Stake Presidency. After walking home (1 mile), I told my story to Dad expecting him to be upset and to go and vindicate me. To my surprise, he told me they were right, to change into appropriate clothes, and then he marched me right back to the dance. At the time I didn't appreciate it but it did teach me a healthy respect for following specific rules without varying. It has helped me as a father and bishop on several time to remember that incident.

Dad always taught us to work hard and to put in a honest days work for an honest days pay. He was given that counsel from a blessing that he received from John Longden (a general authority) at one of his priesthood ordinations. I remember one incident when Nate and I were counting root maggots for an experiment for the sugar company. One of the field men that Dad had been working with, Henry Hales, came by to chat with Dad and we (Nate & I) stopped to

listen to the conversation. They probably talked for 15-20 minutes and after Henry had gone, Dad came over and reprimanded Nate and I for not continuing our work. It made me realize that when I am getting paid by someone, that I need to work as hard as I can and not look for excuse why not to work. It's a principle we have tried to teach our kids. I think that it has paid off many times since. I recall working in the sugar factory during the strike of the union and one night as I was working and it was a little after 5 pm, the lights in the warehouse were suddenly turned off. I yelled at whomever had turned them off and soon found that the warehouse supervisor came to find out who was still working. As he found me back in the corner still working, he commented "I should have known it was you." I knew that he meant that none of the union workers had ever considered working even a few minutes over 5 pm and he just figured no one else would either. During that same time, Dad was asked to work on the liquid sugar end of the plant, something he had never done. He set a recork for the most liquid sugar shipped in a shift and he had never done it before. I'm sure some of that was because of his attitude about work and the fact that the union members were always looking for ways to get out of work and take breaks as much as possible.

As a family it was a blessing for us to have the opportunity to work with Dad in the fields. It gave us time to get to see him in action as well as many times we were called upon to head up crews during harvest and learn some leadership skills. We also learned a lot about the experimental process, something that I still draw upon today. There were many times as I got older that I appreciated the time to talk with Dad while we travelled to and from work locations. He always trusted us and we tried to never let him down.

Dad has always been quiet and reserved but we always knew that when he said something that we had better listen. It was usually important. Mom did most of the nonchalant talking. We would frequently get into doctrinal discussions across the Sunday dinner table. It was a good time to discuss the gospel. We usually did have Family Home Evening (not that I liked it). I suppose that as I look back that I realize that Dad did love us more than we realized at the time. One time I recall thinking that he really must love Brenda and I a lot. It was just after we were married and I was working with Dad for the summer. Brenda had developed a ruptured cyst one afternoon and was in a lot of pain. I was in the field working and couldn't be reached. They were finally able to reach Dad while Brenda was being taken to the hospital. Dad rushed out to get me in the car. He and I got in the car and he took off like he was going to the races. I don't think I have ever seen him drive so fast and carelessly. I was afraid that we might end up in the hospital with Brenda. Anyway, as we were on a gravelled road, we came to an intersection. Before the intersection was an incline that crossed a railroad track and then declined rather steeply to the stop sign. Dad hit that incline going rather fast and we became airborne. I'm sure he hit the brakes while we were airborne (not that they helped much in the air) and when we hit the ground, we skidded to a screeching stop. I thought at the time, he must really love us to be traveling like that. He always has placed a high priority on his family.

The Lord has protected Dad from harm. I'm sure someone must have mentioned the story about Dad getting shot and being prompted to "get up" just as he was shot and the bullet going through his leg instead of his abdomen or chest where he would have been killed. The doctor said that it was the cleanest gunshot wound he had ever seen.(but what do doctors know anyway)

Dad has had the uncanny ability to influence a lot of lives. He has always felt bad that he didn't have his master's or his doctors degree. It never made me feel bad because I could see that the Lord had blessed him with a sharp mind and many of the men with whom he worked (who

had their doctor's degrees) realized his abilities. When I was made a Bishop, one of the members of the Stake Presidency in attendance (Charles Peterson) got up to speak and looked down on the audience and recognized Dad and told how till that moment had not realized that he was my father. He told how as a young researcher he had been influenced tremendously by Arch Richards because of the research he had done in the sugar beet industry. To this day he still uses some of Dads techniques. He also mentioned how much he admired Dad for the type of man he was . It was rather special for me to have him there that day.

In case you can't tell, I have alway admired and looked up to Dad and I find myself becoming more like him every day. Of that I'm proud and only hope that I can follow his example till I have made it to the end and have served and loved as he does. His life truly has been his testimony.

Thanks Becky for inviting me to write this. We love you a lot and appreciate your work. Good luck on your class. I'm sure you'll get an A+ in the class and in Heaven.

Love,

Chuck



## DENIECE'S MEMORIES OF DAD

This is Deniece Cheney and I'm making a tape of some memories of my father, Arch, to send to Becky Larsen. When I start thinking about memories of my dad, the earliest memory that I have of him was when I was about two years old. I remember knowing that on Sundays we were going to go visit my Grandma Gooch and I remember Dad driving the car and me standing up between him and my mother. As we turned the corner to go towards Blackfoot, I thought to myself, "We're going to Grandma's house." I remember looking down and seeing my dad driving the car and my mother on the other side and I remember putting my arms around both of their necks and thinking to myself, "I'm here with my Mom and Dad and we're going to go to Grandma's house!" I think that was the first memory I have of my parents. I must have been awfully small because I do remember standing on the seat and being able to put my arms around their necks and knowing that I was being really good. Other memories that I have are about Shelley, Idaho because as I was growing up we lived in Shelley. About a quarter of a mile down the road there was a great big potato cellar and as children we used to play there quite a bit. The sugar factory was right to the side of this potato cellar and it looked really huge to me. I can't remember if it really was a working factory or if it was vacant when I was young, but I do remember going to this factory and I knew that my Dad was going to be there. As I would walk into the sugar factory, I would see all these people and I would search out Dad. When I found him he always used to sit me on a high bar stool or chair and tell me that I could sit there and that I could watch him work. I can't remember what kind of work he was doing at that time or really what I was doing but just that he sat me on that tall bar stool. After I was there for a little while, I would get restless and he would tell me that I could get down and follow him around. I knew that if I went there to visit Dad, that he would buy me a bottle of pop because he always did. After I stayed there for a while and followed him around for a while, he would always tell me to go over to the pop machine and get a bottle of pop. I



would open the thing up and get so excited and I usually picked out a green bottle of 7up. It was always so icy cold! Seems like nowadays whenever I pick up a can or bottle of 7up, I always remember Dad and how every time I went to visit him he would let me have a bottle of pop. I thought that was really neat!

Another memory I have of Dad was when I was a Merrie Miss. We had a Father-Daughter Banquet and I was really excited to get to be a Merrie Miss. They were called Fireflies or something then, but I was the age of a Merrie Miss. We had a date and they asked for talent to be performed at the banquet. I had volunteered to perform a talent. The folks had bought me a small ukelele one year and I remember thinking to myself, "I can play this ukelele and I can sing a song." But, the only song I knew on the ukelele was "There is a Tavern in the Town." I could sing that song really good because I knew all the verses. I also knew "Hang Down Your Head Tom Dooley," but I knew that neither one was appropriate to sing in the church house because one was about some guy murdering his wife and the other was about a tavern. I remember telling Dad that I had this talent show that we could be a part of at the banquet and wondered if he would like to sing a song with me while I played my ukelele and I remember him saying "I would love to sing a song with you." I told him the only two songs that I knew were "Tom Dooley" and "There is a Tavern." I wondered how he would react because I knew that those songs were not appropriate and I wondered what he was going to say since he had already said he would like to sing with me. He said, "Fine. Choose either one of them. I'd like to sing either one with you." I thought to myself how excited I was that he would sing these songs! We got to the banquet and were sitting there eating. I felt that this Daughter-Daddy banquet was a monumental step in my life; and I was old enough to date Dad and not everyone got to do this, only if you were 10 or 11 years old. I was sitting next to him and being very proud and excited that he was there. Knowing that he was a member of the stake presidency even made me more excited because I felt that I had quality time with him and that I was the only one with him. We happened to be sitting across the table from Mr. Petty who

was a member of our ward and also our doctor. I remember picking up my plate of food and Dad picking up his plate of food. I happened to get a hard roll or a crescent roll. Everybody was getting hard rolls but mine was so hard that I could hardly cut into it. Everybody else's was too because they were really struggling with them. My girlfriend, Wendy Petty, who was sitting across the table from me, was just massacring her roll. She was stabbing it and trying to open it up. Her father was looking at her but didn't do anything, just looked at her and tried to do his and was making a terrible mess. I remember picking up my roll and starting to put my knife into it to cut it and Dad turning to me and saying, "That roll looks awfully hard. Why don't you let me cut it for you." He took his knife and just poked a hole in the side and just kind of tore it apart. It was an awfully hard roll! The thing that impressed me the most about that was that I remember looking at Wendy's father and he just let her struggle and let her make a big mess. That story has always been one I've remembered because I've thought how thoughtful it was of him to see that and not just say, "Well she'll just have to do it herself!" He decided to step in and try to help me so that I didn't have to ask or be embarrassed.

I have a whole bunch of memories of working in the sugarbeet field. I think the thing that impressed me the most about working in the sugarbeets with Dad was that he was always right there working with us. He didn't ever say, "I want you to do this," and then leave in the car. I noticed that other men did that, but not Dad. My job as an eight-year-old was to take the huge sugarbeets and throw them into a black bag and tie the bag and set it up. For me that was difficult and hard because the sugarbeets were heavy and the bags were heavy, but Dad was always there. I remember having gloves on and really being cold. It seemed like I was always behind the group because the boys were older, junior high and high school age, and I was in grade school. They would just top the beets and my job was to bag all the beets they were topping by hand. They were ahead of me and I remember so many times as I would get way behind, I would get discouraged because I would

think, "Oh I've got to keep up with them. I don't want to get in trouble!" I remember that Dad, when he could see that I was getting too far behind, would come and pick up the black bags and he'd start bagging the beets. He'd catch me up to the boys and then I would go along and then when he would see that I was a little far behind again, he'd catch me up. He'd never scold me and say that I was slow or stupid. He'd just always come and help me catch up with the boys. I remember thinking that he could have just let me be way behind and then at the end of the day he could have had the boys, when they got done, turn around and bag them as they came back but he wanted me to be with the group. He wanted me to feel a part of things. He wanted me to feel like I was accomplishing something and in order to do that he pitched in and bagged the sugarbeets with me when I got too far behind. When I got older and started working in the fields, there were a lot of times that I didn't understand what I was to do and Dad would tell me to do something and when I would say that I didn't understand, he would explain it to me a different way. Then if I didn't understand, he would explain a different way. He also did that with my homework. I had a difficult time in Math. English, spelling and biology came easy to me, but my math always came hard. When he would sit down to help me with my homework, he would try to explain how to do it and I wouldn't understand. No matter how many times I told him that I didn't understand, he would always try to find a new and different way to explain it to me hoping that it would sink in somehow. A lot of times we were sitting at the table a long time. For me it seemed like an eternity. I'm sure it wasn't over 45 minutes or an hour, but he consistently tried to make sure that before I went on, I understood. Even if he had to find ten different ways or twelve different ways to explain it to me, he was always patient and kind and never yelled at me and never got upset with me. He sat there and tried to find a different way. Now that I am a mother and I think back about that and think how frustrating that must have been to him when he understood it so thoroughly, and yet it is an example to me now that you need to be patient and kind and if you are, someday they will understand.

I remember as a small child, (I must have been in grade school) that we came home from school and supper time wasn't for a while and I remember coming in and grabbing a cookie and eating the cookie. Dad came up behind me and said, "What are you eating?" and I said, "A cookie." He said, "I told you that you were not to have any cookies before supper. I remember him sending me to my bedroom and saying, "Because you disobeyed me you aren't going to get any supper. Now you get downstairs." I had to give him the cookie. I only got a bite out of it and he sent me downstairs to my bedroom and told me I wasn't going to have any supper and that unless I could obey him that I couldn't come up for the rest of the evening. For me that was real frustrating because I didn't know that I couldn't have a cookie. Nobody told me that I couldn't have a cookie, but I was being punished and I thought it was okay to have one. Well, about an hour later, I remember Dad coming through my bedroom door and sitting on my bed and him saying to me, "I'm sorry. I have made a big mistake. I told all the other kids before you came home that they were not allowed to have a cookie before dinner and I didn't realize that you were not home and you didn't know. I'm sorry." I remember my father saying, "I am sorry." I think that was the first time as a child I recall, (maybe it wasn't the first time it happened) but the first time I recalled Dad saying the words, "I'm sorry, I've made a mistake." I remember thinking to myself that I didn't know adults could make mistakes. Dad put his arms around me and told me that he loved me and that he was very sorry that he made that mistake and he wanted me to come upstairs and be a part of the family and have supper and everything. I remember how warm I felt because I knew that it was probably very difficult for Dad to say he was sorry. I think that has impressed me more over the years than anything else Dad had done simply because I realize that it's important that when we make mistakes that we don't hide behind them and never tell people that we are sorry. If we find that we have been in error, scolded a child or done something wrong, and we realize that we did wrong, I think the older I get the easier it becomes for me to say, "Oh, well, I am an adult and I don't have to tell this little child that

I was wrong and that I'm sorry." I keep thinking of that story and know that he didn't have to do it but he did. What a wonderful principle that taught me!

Some of the other memories: My father always used to have a saying, "If you are going to do something, do it well." I remember him being very particular in whatever he did. If he was going to do a job, he wanted it done very very well. If you were going to mow the lawn, you mowed the lawn well and didn't do anything half-heartedly. During my childhood years, that way, whenever he was there, if we did something we made sure we did it as perfect as we could, because he did not want us to learn to sluff off or to be lazy and things like that. He wanted us to know, that if a job is going to be done, it needs to be done to the very best that you can do it.

He always let me know that he trusted me and for me that was something that held me to doing things that were right. If I ever thought of maybe doing something that was wrong, I would think of my dad and say to myself, "What would Dad think of me if he found out I did this." I remember one day, as I was getting older and probably just going into high school, traveling in the car with Dad. I don't remember where we were going but I remember him saying, "Do you know what it means to be trusted?" By that time I did and I said, "Yah," wondering what or where he was going with this. He said, "Let me tell you something. Your mom and I have always had this philosophy that we will trust our children or we will trust you until you prove to us that you cannot be trusted." He said, "As long as you prove to us that you can be trusted, we will release the reins and let you do a lot of what you want to do, but the minute that we find out that you can't be trusted, then we will never trust you again." I remember thinking how frightening that was because I was always afraid that if I made a mistake he'd feel like I had done it on purpose. I began to wonder why he gave me that little speech. I was just entering the dating years and I was just getting the age where I was wanting to have boyfriends and I was wanting to be with the crowd and wanting to do things with other kids. He realized that I would be going shopping with other



girls and going to the movies with a group of kids and he wasn't going to be able to be there and he wasn't able to watch over me like they could when I was in grade school. I always remember him saying that he would trust me until I proved that I couldn't be trusted. The whole time I dated and the whole time that I would go with my group of friends I would always remember that I had to live up to my parent's trust and that always held me to the things that I believed were true.

I remember after I got old enough to date and I had a boyfriend and we lived in Moses Lake. My boyfriend was still in Toppenish and I remember Dad coming to me and saying, "Would you like to go visit him?" Toppenish was about a two hour trip from Moses Lake and I had my driver's license. Dad and Mom said, "Would you like to go visit him for a week?" He was a member of the LDS church and my folks knew his parents and so I was able to call and ask if I could come for the weekend. But, it kept coming back to that trusting thing. I thought to myself, "Here's my folks that are trusting me to spend a weekend with a guy that I like and not only that but they are trusting me to take their car." I would have to drive it two hours one way just to go see him and two hours to come back and I would be traveling alone. I thought that it was wonderful that my folks could let me feel that they trusted me enough that they were going to let me do that. My folks were always there. Dad was always there with the wisdom that was needed and necessary at the time that I needed it. No matter when it was, if I was going on a date or was concerned about something, he could always sense it. I don't know if it was because he had the priesthood or what, but Dad always had wisdom. I can't ever remember him not having a lot of wisdom. I knew that he didn't talk an awful lot, but I knew that whatever he said had a lot of merit to it. When he said something, either you knew it was going to come to pass or you had better listen because what he said really had a lot of meaning.

One time when I was in high school, Mother went to stay with Sue or Kathy because they had had a baby. Dad had been working in the sugar factory with some chemicals. They were testing some



chemicals to find out how they reacted to sugarbeets; if they killed the weeds and stuff like that. I was getting ready to go to bed that night and there was just me and Dad and Lisa. He came into my room and said, "If for some reason you wake up tomorrow morning and you find me dead in bed, I want you to tell your mother that I died because of this chemical. He handed me a piece of paper and it had the name of a chemical on it. I looked at him and I said, "What are you talking about?" He said, "Today I was doing some experiments with this chemical. It is a very powerful chemical and if you get any of it on your skin, it can kill you. I was real careful today but I don't know so if in the night I die, let your mother know that this was the reason I died." Then he went to bed but it was really hard for me to sleep that night. I thought how interesting it was that he felt it important enough to let me know what the name of the chemical was and everything so that I could let Mom know what had happened. He was not afraid of the unknown. He has always had such a strong testimony of the gospel and has always been so strong in the gospel in our home. We always had this assurity or this feeling that we weren't afraid of hardly anything. I remember not being afraid of death or dying or of calamities that might happen to us. I think the reason that I didn't fear these things and felt so secure at home with the family was because Dad had such a strong feeling of where he was going and what he was doing. He knew the gospel and that the gospel gave the family the strength to not fear things.

Something else I remember about my folks was that if the prophet said something, they did it. As a child, I remember my father coming to me or the family because we would have family councils quite often. We would sit down on the couch and counsel as a family. One time Dad came in and said that the prophet had asked us to take a Lamanite student. Even though we had six children, Dad felt that this was important. The prophet was needing to have people take Lamanite students and so we did. We had two or three Lamanite students in our home. No matter what the prophet would say at conference time or in a written message, I knew that Dad was going to do it. To me it was a great comfort to

know that my father would do what the Lord wanted him to do. I felt like Dad was my protection. I was living under his roof and as long as Dad was doing what was right, the Lord would protect me and take care of me, too. Now that I am an adult, I realize that we each have our free agency and that wasn't really the case. I do know that the security of knowing that your dad and mom are doing what is right does lend itself to making sure that the gospel stays in the home and that the children do learn it whether through osmosis or by watching. Dad always did what the prophet told him to do and wouldn't say that it didn't apply to us or that he didn't want to attend another meeting. He always went to his meetings and I knew that he was at a meeting if he wasn't home. It never bothered me that he wasn't home because I knew and was excited to think that Dad was doing what the Lord wanted him to do. I realize that because Dad did what was right and followed the prophet to the letter, that I have a background and testimony that I couldn't have gained in any other way. I realize that I got my testimony as a child just because I was in the same household that he was. That kind of strength does not come in any other way. The gospel probably would be harder for me to live because I would question it a lot more, but because Dad never questioned, neither do I. I just do it. No matter what the prophet or stake president or bishop says, I know it is what Heavenly Father wants me to do and I do it.

Another story I recall happened when I was about four or five years old. Mother and Dad and I were going to town and Dad was driving and Mom and I were in the front seat. As we were going through town we saw a woman come running out of a building and the building was on fire. The building was a dentist or doctors office. She came running out of the building and she was on fire. I remember Dad stopping the car as fast as he could and turning around and grabbing a blanket that was on the back seat. (A levi blanket that Mom made by cutting all the levis into squares and then tieing it). I remember him running over to this lady that was on fire and wrapping her in this blanket and carrying her to the car and putting her in the back seat and us driving off just as fast as we could to take her to the doctor's office that was just

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because I am all alone and no one is here to watch me, I always think that if I am not honor bound enough to do it when no one is watching then what type of a person am I.

I have been trying to think of a few stories that I could tell on Dad after Don and I got married. We lived far enough away that we didn't get to see him very often but there are a few times that I remember him giving us advice that was really needed at the time. We just started farming and we didn't know much about budgeting and things like that. I remember after we got married, we were going to start farming with Don's father. We decided that he would own half of the land and we would own the other and he would own half of the equipment and we would own the other. We would split everything down the middle and when the profits came in we would split them down the middle also. I remember telling Dad the arrangement that we were going to do. He talked to Don and I saying, "That sounds fine but remember that even with families you need to sometimes write up a contract." We mentioned to Don's father that Daddy had said we needed to draw up a contract just to make it so that no one got hurt. Don's father was all for it so we went to a lawyer and drew up a contract. In the contract, we wrote down all the equipment that was there. We wrote down how much land each of us owned. We really went into great detail as to what belonged to whom and everything that we owned we accounted for. Well, we farmed with Don's father for 10 years and during that whole ten years we never had a minutes problem, just thoroughly enjoyed farming with him, but we always kept that little contract current. Every time we would buy a piece of equipment, Don and his father would go in and write down the equipment and whose it was and what payments needed to be made and who was going to make the payments so that it was cut and dried. It never dawned on us how important that was until Don's father became ill with cancer and we found out that he was only going to have 42 days to live. At the time that this happened, we had already moved back to Ohio and we had sold some of the farm and most of the equipment was still there at the time that we decided to give up farming. That contract became very valuable because we were able to sell the farm and we

kept all the equipment because it was a bad year to sell equipment and we didn't feel like we would get our money out of it. Then when Don's father suddenly became ill with cancer and we found out he was going to pass away, it was interesting how the family got together and decided that Don didn't own anything but that he had just worked for his father. It didn't make any difference how much talking we did, we still couldn't convince them that that was our land also. Everything became very fuzzy because all of the family, not knowing our farming situation, thought that Don was working for his father and didn't realize that we owned half of everything and that for ten years we actually had owned our own farm and most of the equipment. We payed for it, but because they were't living close to us and none of them were in farming, they didn't have any idea of the arrangement. They thought that it was all Dad's and that Don was just working for him. Well, all of a sudden, that contract that Dad had advised us to keep up and do became very valuable because the family wanted to split the farm seven ways. They wanted to have all the profits from it leaving Don and I with a bunch of bills and not owning any of the farm. We tried to tell them that the land was ours, we paid for it, and half of the equipment was ours, but they didn't believe us. They thought we were just being greedy and wanted to have it all. It wasn't until we were able to contact the lawyer and have him show the family that Don did not work for his father, that the family backed down and said, "Well, I guess it is yours." But, Don and I have always been very grateful that Dad had the wisdom to give us advice and counsel to have a contract and to keep it current. If he hadn't, we would have walked away from that situation probably with feelings towards family members and with nothing. As it is, we were able to sell the farm and redo things after Dad died. If it hadn't of been for Dad sitting us down and giving us that advice, we would really have had a difficult time.

There are other things about Dad: When Don and I first got married and lived on the farm, we had a good year but then after that first year the farming went downhill and we really struggled. No matter how difficult times were for us, Dad was always there to



lend advice and wisdom and I remember so many times calling him on the phone and expressing to him how tough times were and suddenly having a letter come in the mail with a check in it saying, "Go ahead and buy some food or do what you need to with this check." I remember how badly we needed to have insulation in our home. We had a home that just had framed walls in it for a while and it was cold. When Dad found out that we didn't have insulation in our home, he went ahead and told us to get the insulation. It is interesting how all through our married life, whenever we needed help, Dad was always there and has been generous, never asking for anything in return, just very thoughtful and kind like I said earlier.

Dad has always had a lot of wisdom. It seems like whenever he spoke, I always listened because I knew that whatever he had to say was really important. When Dad was put in as the patriarch of the stake, Don and I were thrilled. All along we felt like he was the type of man that would be an excellent patriarch. He spiritually has been very strong and he always seemed to know the right thing to say at the right time. Whenever advice needed to be given, it was always good and sound and we knew that if he felt it was important enough to talk to us about it, we had better do it. If we didn't do it, we would be held accountable for what we didn't do.

Don's father didn't know Dad really well, but when Dad was a little bit younger, in the business of sugarbeets, Don's father had a test plot that he had on his ground and he remembers Dad being the person who came and took care of that test plot. He told me many many times that the first time he met Dad, he called him Archie. "I knew he was a dynamic man. I could just feel in his presence how dynamic he was." It was interesting when Don and I met and his father found out who my father was, he immediately said, "I know him" and then he would tell me that story. He told me after we got married, that he knew that if I was Archie's daughter, then I was good enough for his son. It seemed like most of my young life I was President Richards' daughter or Arch's daughter and it never bothered me that I was his daughter. I always looked up to him and was so proud that my Dad was in the Stake presidency and



that he was who he was. I don't ever remember a time that I took him to an outing or something like that that I wasn't so excited to be with him. He never embarrassed me. He always treated me like gold. When they called me Arch's daughter, I really enjoyed it. It has been interesting to think back on his life, because I am not one who remembers a lot of details. I remember the things that I gained but as far as details are concerned, I have a difficult time. I know that the type of a personality that Dad is and as I grow older, it becomes more valuable to me. As a youth I revered him and I looked up to him, but as an adult I think I learn more from him because my life becomes more like his was. I keep thinking that I know now why he did that and I stand in awe as to how did he ever have the wisdom to know to do that. I don't know what kind of a father that he had, but I do know that the things that I do today to help my children and the principles that I stand for, and the things that I believe in, come from the roots of living at home with Mother and Dad. I don't feel that these are things that I have learned since being an adult. They are things that are ingrained in me because I watched them happen with my parents. The things that I do today and the opinions I have, come from watching my father and seeing how he handled things. He was the type of person that it was either right or wrong. When he felt something was wrong, he let you know it was wrong and why it was wrong. By him doing that lovingly, it allowed me to grow and to gain a testimony without being aware that I was doing that. I think I will always be grateful for the strength that he had. I feel that I have a strong background in right and wrong which allows me to make a good decision and choice and gives me the agency to choose. Dad was really quiet, never loud or boisterous. He was there and I knew what he stood for and I knew what he agreed with and didn't agree with.

### LISA'S MEMORIES OF DAD

The first time I really remember Dad is when I used to work in the shop. I would sweep his floor and I whined all the time, but I remember how he would look at it and teach me how to do a little bit more. Now that I have kids I feel that he was very patient with me.

The next time I remember working with him was when I was 9 or 10 and we would work in the grapes. This was when we moved to Washington state. We needed to move some pipelines and so he took me out and he put me on this old tractor and he told me to drive and just to keep the nose of the tractor at a certain place and down a certain row. I did pretty good. I didn't run over too many beets. I would get to the end of the row and then stop and he would come and turn the machine around and then we would go down another row and basically we went at the same speed. I was really proud of myself and I felt that he was proud of me. I felt like I was finally doing something worthwhile for Dad. I remember lots of times like at Christmas he would put my baby buggy together and do stuff like that.

As the years went by, I got to be in the 6-8 grades and Deniece was still home and she was in the 12th grade. I was really stubborn and I just did not like losing. I didn't like being wrong. I remember having lots of fights and Deniece would say, "Now listen, Dad always wins so just don't worry about it." That used to make me so mad that Dad always won. I remember one day when I was in 9th or 10th grade, that I was sitting in that yellow vibrator chair that they have and I was sitting on his lap. I remember saying to him, "Have you noticed how we have been able to get along lately! I don't know what's happened!"

He was always very quiet. He never really answered right away because he has the answer. He always would take his time. Sometimes, since I am such a fast talker, I would complete his sentences and say, "Let's get through with this, Dad." But he was one that really thought through what he was doing and how people felt, even though as a kid, I didn't think that. It just seemed that I was so closed-minded. I didn't think I was closed-minded

then but now that I've gotten older and can look back on it, I realize that I was. He just smiled and took his time coming up with the answer. He said, "Well, I decided to take a class." I said, "What do you mean, take a class?" He had taken a class on how to raise teenagers or how to handle your teenagers. I don't know what it was really about but it was a parenting class and he had taken the time to do that. I know at that point in my life, that was a turn around for me. I had always been really nervous to be in the car with Dad and wondered what I was going to talk about and things like that. At that point I realized that he really did care about me and thought about me and worried about me and to me that was a turning point. After that I am sure we had our little disagreements and it wasn't just a bed of roses, but after that I don't remember having any big confrontations with him. He wasn't saying, "I see the beam in your eye or the mote, or however it goes." That was a turning point for me.

From then on Dad and I did a lot of things together. Mostly I did my talking with Mom, but when I would come in from date night, Mom would be wearing her earplugs, so just calling in, she wouldn't answer and Dad would wake up and I would sit by his bed and talk with him. After I got through talking and laughing and saying what I'd done and everything, then Mom would wake up and she would get into the conversation. I was really a Mama's kid. I really hung on my mom and that is why I think through my younger years I really didn't realize the importance that Dad played. I was clingy, a brat and the youngest. When Mom would go and visit, like when Sue or Kathy would have their kids and she would go and stay with them, that was the time that Dad and I got to stay together. At first I really worried about it. I remember one time we went to church and we had put a ham in and we came home from church and it smelled so good and we opened it up and it just looked burnt. We just looked at it like "We have ruined a \$10 ham!" We just looked at it awhile and thought, "What are we going to do now?" Dad said, "Well, let's take it out." So, we took it out and we started cutting it and that was the best ham I have ever tasted. I remember thinking, "Wow, we need to burn every ham we

have." We looked at each other like, "Oh, great!" That was a special time for me.

Another time that I really remember was when we'd have family prayer. From the time I was 14-15, Deniece was gone to college and she got married that first year after Ricks. It was in between my freshman and sophomore year. I was an only child my last four years. I really remember family prayers. I remember that people would call up, people like Sue or Nathan. Mom and Dad would take time on the phone asking how they were doing and what they needed. Then during family prayer, even though the conversation was two or three days ago, Mom and Dad would still be praying about it. I could really feel that when I was away at school and when I am away right now, that they are doing the same thing.

It wasn't just from Mom. That is the thing that I see now with wives and husbands being married. A lot of it comes from the woman and it didn't in our family. A lot came from Dad. They were equally yoked. When you yoke an oxen and it's pulling, if it's not equally yoked, the one in the lead will all of sudden start leading the way and the one that is behind will just walk along or have a sore neck. But, when they are equally yoked, they work equally hard and that's what I really noticed in my parents is that not only was Dad very religious, and had very good prayers, and read his scriptures, but so did Mother. It really brought a security and balance in my life.

One thing I remember is the time he spent with Nate and Maureen. It's because I was a little bit older, you know, late high school and college, I can't remember exactly when it was, but I remember how he used to go and spend time with them or help them build something. He just never felt like he did enough. He was always doing as much as he could for his kids. I remember calling them up and telling them that Skyler and I needed a place to live for a month and could we come live with them while we were out of our apartment here and moving down to BYU. They sat there and listened to me and finally the comment was made, "That's two women in the household. We just don't think that's good." Well at first my feelings were hurt, but then I realized that they were teaching

me to be independent and to depend on not only myself, but the Lord. It was a great experience. I went down to BYU. I lived there for six weeks. I learned a great deal while Don wasn't there and I really think that it was a lesson. They know how to follow their feelings which is the Holy Ghost speaking to them.

Dad's never bragged about anything. Sometimes he'll talk, but you'll notice that there is an air that he's not bragging, he is just telling you a situation to help you understand. That came in later years, too. I realized that in my days as a youth that I was really closed-minded in what I was doing and my life really centered around me. He was an excellent listener. He would sit there and look at me and wouldn't shake his head yes or no. Sometimes I worried about that and wondered what he was thinking, but he always told me. Now I realize that he was really thinking and analyzing what needed to be said or what really was the problem. I had a problem with Skyler last night. He came in and was complaining about something. After talking about it for about 45 minutes, (I was just sitting there, shaking my head and patting him and stuff like that) something came to me as to what the problem really was. I really feel that that is something that I have learned from Dad. He just sits there and he listens and then he gives his answer. You have to be patient in return to wait for that answer.

I always enjoyed it when my dates would come pick me up. Mom and Dad didn't really have hard set rules about dating. They would ask what we were doing and how much time we needed and stuff like that. When the date would come in, Dad would always be there sitting on the couch, reading a book or something, and he would always talk to my date. I never had problems with guys. There were girls that said, "Oh, don't go out with him or he'll have his hands all over you!" There was just never any problem. I really think it was just my dad sitting there. The boys must have realized and knew that Dad expected them to treat me like a young lady. I knew my dad expected me to act like a young lady, also. There was one time I remember that I was in the bathroom with a girlfriend just touching up really quick. We had gone to a dance

or something, I don't remember exactly. We had come home and there was this guy Skip that was seeing me. We weren't going together or anything, but we were seeing each other. He was making his usual comments about things that high school kids say and all of a sudden I heard this voice from the family room, "Lisa." I knew from the tone that something was wrong. I walked in and I said, "What, Dad? What do you need?" He turned to me and he said, "If you don't tell that boy to shut up his mouth, tell him that I will throw him out of the house!" It dawned on me how Skip was really acting and I said, "I will, Dad." So I said to Skip, "Cut the crap and quit talking like that!" We were about ready when Dad said this. It had been going on for about 5 minutes. I was walking out the door with Skip and walking to the car, I told him what Dad had said and he turned to me and said, "Oh, your dad, he couldn't do anything like that." Let me tell you right then I looked at him and I said, "I don't care to go out with you anymore." And we didn't, we didn't see each other anymore. I remembered defending my dad. I knew that Skip was not treating me right and Dad had to knock me over the head. We had not been seeing each other for months and months, only for a few weeks, but he had treated me that same way. Dad really knew how to teach in subtle hints and subtle teachings. It's not that he came in there and embarrassed me by yelling at me in front of the kids or yelling at Skip, he just very calmly said to me that either he shut his mouth or... I really realized how much I had been taught in the home. You can joke or tease a little but you don't tease about things that might hurt somebody's feelings; that is called "putting down." That is such a problem even with adults. I am grateful of that teaching that Dad gave me at that time.

He was never one to show his affection. I know sometimes I would go up and put my arms around him. I was always very dramatic and still am in a lot of ways. I can see now that he was kind of embarrassed but he would just quietly take my arms down. Sometimes it would hurt my feelings but I realize that his way of telling me how much he cared was different than my way was and that I needed to know and accept the way that he showed me love and acceptance.



Later on this really helped me when I lived with Kathy. Kathy is not one who really shows her affection. She shows it but she doesn't really come right out and say "I love you." There were so many things that I learned from Dad. I appreciated that he had taken classes for me and that gave me an "in". I tried to understand him and I realized that some people aren't affectionate and you have to know how to treat them so that they feel comfortable.

One thing I used to love doing was to get all dressed up for a stake dance and then to go in and show Dad my dress and model it for him and ask him how I looked. If he said, "Hmmm, nice, dear," then I always knew that he really didn't care for the dress or hair style and then I would have to pick his brain for an answer as to why he didn't like it. "Well, Dad, why don't you like it?" Then he would go, "It's not that I don't like it." Then I would say, "Well, okay, but is there something else?" He'd say, "Well, I really like that black dress." The black dress was one that I had that had lots of lace and frills and was form-fitting and shapely. From that experience I decided that the kind of clothes that I should search for were those that flattered me. I still do the same thing today because my husband likes it.

Dad always took me and my friends boating and he didn't have to. All he did was sit in the boat the whole time but he would always take us out after work or after school if it was really hot. Now I realize that he took time that he really didn't have. That was a fond memory and another good memory was that I remember helping him work on the motor of the boat or on his motorcycle, that huge Harley of his. One day he goes, "Lisa, why don't you come out and hold my cycle for me. I need you to do something." I said, "Okay." I went out and was holding onto it and all of a sudden I realized I was tipping. "Dad, Dad, I'm tipping." He came up and he caught me and caught the bike. I enjoyed having those experiences with Dad and being a so-called "only child." I have had the opportunity the past two weeks of putting in a new engine in our van. Don did it for the first little while when he was out of school, but once he started school, I realized the pressure and

so I went and helped him and I got under there and put the exhaust manifold on. I went in and took off the tray to the transmission and cleaned it out. I'm the one that put the power-steering thing in and it got all greasy and I thought to myself, "I couldn't do this if I had not had a Dad that had said, "Come on Lisa. This is not a man's job or a woman's job, this is just a job and I need help." This experience of putting the motor in the van has really been a binding one for Don and I. I attributed a lot to Dad who just said, "Okay, you're a girl, but that doesn't mean there are certain things you can't do." Maybe I wasn't strong enough but he didn't expect me to be strong. I really appreciate that teaching.

I didn't realize until I moved back East how much my parents had taught me about not being prejudice. We should just love everyone for themselves and accept them for who they are. It doesn't matter if they have disabilities, if they are black or white, poor or rich. I cherish that teaching because many people still have a racial problem and I don't feel that I do as much as others do.

Once, when I was a freshman at Ricks College, I got really homesick and called home. Mom was at some meeting and so I talked to Dad. It was like a light coming into my head. "Wow, look at all the wisdom in this person that I have just totally passed over." To this day, if Don or I have a problem, we will call Dad. (Don's parent's haven't been to school and struggled in that way, although they have struggled with other problems). We will get on the phone and say, "We need to talk to Dad", and Mom will get him on the phone and we will talk through our problem and so many times he has the answer for us. When Don and I get on the phone, I usually do all the talking and you never know that Don is there and that is how it is with Mom and Dad usually, but when we have a specific problem that we need help on, Mom sits and listens as Dad counsels us with our problem.

I was proud of them when they went to Pakistan and proud of my mother for following him to Pakistan. I was really proud of how he treated the people there. That's when I started realizing what I had been taught about racial prejudice. It is just a matter of

who is the best man for the job or the best person for the job. But, it is not the best person because they are white. Dad treated those people like him and they loved him dearly and I understand why they did.

At Christmas and Thanksgiving holidays we were basically alone because we lived so far away from family and we really didn't have anybody. I remember one time reading on Christmas Eve the Christmas story and I put on a play. Since there was just me and Dad and Mom, I got out all my stuffed toys. This was when I was a junior or senior in high school. I thought it was accepting of them to let me have my alligator as Mary and my little teddy as the baby Jesus. They enjoyed the story just as they had done before when they had put on a real skit of the play. By the time they got around to raising me, they knew that sometimes teenagers are dumb or bored or stupid and they accepted me for what and who I was.

One thing that always got me was that Dad always knew what I was thinking or what I needed to know. The prime example was the time I came home from my mission. I was mad at Don because he had gone to see a girl in Alabama for three weeks so I didn't want to see him. Don came up and I was really cold. Don had called me one night and I woke up the next morning and really felt a very strong desire to go see him so I said to Mom, "I know the drive to Richland is an hour and a half and it's the first of November so there might be snow and you never know when a storm is going to come. Can I go visit Don?" Mom said, "Will, let me go talk to your father." I didn't realize this until later but she went in and told Dad what I said and he said, "Well, it's about time." So then I went and that night we got engaged. I came back and I had wanted to tell, but I wanted Don to ask for my hand in marriage and he couldn't come until Friday and so it was about Thursday night. Dad had something on Friday and I told him that he needed to be home and so I kind of indicated that there was something I needed to tell him. He was sitting in that pink old rocking chair of Grandma Richards and he said, "You are engaged." I said, "You just take all the fun out of a surprise!"

## DAD'S COMMENTS ON FAMILY MEMBERS

Ilene has always tried to keep the place looking neat and clean and presentable and I have tried to keep the place as neat and clean as I could on the outside. The outside was my responsibility and Ilene's was the inside. It seemed like as long as we didn't cross lines, everything seemed to work out alright. Thank goodness for having some good background experience in that regard when the opportunity to go to Pakistan came. Had Ilene not been committed to going where I had to go to make a living, she would have not decided to go with me to Pakistan. But, it was ingrained in her that it was her duty and responsibility to make a home with a happy family wherever we went. Like I've said, we've lived in some humble homes but home is always a place where love is. That has been the sustaining influence throughout our lives. Thank goodness that was ingrained in her because now we are enjoying the fruits of our labors. Because of my financial earnings in that short time in Pakistan and in the year before, we have been able to receive sufficient social security benefits to make our life most enjoyable today. Were it not for Pakistan, we would really be struggling to make ends meet and probably having to work at some menial task to provide for our needs.

It's always been the policy with Ilene and I that when we would receive a transfer that we would find something suitable to live in with the thought in mind that once we were there and had our feet on the ground that we would look for a place that would better fit our needs. Because of this policy, we have lived in 45-50 different houses. Each time we moved, the hatred for the job grew and we've always looked forward to the time we could settle down permanently and establish some roots and not always be looking forward to finding a better place to live. It's been a great sense of satisfaction to have a nice home here in Santa Clara and one that is adequate for our needs; not a castle but it's our castle and it compliments our way of life. It's neat and it's clean and it's wholesome. There is an atmosphere here that many people comment about when they come into our home; a feeling of love and

comfort here and that shows by the furnishings and by the pictures and by the many things that we have hung on the wall such as our family heritage. This all goes to make a house a home.

I would like to break my train of thought and talk about my family. I find this difficult to do because my emotions give me away. Never-the-less, I will try to make it through. Kathy was our first born, the pride of our lives and evidence of our maturity. Little did we realize the joy that flesh and blood could bring to us. She truly was a recreation of our genetic make-up. She was strong-willed and self-styled like her father, intelligent like her mother, hard-working and very capable, traits that she inherited from both her parents. As a baby she was very strong and agile. I guess somewhat put, she was very wirey. At a very early age we had to strap her in her buggy and in her stroller to keep her from falling out of the buggy on her head. When she was nine months old we went to pay Ilene's mother a visit and we were waiting for the bus and Kathy was walking around. There was a man sitting on the other side of the room who took a fancy to her and he pulled out of his pocket a stick of gum and offered it to her. She walked over very hesitantly and took the stick of gum and said, "Thank you." That about tipped him off his chair; a little girl only nine months old and who had already been taught to say "Thank you." Kathy was the pride and joy of our hearts. We bought a second-hand stroller and we would parade the streets with our firstborn, showing her off to everyone that came along because of her strength; why at five months old she was standing up and hanging on and trying to jump. People walking by would stop us and tell us what a pretty little girl she was, which almost stripped the buttons off her dad's jacket. She was such a sharp little thing! As she grew, more family was added and from that point on she had to share in the love of the family for the children that were sent to us. Kathy always was a very sharp little girl. The teachers always used to compliment us on two things: on her natural intelligence and on her willingness to do what she was told. I know when she first started school, it was very difficult for her to adjust to the first few days. At home



things had been so quiet and peaceful, nobody hollering and shouting and when she went to school, she was thrown in with thirty-five other first graders and there was chaos and confusion and she would come home bewildered and all shook up. She found it very difficult to adjust to the noise that was at that school. In time this passed and she was able to make her adjustment and she always liked school because she excelled there. She grew up like a normal child, at least to the point that she could because she had parents that had never had a child before and were not trained in the ways of raising a family and so Kathy had to adjust for her parent's inabilities at times. Kathy was very dependable as she grew older. At the early age of 11 she was babysitting all of our other children and doing an excellent job. We could trust her with the children and know that things would be handled as we would like them to be handled. This trait carried over into her late teen years where she was employed by me through the sugar company. I was doing research work at the time and had need of people to do exacting work in collecting and packaging and so forth with my samples for analysis. I found that Kathy was one of the best employees that I have ever hired. At an early age she knew sufficient about my work that I could make her crew leader and she would accomplish the task exactly. I could always depend upon the results that she collected for me. In school she graduated in the top five of her class. After high school, she and her girl friends decided that they would batch at Ricks College and go there rather than Idaho State. Kathy wasn't one to be pushed around. She always knew what she thought and she would stand by her convictions. There was a time when she had a run in with a teacher at Ricks. I guess she wouldn't give way to some of the thoughts that the teacher had and she'd come home and bounce them off of us, her parents, to see if she was thinking the same as we were. Never do I remember her getting in a discussion with any of her teachers that she was wrong. We would have so indicated if she had been wrong. We never had to worry about Kathy's feelings or her knowledge of right and wrong. Because it was always close to her heart, she was always able to make the right choices. As an



employer, I used Kathy doing any job that I could put a man on. One time a young return missionary came to me and ask me for a job and I told him that if he could keep up with my daughter, why I'd gladly hire him. He thought I was just pulling his leg and thought that it was quite funny and he said that if he couldn't keep up with any girl then he would quit. For the first week he had one of the toughest times of his life because Kathy would just run him all day long. She didn't know that I had made the statement that she was just working naturally and it was trying him to the limit. That was just the way Kathy was: anything that I could give her to do, she would always do it exacting and fast. I was always proud of her work. She was always obedient as a child and brought us great joy. Later on when Ilene and I were called to serve a mission or when we were in Pakistan and Peru, Kathy took care of our affairs. I was never concerned about what she would do with our affairs because she is so dependable and honest. She has been a great help to us in our married life, helping us rear our children and helping teach correct principles. I just can't say enough good about her.

Next is Sue. Sue was a pretty little girl, late in walking and never felt that she needed to talk, probably didn't see a need. Kathy seemed like she was the spokesman for both of them. Whatever Kathy said that she would like to do, Sue would say, "Me, too." We called her our little "me too" girl for some time. She was easily entreated and willing to cooperate. She was diligent in carrying out any assignment we gave her and she always wanted to please. She was very intelligent and had a great passion to excell which made her the validictorian of her graduating class in high school. Sue attracted kids like honey does flies. She would sit down in the middle of our lawn in Shelley and the kids would make a circle around her on the grass and she would tell little stories and make them up and tell them and that seemed to carry over into her teen years. People would gather around her and seek her counsel and advice and listen to the stories tht she would tell. Seems like all through her life this trait has almost acted like a magnet in attracting friends and influencing people to her way of thinking.

When she went to Girl's State she received the honor of Governor for the state of Idaho. Before she left she made up her mind she was going to run for the governor's job and we gave her the necessary encouragement that she needed to make plans. Before she left she had her campaign all arranged and ideas for bulletins and posters and songs that she would use. While there she used to go around to the various groups of girls and counsel and confide with the girls that had problems. She could help the girls get their thinking squared away and their head on straight. She was very capable in doing this. Also while she was going to Ricks she served as one of the dorm officers and counseled many of the girls in the dorm where she was in charge. This trait also showed itself as she went to Ricks College because she became Woman of the Year. This trait has carried through in her married life. Mediocrity wasn't good enough for her and her family. This has been a dominate influence in her life. Lots can be said of each child but I just mention a few things that stand out about each one of them.

Nathan, our first son, was a dynamic young man but a willing subject. He was very tender-hearted and always wanted to please. He was small for his age during his teen years which developed in him compassion and other strengths. This was an acquired characteristic and had it not been for his diminutive size he may have been proud and impatient and arrogant. But, because of his size, he was very sensitive to the needs of others. He has always been very capable with his hands and has excelled in his chosen profession of transforming wood into art. He is a very responsible and capable employer. At the early age of 15 he was able to serve as a crew leader directing men's activities in technical and exacting work. He has shown a great ability to love and to change young men and women's lives for good. His heart knows no bounds and he is giving and forgiving to a fault. I had a few problems with Nathan as the years went by but I think this shows my character more than it does his. He always has had a great influence with young men's lives. While in Richland, he had a group of 19 boys which were in his Explorer class. Of those 19 boys, all but one was active in the Priest quorum. Nathan bought

a bus to haul kids around in to do the things that he wanted done. The struggle that he had when he was young trying to overcome a complex, helped him acquire an ability to understand young people. He's devoted most of his life to working with young people and I don't feel you could get a better person to lead young people than Nathan. As an employee, he worked right along my side. I had a lot of teaching moments where we were driving to or from work and I always used to cherish the time that I spent with him because he was an easy subject to teach and was always anxious to learn and whenever I was making anything, he was right to the side of me trying to learn what I was doing and why. This has carried over into his profession. As a father, I don't think you would find a better one. He's strict with his kids but kind and considerate. They know when he speaks that he means what he says. But, he's not harsh or abusive in any way. That's just not his nature.

I should talk a little about Charles now. He was a sweet and affable child who had a strong competitive instinct or spirit. Early in life he wanted to unlock the mysteries within the covers of books. He too was an able and capable employee, but working in research work along to my side held no attraction for him. But, the counsel of his father to get all the education that he could, left it's impression. Sports played an important role in his life and taught him discipline and the importance of practice and preparation in his life. Thinning beets was a bore, but he learned that little things required the utmost attention and that "this too would pass". He had the opportunity of achieving his goal if he would compromise his standards, but more important than being a doctor was maintaining the things that he'd been taught as a missionary. I have never seen anyone quite as disturbed as he was when he came out from an interview at the University of Washington where the professor tried to get him to say that he would approve of mercy killings and I guess the argument got so heated that Charles told the professor that he wasn't God and God was the only one that he was following. The professor could have accepted him into the School of Medicine but told him that that was the end of the interview. It was a very sobering experience for him but I was

proud that he had the courage to stand up to people that were on the wrong track. This has always been a trait of Charles: to stand up for what he knew was right. Even today, right takes precedence over all else. He has made his commitment to follow the Good Shepherd and to this day, money has never challenged his honor. The things that matter most in this life are not in jeopardy to the pleasures of the moment. Charles could always see the amusing side of things. In school we received reports from his school teachers that when kids would give the wrong answer, Charles would burst out in laughter and get all the class laughing and it would seem like he would take over the class. The teacher reported such to Mum and I and we told him that we would have to reprimand him if he continued. The next evaluation, the teachers said that the problem was corrected and that he was a model child. We were always proud of him and the accomplishments that he has made. The experiences of thinning beets and topping beets and bagging them and the various responsibilities that he hated so much as a boy proved very valuable to him as he strove to gain his education. He realized that he had to give it all that he had and that "this too would pass."

Now a few comments about Deniece. Deniece was our child of love and compassion. She was never belligerent, always easy to train. She came with an extra portion of confidence and determination to challenge the impossible and achieve. She has been musically inclined and has the fortitude to stick to a task and excel. She never had want for good friends, for she had the natural talent of communicating and working with people. We found that her standards also were unsullied and that her "head was on straight." She always wanted to please her parents and her Heavenly Father and Mother. Her desires to please always overshadowed her desire to have her own way and so she was easy to train and conform to our wishes. She never questioned her ability to do things, if it could be done, even though she had never done it before. I remember coming home one night. We'd been away and she needed a new dress and not having any experience on a sewing machine, she sat down and cut out the dress, sewed it together and

had it ready to wear by the time Mum got home. It took a little time for Mum to sit down and take out the seams and resew some places here and adjust others there, but she had made a dress all on her own never having tried before. And this carried over in her life. She wanted to be the ward organist and it frightened me because I realized that she hadn't had enough training to be a ward organist, but she felt that she could play the tunes and told them so and for awhile she was the Sunday School organist. She made a few mistakes, but she had the "stick-to-it-iveness" to hold out until she was capable of playing them without any mistakes and this is very characteristic of all of the things that she does nowadays. There isn't anything that she can't do. All she needs is an opportunity to try and it works out for her benefit. Deniece has always been a kind and considerate person and especially to those close to her like her parents and her brothers and sisters. She has always tried to calm "troubled waters". Today she is still positive and cheerful regardless of the circumstances she finds herself in and this characteristic all of us can take a page from. It has been difficult at times, but she has always met the challenge with a positive attitude and a cheerful nature and we try to incorporate that into our lives.

Now a comment or two about Lisa. She was our last but she was far from being the least of our children. If I had to make a determination of which was least, I couldn't do it because each has qualities that the other hasn't and they are offsetting qualities. Lisa generated a host of friends. In observing her closely in her early teens, I felt she lacked the confidence that the other members of the family had, but she had an ability to manipulate her friends to get them to do things that she wanted done. Now this quality early in her teen years was a liability or was something that needed to be changed, but we found as she matured that these qualities were directed into leadership skills and she has used them very effectively even today. Because of the difference in age and the changing customs of the times, she was challenged by her peer group to follow dress standards that weren't acceptable to her parents. She has always valued and sought her parents counsel but



she liked us to allow her the choice and give her free rein so that she could make her own decisions and this we did as soon as she was mature enough. Those limits were extended, predicated on the responsible conduct that she showed. Lisa, as my employee, showed great ability to evaluate and equate varying field conditions due to treatment and was exacting in gathering reliable data. I observed this quality in her daily life. Lisa's missionary experiences gave her confidence which was not evident in her early life and today her services are sought after because of her ability to influence young people. Lisa has always been very close to her parents and being the last in the home I guess we centered all of our love in her because we knew soon that our last child would be leaving the home. This was quite a trial for us because we had had children in the home for roughly 35 years, and now family life as known by children in the home was coming to a close. In a way we looked forward to being together again on a one to one basis, but we didn't look forward to having our family gone and not around us. We had taught them as children to be self reliant and able to do their own thinking and to work hard and give an honest day's work for an honest day's pay and to be kind and considerate of other's interests. These various traits we tried to build in them as children, now making them self sustaining and able to go it on their own. This in and of itself was difficult for us as parents to allow them to go ahead and make the mistakes that we made and counsel only when counsel was asked for, and then counsel in such a way that they knew that the choice was theirs.

We feel proud of our children. We haven't had a one that has "kicked over the traces" and lost sight of the ultimate objective of life. Today they are all actively engaged in a worthy cause and doing much good on their own. Had I an opportunity to do it over again I don't know of a thing that I would do differently except that I would be a little easier on the first ones of the family because I learned in the latter part of the family that I didn't have to be so strict, so demanding of obedience of my way of thinking. Together we have learned and loved and have a strong bond that still stands today. I frequently use my children as



examples in teaching the things that I feel need to be taught to some of my peers and associates to help them bring a better way of life into their lives.

I wish to say before leaving my thoughts on my children, that all have married well and had I been given the opportunity of choosing for them, I couldn't have done better myself. Our in-laws are stalwart and strong, good companions, are dedicated to righteous living, are kind and considerate to my grandchildren, teaching them correct principles and allowing them to make decisions on their own when they reach that stage of maturity that they should be making those choices. It is a great comfort to know that your children have married well because you know that where they have married well, they will bring a generation of grandchildren that will be an honor and a credit to you. And one way that you can tell if you have been successful in training your children is to observe your children as they teach their children or your grandchildren. If your grandchildren are taught the principles that you have taught your children then you will know that you have been a success in getting the message to them.

I have always been concerned about my children following in the footsteps of their parents because my Patriarchal Blessing indicated that my children would not always follow the counsel from their parents. I have wondered as each child came along if this was the one that would sidestep and go some other direction. But eternal vigilance has been the watchword because of that statement, and as of this sitting I haven't found one that has gone contrary to the teachings of the home. And for that I am proud. President Benson said that we shouldn't be proud, but I don't know what else to call it other than proud of the accomplishments of my children.

There are many things that I could say that would just add words to the comments that have been made, but feel that this suffices to give you a better feeling as to the things that I have observed in my children, and hope they suffice.

This section wouldn't be complete without making a comment about Ilene. She's my love, my sweetheart, my companion, and my helpmate. I don't think that a sweeter person could be found. She

has led our children and taught them in the ways of righteousness for which I'll eternally be grateful. For the time speedily comes when we'll be joined together eternally and have the joys of a family relationship there. Our life together has been most enjoyable because of Ilene's wit and her candor. She's always saw the lighthearted side of things and we've always had lots of laughs in the home. We've worked as a couple "equally yoked," and have enjoyed each other's company, almost to the exclusion of others. I feel like I'm half dressed without her. She's been a brick when it comes to times of adversity. Together we've stood firm, often not having the where-with-all to know which direction to go when things go wrong, but always being blessed with inspiration and revelation pertaining to the direction that we should go. She's been a choice mother, a good wife, a loving companion, and my pride and my joy. Ilene is an excellent teacher as is recognized by all with whom she comes in contact. Our greatest joy is serving together in various capacities in the church. Our missionary experiences have always been a great source of enjoyment for us because we were serving together, as are we today, serving together teaching the new stake missionaries as they are called, serving together in the temple, serving together in the family history center, and serving together in the home. So our life is mutually entwined with His. We have had occasion in life to make choices, and because of choosing to serve the Lord over the choice to serve industry, I have been denied opportunities, but now in this stage of life, those opportunities seem so insignificant as compared to the choice that has allowed me to serve in the House of the Lord, in searching out our genealogy, and in serving with my eternal companion. In the words that expressed somewhat Charles' feelings, "I hope this too shall never pass." I love her dearly, and I'm not looking forward to the time when we shall be separated for a short time.



The following are letters that were received from friends and relatives in response to a request for information regarding the life of Archibald W. Richards.

Dear Becky,

I received your request for information yesterday. It is rather quiet this morning so I'll put my thoughts on paper. I hope you don't mind my using a pencil. I can correct my spelling mistakes much easier. Much of the information you already have.

I will write of my life and from this you will have the background for Arch's life. My first recollection of our family occurred when I was about three years of age. There was a large group of people at the house next door (about 1/2 block away). I was told it was my Grandmother's funeral. Sometime later we moved into the big white brick house where my Grandmother lived. We slept upstairs in the unfinished attic. I can still hear the rain falling on the roof at night. We would be tucked in bed under numerous blankets (wool) and feather comforters. We would have a feather mattress under us so we would be warm as toast as we sunk into the feather bed. Electricity at that time was for lighting only. A long electric cord hung down from the 10 foot ceiling with a bulb at the end. The light was turned on by a long pull chain from the ceiling. With a large family to feed radios were a luxury only the wealthy could afford. We got our first radio when I was 9 or 10 years of age. This was when Arch was about 16 or 17. We would sit around the radio on Sunday nights and listen to "One Man's Family."

Housing-sleeping arrangements changed for me when I was about 7. The big white brick house was not as big as the family so sleeping accommodations changed. The girls stayed in the house with Mother and Father and the boys slept in the little house where we lived when Grandmother died. The house did not have central heat and coal was at a premium so we slept in a cold house. Mother would warm some bricks in the oven, wrap them in cloth and put them in the bottom of the bed to keep our feet warm until our body heat could warm the bed.

Living in a large family during the Depression was difficult. Money was very hard to come by. Dad's source of income was from a flock (about 50) of sheep. Each spring the sheep would all be sheared by hand (no electric clippers). The wool was bound up in a ball about 2 feet in diameter then stuffed into a wool sack. A wool sack is about 8 feet long and is suspended vertically to be filled. Our job was to stomp the wool into place inside the sack. It was hot dirty work and we hated it. The sheep also provided income from the spring lamb crop. They were sold to a grocery store in Midvale that had a butcher shop in the store. Another source of income was from the milk and butter obtained from our cows. The milk was sold for 20 cents per gallon and butter was sold for 30 cents per pound. Milk and butter was traded at the store in West Jordan for sugar, salt, spices and canning lids. Money from the sale of wool, lambs, etc. paid for coal, taxes and

clothing. Flour was obtained by hauling wheat to the Gardner mill in West Jordan and exchanging it for flour and bran. The miller kept a portion of the grain as payment. Barter was a way of life during those years.

When I was 12 things took a turn for the better. Mother inherited a home from her Aunt--the woman who raised her from childhood. We moved to the new home on Redwood Road.

I was next to the youngest in the family so I always looked up to my big brothers. Arch was my favorite brother. He could do anything. He was an excellent baseball player. He played the trumpet, he was an excellent hunter and I wanted to be just like him. When he went to college at Utah State University, I got with a friend and hitch-hiked to Logan to see him.

Some of the other memories of our youth seem funny now but were unpleasant at the time. Christmas vacation from school was a special time at home. Dad had his boys home so it was time to get some work done. We always had to go to the sugar factory in West Jordan and get a load of beet pulp. This was the remnants of the sugar beets after the sugar had been extracted. It was sloppy, slimy and stunk to high heaven. We had to load the wagon by hand then haul it about 2 miles home. We hated it but the sheep and cows loved it. Another Christmas holiday task was the annual moving of the outhouse. We had to dig a new pit, move the outhouse, then cover the old pit. This was not a task you wanted to undertake prior to dinner. The move to the house on Redwood Road put an end to this annual ritual.

Food during the Depression was plentiful but not always to our liking. We ate the produce from a large garden. We always had mutton which hated and fruit, vegetables. Mother canned extensively during the summer so we ate well. If it couldn't be raised on the farm or bartered for we seldom had it. Oranges, bananas, and dates, etc. were Christmastime only foods.

I hope this can give you some insight into the conditions that shaped your Grandfather's life. You will have to read between the lines to obtain the information you need.

Sincerely yours,

Delos Richards

214T  
3801 Highland Cove Lane  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84106  
June 2, 1992

Dear Becky:

I'm sorry to disappoint you but my memory of Arch is very limited. He is the one member of the family of whom I know least. While he was still a toddler, I left Idaho to go to high school in Utah. I returned the summer when Hazel was born and stayed only during vacation time. Most of those three months were spent keeping house, cooking and helping take care of my new baby sister. Dad was unable to find a woman or girl to help with the household duties. In those days, after a birth, women stayed in bed from ten days to two weeks.

After Dad bought a ranch in what was called The Cove, he and a neighbor went into the mountains to get logs for a house. For those times, it was a big house consisting of a large living room, large kitchen, two good-sized bedrooms, an entry hall and a walk-in closet which eventually was to become a bathroom with running water. Dad planned to divert some water from Graham Creek and lay pipes to the house.

In the living room was Mother's much cherished sideboard with a mirror and carvings and Dad's prized organ along with the dining room set and, as I remember, a sofa. There were lace curtains at the tall windows. For the frontier, which Idaho was at that time, it was a lovely home.

The kitchen had a long table beneath an oblong window which was as long as the table. There were screens and the glass windows slid open during the spring and summer months. Sitting on one side of the table you overlooked a hill directly back of the house. During summer there were French forget-me-nots, sunflowers, Indian paintbrush and the fuzzy, curly flowers of the mountain mahogany. And there were mountain bluebirds. You almost never see them anymore.

It was in this house that Arch was born. Mrs Green, the town's midwife, said that Arch was born with a caul -- a membrane over his head. According to superstition, that was a lucky sign. In her booklet Richards Family History, Mother wrote, "He was a fine little fellow but had hair or a heavy fuzz almost down to his eyebrows; his shoulders and arms were covered in the same way. Some said that was a sign of strength but it soon wore off and everything was OK.

"When he was a year old, the 1918 flu was rampant and we did not escape. John and Arch had it the worst. It was a year before the effects on the baby wore off and he was well again. When Arch was three, an old lady on seeing him said, 'With his rosy cheeks and clear complexion, he is just too pretty for a boy.'"



Arch

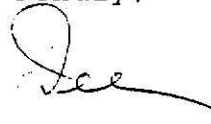
-2-

Perhaps, Becky, you can persuade Arch to let you borrow Mother's Richards Family History long enough for you to get it photocopied. It will fill you in on events not only on your grandfather but is a brief history of the entire family.

I called J. C. to see what memories he had but as he is two years and three months younger than I am, his recollections are even more limited than mine. Ruby, who is next older than Arch should have a lot of memories to fill in for you.

I'm pleased to see you filling in background on your grandfather. So many people die with so little being known about them, yet they have lived in one of the greatest times in the human race. Their lives have been important. History lets us live the times through personal remembrances that otherwise would be lost or forgotten. Good luck with your research!

Fondly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Lee".

*Kathy McMill*

Dear Becky,

Sorry to take so long to get this to you, but kept thinking I could come up with more things about Arch, but he was like the rest of us, just ordinary kids that didn't do much that was different or exciting.

The things I have jotted down are not in any particular order, but most of it is in his younger years unless I tell you about college days. You are a brave gal to undertake such a challenging undertaking--good luck.

When we lived at the Thompson home in Malta, which was 2 miles South of town, there was a stream of clear water that ran North of the house. It was from this stream that we got all of our drinking water, which we carried to the house in buckets.

Arch Richards was a little chubby preschooler that had to have a drink of water quite often. It was too much trouble to go to the house for a drink, so discovered a quick way. There was a little slope that went to the water, so Arch would lay flat on the dirt slope and worked his way down to the water. He would drink from the stream until he had all he wanted, but the catch was how was he to get back up that slope. There was not room to turn around and to pull himself backwards up the hill just didn't work, so he began to yell until someone came to his rescue.

We never thought anything about it then, but now that I have had children and grandchildren, it would worry to no end. That was very dangerous because he could easily slipped on in the stream and drowned.

Another event that happened while living in the Thompson house was each week before Easter, our Dad would give each one of us a dozen eggs to hide. We could hide them anywhere we wanted to, but if anyone saw where we put them the rules were that we could take one egg from the the hiding spot. This was a signal someone had found our eggs and we had better move them to a new place. The one having the most eggs left on Easter was the winner. Stu played it safe so no one could find his, he took them out in the field and buried them in the dirt. The sad part about his dozen was that all of the eggs had frozen.

We later moved to a home that was at the foot of the mountains, which we called the McClendon Place. It was the only place in all of Malta that had an orchard. The fruit trees were numerous and had a great variety of fruit. The water which the shade trees and orchard were watered was from a spring not too far from the house and had such cold clear water flowing year around. Watercress grew along the banks of the stream. We kids gathered watercress, washed it and put it in bunches and took it in our little red wagon to the town which was five miles away and sold our watercress for 10¢ per bunch. Each year we put up a lot of fruit to last us thru the winter time.

The big poplar trees that grew on the edge of the stream were so tall that the kids from town used to come to our place on Sunday to climb the trees with our kids. We also had honey bees and had to be aware of them. There were a lot of rattle snakes around in the area, and we collected rattlers of those that we killed, I remember having about a pint bottle of rattlers from our collection.

We were still living at the McClendon place, Arch got big enough to ride a very tame little pony that we had. I don't remember the name of the horse, but it liked Arch and the same fooling he had for the horse. However, Arch was too small to get on or off the horse so instead of letting us put him on or climb on a gate, the horse put his head down and Arch climbed on his head and when the horse raised its head Arch was able to slide back to where he was to ride. Whoever bridled the horse tied the reins together so they stayed on the neck of the horse and away they went. Upon the return ride the horse put his head down and off slid Arch and this is the way he dismounted.

Inasmuch as we lived at the base of the mountain, we were accustomed to having sheep in the hills tended by sheep herders. In the spring when the sheep had their new little lambs, some of them were not good mothers, and would have nothing to do with the baby lambs. Now if this happened, the herders would give the lambs to us to raise and we each got one and raised them on a bottle. It was fun because each one had their own and could name it what they liked.

We finally moved from the McClendon place back into the town of Malta. We had a plot of ground where Dad was going to build us a nice big home, so we could be closer to school. Five miles each morning and night became too much when more of us needed horses to get there each day. However, he built us a small home and we attended school there until Arch was old enough to go to 1st grade. We then moved back to West Jordan and Arch spent his first day at school fighting all the boys because he was the new kid. The boys came home and told what he had been up to and he didn't know better. He said, "I thought that is what we went to school for was to fight the other kids."

It was when we lived in that little house in Malta that Mother did something I have always cherished. She organized the first Home Evening. This happened a long time before the Church program for home evening ever came out to the families.

Now picture this, after supper we would get what lessons we had to do and get the dishes done and put on our pajamas and Mom sat in the big rocker. We as a family chose the books we wanted to read and Mother sat in the chair and each night we read for a certain period of time until we finally finished the book. We read many good books for kids such as Heidi, Rin Tin Tin, Black Beauty, Little Women, Call of the Wild, Huckelberry Finn and many others that had a spot in my heart. That to me was called FAMILY TOGETHERNESS.

When Arch was in high school, he was always trying to box with me and I just didn't want to be bothered. He would keep swinging at me until I would push his hands away from me. Because I touched ~~him~~ first then he thought he had the right to hit me. I guess we did that so much that my Dad bought each of us a pair of boxing gloves and said go to it and many times we had it out. Years later I found out that his aspirations in life was to become a boxer like Gene Fulmer, so had to have a sparring partner and I guess that was the reason he picked on me.

During our college days at Utah State Agricultural College, we got along fine.

Snowflake, AZ  
June 8, 1992

Dear Rebecca:

It was a pleasure hearing from you and I'm wondering which one of Ilene and Arch's daughters is your mother. It has been many years ago since we met the Richards family back in 1947 while living in Glasgow Montana.

Your Grandfather is a very important person in our lives as he was instrumental in re-activating my husband after World War II.

I was a convert to the Church while Clair was overseas. We had been married 7 months at the time I was baptized. Your Grandmother and I met the first time at a R.S. quilting. She asked where my husband was and I said, "At home," and she said, "Well we've never seen him in church," so I explained his situation about walking so far on crutches. It was the next Sunday that Arch called Clair. A beautiful friendship that has lasted these many years. Bro. Arch Richards and Ilene taught us many lessons by their example. Faith--Love--Honesty--Compassion--and an abiding Love for the Savior. I needed those things--being so new in the Church. I will always treasure the memories of those years.

You have a great heritage Rebecca. I am proud of you.

I guess you know Richards came to Glasgow when Arch worked for Utah-Idaho Sugar Co. He was transferred several times with the Company. We stopped once to visit them in Blackfoot before they moved out to Moses Lake, Wash.

I understand they live near Santa Clara, Utah, now. Had a card from there at Christmas. I could not send cards as I was at my husband's bedside for 30 days, Dec. 13-Jan. 11. Nearly lost him 3 times. I was unable to write to anyone, but I do think of all our friends often.

I don't know if any of this will help you but it was good to think back and enjoy the time with the Richards.

With Love,

Judith F. Rogers  
P.O. Box 706  
Snowflake, AZ 85937

# JONES FARM

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ROUTE 3, BOX 45-C  
MOSES LAKE, WASHINGTON 98837

August 21, 1992

Rebecca Larsen  
80 N. 740 W.  
Blackfoot, Idaho  
83221

Dear Rebecca:

I am pleased to respond to your request that I participate in the preparation of your grandfather's history. Our association seemed all too brief. Arch and Ilene won our hearts quickly when they came to Moses Lake. I speak in this case for our whole stake of the church as well as for myself.

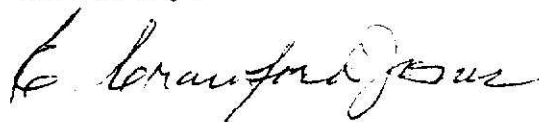
Arch was a dedicated professional in his life work of developing better sugar beets and practices for growing them. He shared with me his feelings as he stood by and watched the leaders of his company destroy the cumulative work of generations of capable men. His sensitive feelings identified in a way more profound than most could comprehend the spiritual values that were so callously trampled by men bent on destruction. He and many other fine men lost that for which they had worked most of a lifetime to obtain. He lost so very much, Rebecca, but he never at any time lost his integrity. In fact, even as closely as we worked together, I never saw him so much as raise his voice in expressing his dismay, though his feelings were very deep.

I said we worked closely together. I was privileged to serve with him in the stake presidency. When we were called, I thought he should be the Stake President. However, the Lord had other service opportunities in mind for President Richards.

Upon his return from Pakistan he was called to be a Patriarch for a short time during the absence of the regular Stake Patriarch. Those who received blessings under his hands were very privileged and they treasure his wisdom and the way he obtained the Spirit for their guidance.

Arch and Ilene Richards serve the Lord in many ways wherever they go, but their real calling in life has been to teach. They leave a long trail behind them of people who, influenced by their teaching, have lifted up their eyes and caught the vision of eternal life. In our stake they taught many the Temple preparation course and then accompanied them to the Temple. They were assigned to the singles in our stake, and they are still remembered for their love and concern. We all love them very much.

Sincerely,





Dear Rebecca Larsen:

In response to your letter, I will tell you a little about your grandfather Arch W. Richards and their mission in Peru.

I don't have the dates in front of me, but I remember picking them up at the airport and eventually taking them out to TARMA. This is a little terrace farming community at about 11,000+ feet which is the flower producing capital of Peru. In 1954 the president of Peru was from Tarma so he built a big and beautiful hotel in TARMA--it really looks out of place because everything else there is little, and very backward. Of course now it is old--but it still is a pretty place with it's dining room, t.v. and piano room, zoo, grounds--it even had a swimming pool. Arch and Eileen took two rooms and put them together. They set things up with an office for study and everything they needed. They figured out a way to cook there and survived there very nicely.

From there they would go out and train the local members. The members loved them, even though they couldn't speak too much Spanish. It was fun to listen to Eileen try and speak Spanish. You certainly would get the message of the spirit. They both studied the language alot, but Arch relied primarily on the Elders to translate for him as he trained the people. We had alot of infighting in that district and Arch was able to help to get things reorganized.

On time I went up there and they were to accompany me on a trip to a district conference in La Merced--which was the jungle. We got there and it was very hot, humid and things were disorganized. When we came for the Saturday night meeting, there were just a handful of people there and I had a number of problems that I had not anticipated. I started into the meeting and then decided I had better leave, so I turned to Arch and told him to teach the people. He had over an hour of meeting left, so he got up and taught the people the principals of the gospel. Everything was translated, but came out beautifully.

We held other conferences there the next day and conferences with the missionaries that he helped us with.

On the way out of the jungle and back up the steep and treacherous face of one mountain, we almost bought the farm. We were driving along when a single rock went bouncing across the road up ahead about 100 feet. I saw it, threw the landcruiser into reverse and started backing up. Within a few seconds, lots of other rocks came down on the road and across the road. Once the slide had stopped, we pulled forward and over the rocks to the other side and eventually to safety. It was a sobering experience.

After they had been there for awhile, things got so dangerous that we pulled them into Lima and they started a mission at the temple. We got to see them alot then as we lived close to them then. We would go to the market, see them at church and we ate Thanksgiving

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and Christmas dinner together.

Thanksgiving was a disaster as the electricity was off in Lima and we couldn't cook the turkey--we ended up eating cold chicken from one of the four KFC's in Lima, but Christmas dinner was a success.

One of the things that Richards did for me personally was to fine crude peanuts, roast and salt them and send them over for me. I loved peanuts and they knew how to fix them.

I can remember them walking to the market, shopping, getting a haircut, participating in class, and leading out in the temple. The two things most true about them from the time that I knew them as their bishop, from the time that Arch was over me in the stake presidency, and as their mission president were 1) they always had a great attitude, and 2) there was never any question about whether the church was true.

Arch would sacrifice anything for the gospel of Jesus Christ, and he is true, tried and tested. The only thing he has left to do is endure to the end.

They are our friends, our examples and we love them both. Next to my own personal parents here on earth, I think they are the most perfect couple I know.

Thanks for the opportunity to write a few lines about them.

Sincerely,

Douglas Earl



DEAR REBECCA,

THANKS !

AS I THINK ABOUT GOOD PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN IN MY LIFE, YOUR GRANDPA RICHARDS IS ONE OF THEM. BUT HIS DAUGHTER WHO YOU HAVE BEEN ATTACHED TO ALL YOUR LIFE IS ANOTHER.

SINCE YOU HAVE ASKED ME TO WRITE SOME OF MY REMBERANCES YOU HAVE TO REALIZE THAT I AM NOT ONE OF THE BEST WRITERS OR SPELLERS. SO IF YOU SEE SOMETHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO CHANGE OR SPELL RIGHT DO IT, BUT HERE IS AS GOOD AS I CAN DO.

I FIRST MET HIM BACK IN ABOUT 1954 WHEN I MOVED TO SHELLEY. AT THAT TIME AS I REMEMBER HE WAS A COUNCELOR IN THE BISHOPRIC AND SINCE WE LIVED JUST A HALF BLOCK FROM EACH OTHER WE GOT TO BE VERY GOOD FRIENDS. IN THE YEARS FROM THEN ON I WAS WORKING CHURCH WISE WITH HIM IN WARD, THE STAKE MIA AND STAKE MISSION.

DURING THESE YEARS WE SPENT MUCH TIME IN ACTIVITIES OF THE CHURCH, MEETINGS, AND HIM GIVING ME ASSIGNMENTS PLUS JUST BEING ABLE TO BE FRIENDS AND TALK TOGETHER. THIS WAS AN AGE OF MY LIFE THAT I NEEDED TO SEE THE EXAMPLE HE GAVE ME AS HOW TO BE A HUSBAND AND FATHER.

IN NOVEMBER OF 1956 MY WIFE WAS KILLED IN AN ACIDENT AND I WAS LEFT WITH THREE SONS THE OLDEST ONLY SIX YEARS OLD. AT WHICH TIME ARCH WAS THE BEST FRIEND I HAD AND HE HELPED ME SO MUCH JUST KEEPING ME IN THE GOSPEL PRINCIPALS AND LISTENING WHEN I NEEDED HIM. I HAVE NOT AND WILL NEVER FORGET THE PRINCIPALS HE GAVE AT HER FUNERAL.

FOR ABOUT THE NEXT YEAR HE PUT UP WITH ME AND THEN WAS GLAD TO LISTEN WHEN I TOLD HIM THAT I WAS AGAIN GETTING MARRIED. AFTER I WAS REMARRIED AND FROM THEN ON FOR THE NEXT 5 YEARS, AT WHICH TIME I MOVED FROM SHELLEY, HIM AND YOUR GRANDMOTHER HELPED US ALWAYS AND TREATED US LIKE THEIR KIND OF PEOPLE.

AS I THINK BACK TO THOSE YEARS WE SPENT LOTS OF EXPERIENCES TOGETHER OUT IN THE MOUNTAINS AND HUNTING TOGETHER. ON SEVERAL OCCATIONS WE TOOK SOME OF THE YOUNGER PEOPLE ABOUT MISSIONARY AGE WITH US AND A COUPLE OF OUR SONS. ONE NIGHT OUT IN THE CHALLIS, IDA. AREA HE BREATHED TOO MANY DEER GERMS AND ABOUT LEFT US. AT THAT TIME I LEARNED HOW MUCH FAITH AND WHAT KIND OF SPIRITUAL MAN HE REALLY WAS AND THIS IS HAS ALWAYS BEEN MY FEELING ABOUT HIM.

WHEN I LEFT THE SHELLEY AREA IT WAS A FEW YEARS BEFORE WE WERE AROUND EACH OTHER. AS I RETURNED BACK TO THE REXBURG AREA HE GOT ME TO BE A MEMBER OF THE DISTRICT SCOUT COMMITTEE OF WHICH HE WAS IN CHARGE. FOR A WHILE WE WERE ACQUAINTED ONCE MORE AND I REALIZED THAT HE WAS STILL MY FRIEND.

IT HAS ONLY BEEN ONCE OR TWICE SINCE THEN THAT I HAVE SEEN HIM. AS I THINK BACK, THE MANY MEMORIES THAT I STILL HAVE TELL ME THAT HERE IS ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO WILL ALWAYS BE MY BUDDY AND IF IT IS ONLY MIND WISE, I WOULD SAY ONE THING TO HIM, THANKS A MILLION.

IF THIS HELPS YOU USE IT, IF NOT, EVEN THOUGH IT IS THE TRUTH AND YOU DON'T NEED IT THROW IT AWAY.

ALWAYS YOUR FAMILY AND YOUR GRANDPARENTS FRIEND.

NEIL BAIRD  
2961W 3000S  
REXBURG, IDA. 83440

P.S.

ONE THING I HAVENT MENTIONED IS THAT I SAW HIM MANY TIMES WRITE HIS SIGNATURE AND OTHER THINGS USING A RULER TO MAKE THEM STRAIGHT AND GOOD WRITING. AND IF YOU SEE HIM AGAIN ASK HIM HOW COME HE LEARNED THE MISSIONARY LESSONS BY PUTTING THE MANUAL OR THE STEERING WHEEL OF HIS CAR TO READ IT THERE WHILE DRIVING DOWN THE ROAD.

RNB

Dear Rebecca:

What an honor and privilege to write about your grandfather.

Shortly after World War II, we were living in Montana. I was inactive in the Church. Arch and Ilene Richards moved into Glasgow, Montana, where we were living.

I got my foot crushed and was on crutches. For this reason I did not go to Church. It was my excuse.

Arch wanted to know why and my wife told him. The next Sunday the phone rang and Arch asked for me. He said, "Brother Rogers, this is Arch Richards. I'll be there in 15 minutes to get you and your family for Church. Bye." I have been active in the church since then.

We became good friends, and met together on several occasions. On one such occasion as these at Arch and Ilene Richards' home, Arch got a gallon of ice cream, cut it in half, and gave me half. Arch ate the entire half gallon. His family also had plenty, but he was the ice cream champion.

Arch and Ilene Richards will always be dear to us. They are wonderful, spiritual people. True and faithful Latter-Day Saints. We will love them and their posterity forever. God bless you always.

Your eternal friends,

Clair and Judith Rogers

P.S. Clair got a little mixed-up after 45 years. They bought 1 gal. of ice cream. One half gallon was cut in half for Clair and Arch. The other half was divided among Ilene, her 3 children, our 2 children, and me. It was such fun and a wonderful evening of choice memories--spiritual and social.



## **John and Clara Richards: Their Trials and Triumphs**

### **Beginnings in West Jordan**

The wedding guests were waiting at the Gardner home in West Jordan on the Redwood Road when John and Clara arrived in the buggy after being married in the Salt Lake Temple. It was the afternoon of November 6, 1907, and the ninety-eight guests were anxious to sit down to the carefully prepared hot supper. Tables filled the living room and dining room, and noise of old friends, perhaps discussing the recent harvest and the day's events, filled the air. After dinner John and Clara thanked each guest and received their well-wishes. As the guests left, they were each given a piece of the wedding cake--a fruit cake baked by the bride. The wedding couple departed only after all the guests were gone.<sup>1</sup>

This was the wedding reception of John Charles Richards and Clara Olive Bacon, celebrating the start of their life together. John was born November 5, 1878, in Bingham Junction, Utah, the second child and oldest son in a family of twelve children. His parents, Emanuel Holman Richards and Mary Catherine Pope Richards, were both immigrants from Cornwall, England--Emanuel emigrated in 1872 and Mary did in 1875.<sup>2</sup> They were married and had their family in Utah. Emanuel and Mary were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1879, and later that same year they were endowed and sealed. John grew to be a handsome man of average height and build. He had black, wavy hair, the fair skin of his mother, and the features of his father.<sup>3</sup>

Clara was born to Edmund and Mary Ann Gardner Bacon on October 12, 1885 at Georgetown, Bear Lake County, Idaho. Mary Ann died when Clara was eighteen months old, and Edmund gave Clara and her older sister Delila to their mother's favorite sister Delila to raise. Clara became a beautiful girl with dark brown, shoulder-length hair which she would curl with a hot marcel iron.<sup>4</sup> She was 5'6" and of sturdy build. Clara was twenty years old when she met John C. Richards, a newly returned missionary from the Eastern States Mission. Three years later they were married.<sup>5</sup> They made a handsome couple--John was a well-dressed man, and Clara often wore an elegant hat of black velvet with a wide brim and a white ostrich plume.<sup>6</sup>



John and Clara's first home was a small, one-and-a-half story white brick home on the Lower Road (this road is now 1300 West) in West Jordan. John, who was a gifted carpenter, built and partially furnished this home before their marriage.

It was in this home that John and Clara had their first three children. The first addition to the Richards family came on November 4, 1908, one year and two days after John and Clara were married. Delila was a beautiful baby with dark, curly hair and a dark complexion. John Charles, Jr., called J or JC by family and friends, was born on January 25, 1911. The little white house had to be fumigated when JC was one year old because he and Delila came down with diphtheria. On April 17, 1913, one year before the family moved from the white-brick house, Stuart was born.<sup>7</sup>

### **North to Almo**

John was suffering in his carpentry work at the Magna Copper Mill because the smelter fumes and smoke agitated his asthma, and so he listened closely when Phil and Orlando Bateman told him of the Raft River country in Idaho and the promising future which it held. About 1913, when Congress announced a new irrigation project of a dam on the Snake River near Burley, Idaho, people rushed to homestead several valleys which were expected to benefit from this project and have adequate water in a few years for farming. With big dreams for the future, John and Clara moved to Idaho in the spring of 1914 to homestead on the Almo Flats near the Raft River.<sup>8</sup> Almo was a small town about thirty miles south of Burley, and the Richards' made their home eight miles south of town.

Once again John's skills as a carpenter came in handy: he built the family a small home to satisfy the homestead requirements. His young family--Dee was five and a half years, JC was three, and Stu was a baby--lived in close quarters, sharing the one large room. The home also had a lean-to which served as the dining room in the warmer months. The home was set in a beautiful meadow of tall grass and yellow and blue flowers. George Creek circled the meadow. Huge sagebrush as tall as six feet high proved that this was fertile ground.<sup>9</sup>

Though the land was beautiful, it was dangerous. Homesteaders were at the mercy of coyotes and bobcats, and even more importantly, they were at the mercy of the elements. The dry climate made irrigation necessary because even fertile land could not produce crops without

irrigation. When Congress decided to place the dam in American Falls, sixty-five miles away, the dreams of the homesteaders in the Raft River valley were crushed. Homesteaders from miles around gathered one night at John and Clara's home to discuss the discouraging development. The gloom and despair was thick in the Richards' home that night as the homesteaders realized that their only alternative was to pack up and leave. After offering what comfort they could to each other, the people left one by one--first from the Richards' home, and within a short time, from the Almo Flats.<sup>10</sup>

This was cattle country, and the cattlemen were glad to see the homesteaders leave. John and Clara were able to stay because they could raise a crop of grain using the water from George Creek, but when the cattlemen discovered this they got together and diverted the water onto the desert. These easily could have been the same cowboys that would stop at the Richards' home to eat on the outdoor table and visit while they were on the biannual cattle drives. John and Clara were probably the last ones to leave the Flats.<sup>11</sup>

While living on the Almo Flats another daughter was born into the family. Ruby, born on September 22, 1915, was a plump and pretty baby. Also while living on the Flats Delila started school in the home of a neighbor, Chloe Sanders. There were five other students ranging from beginners to eighth grade.

After the conflict over the water of George Creek, John purchased a ranch from Lorenzo Durfee. It had 360 acres of farming ground with 160 under irrigation, and 640 acres of grazing property. John also owned some sheep and cattle.<sup>12</sup> It was in an area known as the "Cove," and the family moved there in June of 1916.

They lived in a one-room log home for a year until John and a neighbor could build a nice log house the following spring. This third home was, for the frontier, a lovely home. It had a living room, two bedrooms, an entrance hall, a kitchen, and a walk-in closet which later became a bathroom. John planned to use pipes to divert water from the creek to the house. John built this beautiful home in a beautiful setting:

In the living room was Mother's much cherished sideboard with a mirror and carvings and Dad's prized organ along with the dining room set and, as I remember, a sofa. There were lace curtains at the tall windows. The kitchen had a long table beneath an oblong window which was as long as the table. There were screens and the glass windows slid open during the spring and summer months. Sitting on one side of the table you

overlooked a hill directly back of the house. During summer there were French forget-me-nots, sunflowers, Indian paintbrush, and the fuzzy, curly flowers of the mountain mahogany. And there were mountain bluebirds.<sup>13</sup>

Even though the Richards family was isolated geographically, they were very much aware of the political climate in the country and in the world. In 1916 President Woodrow Wilson was voted into his second term of office mainly on popularity for keeping the United States out of the war. Then in April 1917 America joined World War I when Germany started total submarine warfare on both enemy and neutral ships. In general, Americans supported President Wilson's decision to enter the war. The Richards' most likely agreed with President Wilson's actions and supported him, because on July 6, 1918 when their fifth child was born he was given the first name "Archibald" after his great-grandfather Archibald Gardner, and he was given his middle name "Wilson" after President Woodrow Wilson.<sup>14</sup>

The Richards family did not go untouched by the flu epidemic of 1918. One of four people were hit with this life-threatening flu. Many people, young and old, died in Europe as well as in the United States. In several cities public buildings were closed down to prevent the spread of this flu.<sup>15</sup> John and Arch were hit the worst, and it took Arch a full year to completely recover from the effects of the flu.

### **Transferred to Malta**

The family had a good life on the ranch in the "Cove." The sheep, the cattle, and the crops were all doing well. The family loved their home and their neighbors. Just as the family was getting happily settled in and feeling comfortable with their new farm change came again to the Richards household. The LDS Church moved the stake headquarters from Almo to Malta in an attempt to make headquarters more accessible from the highway, and John and Clara were called to move their family with six to eight other families to Malta twenty miles from Almo.<sup>16</sup>

John bought a farm two miles south of town. The nation was experiencing general prosperity in the years following World War I, but farmers were suffering from an agricultural depression.<sup>17</sup> In Malta the soil had a high alkali content and this blackened the crops. Everyone suffered. Trying to start anew in Malta was very difficult for John and Clara, and they never felt like they fully recovered financially from the move.

While living in their first home in Malta, the Shill Place, the family had many life-threatening incidents occur. Stuart almost drowned when some older boys were teasing him, JC ran into a barbed wire fence and almost cut his jugular vein, and Arch almost died from whooping cough. Arch went into a coughing spell and was saved when his father purposely dropped him into a barrel of cold water which made him gasp and catch his breath.

One exciting thing that happened to the family was that a new sister, Bessie Valois, was born on September 12, 1920. Certainly the family could not have given this beautiful baby more love even if they had known how short a time she would stay with them.

With the family growing John and Clara decided to move to the Thompson Place near Cassia Creek. This home had built-in cupboards and a built-in sink with a hand pump on the counter. Not long after making this move John received word that his father was dying. John hurried to West Jordan, and several weeks later on July 10, 1922 Emanuel Holman passed away. While in West Jordan John received word that Bessie, twenty-one months old, had come down with summer complaint, or dysentery (later the doctor said she had uremia), but he was not able to go back to Malta because he was making funeral arrangements for his father. Clara and fourteen-year-old Delila struggled unsuccessfully for four days and nights to keep Bessie's fever down. Little Bessie died around midnight on July 14, 1922, four days after her grandfather died. John was sad but not surprised when he received the news of Bessie's death because of an interesting experience he had before going to West Jordan to be with his father:

One evening while he was doing chores, a voice said to him clearly and distinctly although no personage was visible, "We want one of your children, which one do you want to part with?" John was stunned but answered, "The Lord has given them to us, so He can take the one He wants," whereupon he was left alone. John came to the house and told me he had something to tell me. I requested that he wait until the children were asleep, then he told me of his experience. It was an agonizing and almost unbelievable warning.<sup>18</sup>

John lovingly built a small casket with a white velvet interior and made the long journey back to Idaho. Bessie was buried in the small coffin in the Malta cemetery.

The children have many fond memories of traditions started while living in the Thompson Place. Clara organized a sort of family home evening for the children. This was before the LDS Church instituted the program. After dinner dishes were done and all the children were in their pajamas, Clara sat in the big rocker and read aloud. They read many good books, such as

*Heidi, Rin Tin Tin, Black Beauty, Little Women, Call of the Wild, Huckleberry Finn, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Tom Sawyer, and Bible stories.*<sup>19</sup>

Another fun family tradition was hiding Easter eggs. John gave all of the kids a dozen eggs one week before Easter. Each child hid their eggs in one spot, and if someone else discovered the hiding spot they could take one egg. That was a signal that they better find a new hiding place. The winner was the person who had the most eggs left on Easter day. One year Stu buried his eggs and they all froze. He won the contest but lost his eggs.<sup>20</sup>

Because Malta did not have a high school, Delila left after eighth grade to live in West Jordan with Aunt Delila, lovingly referred to as Aunt Lyle. In later years JC and Ruby would each have a turn to live with Aunt Lyle. Neither Aunt Delila Gardner nor her brother Reuben ever married, but over the years they raised about eleven children--mainly nieces and nephews.

Conditions on the farm were not very good, so John bought the McClendon Place located across town and about three and a half miles outside of town. The McClendon Place had a large hayfield, the only orchard in Malta, a garden spot, and permanent water rights. All of the children remember Mother canning the fruit from the orchard and the vegetables from her garden. It was in this log house that Hazel was born on July 1, 1923. John had to sober the doctor up with coffee before he could deliver the baby. Delila came home that summer vacation and spent her days cooking, cleaning, and taking care of her new baby sister. There were many household duties, and when Clara was not able to accomplish them the responsibility fell to Delila while she was home.

The McClendon Place was a child's paradise. JC, Stu, Rube, and Arch spent their days climbing trees, killing rattle snakes and collecting their rattlers, and gathering watercress that grew by the nearby stream. They washed the watercress, put it in bunches, and took it to town in the little red wagon to sell for ten cents per bunch. While living here they owned a very tame pony that Arch loved to ride. Arch was too small to get on and off the pony, so the pony put its head down and Arch climbed on. To dismount, the pony put its head down and Arch slid off.<sup>21</sup>

While living at the McClendon Place Arch got the chicken pox. Because he would not stay inside to recuperate--he wanted to be out playing marbles with Stu and JC--he caught a cold and developed rheumatism. He was determined to continue his active life no matter how he felt,

and always responded "I'm fine," when asked how he felt. Sometimes when he was sick and could not stay warm, Clara opened the oven door on the big wood stove and sat on it with Arch in her lap.<sup>22</sup>

### **Back to West Jordan**

Two years after Emanuel Holman (John's father) died, in 1924, things were still not going well on the West Jordan farm. There were delinquent debts but no one to run the farm in order to pay the debts. Being the oldest son, John felt responsible to go back and take over the forty acre farm. After much deliberation he decided to buy out his other brothers' and sisters' inheritances and move his family back to West Jordan.

Clara left for Utah first, leaving John to settle the affairs of the farm. The family packed some of their belongings into a covered wagon, but left most of them for John to bring later. Then they started on the trip, leaving Idaho ten years to the day after their arrival.<sup>23</sup> Clara was driving and the three youngest children--Ruby, Arch, and Hazel--were with her. They traveled thirty miles a day, and at night they pulled off to the side of the road to sleep. Arch, then six years old, slept outside on the cold ground. Perhaps he listened to the crickets chirp and smelled the sweet dew-kissed grass as he watched thousands of stars twinkle in the night sky. In four or five days the small family arrived in West Jordan, and upon arrival moved in with Grandma Richards in the little white brick house. This was the same house that Clara had arrived at as a new bride years before. How much had changed since that time!

When Clara arrived Grandma Richards dismissed her hired help and Clara assumed the responsibilities of milking, feeding, and other farm chores. Clara often hitched the horse to the buggy and visited her Uncle Rube in order to take a break from the pressures of the farm. Clara was sure that she drove the last horse and buggy on the road, and people looked at her as if she were a lunatic.<sup>24</sup> When John arrived with the older children, the home belongings, and the farm implements, the family moved into grandfather's old red brick home which was bigger than the white brick house. Clara surrendered the farm responsibilities to John and set to work, once again, making a comfortable home for her family.

When Delos was born on December 7, 1925 John moved the bed into the middle of the living room so that Clara and Delos would not freeze during the night. Three years later on



March 27, 1928 Warren, the last child, was born. After living in eight different homes, Clara had to move her family once again one year after Warren was born. After Grandma Richards died on July 23, 1929 the family moved back into the white brick house. This home had a large kitchen--about 15 x 20 feet--where the family spent most of its time. It also had a small parlor to entertain guests, one bedroom downstairs, and one bedroom upstairs in the unfinished attic. There were two beds in the upstairs room, and two boys slept in each bed. Delos slept in the attic of the white brick house, and many nights he listened to the rain on the tin roof while warmly tucked in with numerous wool blankets and feather comforters. A few years later, in 1932, sleeping arrangements changed a little with the girls and Mother and Father sleeping in the white house and the boys sleeping in the red brick house.<sup>25</sup> Coal was at a premium, so the red brick house was not heated. Clara heated bricks and wrapped them in cloth for the boys to put in their beds to keep them warm until their body heat warmed them.

### **School and Sports**

The school situation for the Richards children was much more convenient in West Jordan than it had been in Idaho. Children in grades one through nine attended a little red brick house. Later this was torn down and replaced with a brown schoolhouse. Another bigger schoolhouse was constructed, consisting of classrooms, an auditorium with a stage, a gymnasium, and a shop.

The Richards family moved back to West Jordan just in time for Arch to start the first grade with Sister Gardner as his teacher. She tried to teach him to read, but instead of reading the words he memorized stories from the pictures in the books. He fell behind in his reading skills, and this continued to be a challenge to him throughout his life.

When the children were old enough to attend high school they rode a school bus to Jordan High in Sandy. At this time they also participated in seminary. The academies, high schools owned by the LDS Church, had been closed or turned over to the states by 1924 because there were now enough public schools to accomodate the LDS students. Between 1922 and 1932 the enrollment in seminary increased from 4,976 to 29,427.<sup>26</sup> By the time the Richards children took seminary there was complete separation of the seminaries from the public schools, but the students still had released time and received credit for seminary instruction. All of the Richards children graduated from seminary.

JC, Stu, Ruby, and Arch were very active in sports throughout their high school years. They were raised in the days of sports greats Jack Dempsey in boxing, Babe Ruth and Shoeless Joe Jackson in baseball. They loved basketball, tennis, horseshoes, football, baseball, and boxing. J, Stu, and Arch were good athletes, but they did not play on any of the school teams for several different reasons. One reason they could not participate was because of the responsibilities they had on the farm. Stu and Arch had to milk the cows morning and night, and they had to get the milk out every morning by 7:00 a.m. without fail so the neighbor could pick it up and take it to the creamery. The night chores prevented them from staying after school for football practice.<sup>27</sup>

Arch had a unique challenge to deal with--his size. The first two years of high school Arch was 5'2". In a PE class of over one hundred students there were only two people smaller than he was. He was one of the last cut from the basketball team, and the coach told him he was cut not because he was lacking any skills, but because he was lacking size. Finally, during his senior year Arch grew seven inches. This was a very welcome growth spurt, but it did not come soon enough to save Arch's self-esteem. Even though the students respected him, had confidence in him, and even came to him for counsel, Arch felt insecure with himself.<sup>28</sup>

Boxing was a popular sport in that day. Warren was a gifted boxer, sparring in the same training camps as Gene Fullmer who trained with Marv Jensen, who lived a half mile down the road from the Richards' home. Gene later won the World Middleweights Championships in 1957, and 1958-1962.<sup>29</sup> When Warren was fifteen years old he boxed with the twenty-six year old Golden Glove Western Division Champion and knocked him out. The entire family got involved when it came to boxing, and one year John bought Ruby and Arch boxing gloves because they fought so much.

### **Church Involvement**

The members of the Richards family were always active participants in church. Clara would sometimes stay home with the babies or stay home to fix Sunday dinner, but John always attended every meeting. The children got up on Sunday morning and hurried to get ready for church, but if they were not ready on time John left without them. He refused to be late to church.

John served in various positions in the LDS Church. He was M.I.A. counselor and president, choir member, Stake Sunday School Board member, he served on the Jordan Stake High Council, and when the stake was divided he served on the West Jordan Stake High Council for twelve and a half years. He was active in temple work and served as a stake missionary. He was a faithful missionary--he was even tracting the night before his death.<sup>30</sup>

Clara also served in various capacities in the Church. She served as Stake M.I.A. second counselor, as the president of the West Jordan Primary for eight years, and as Relief Society first counselor in the West Jordan Ward. The children knew that if Mother was ever gone she was at a Primary meeting, and often she took one of the children with her.<sup>31</sup> She served with her husband as a stake missionary and continued in this calling another eight months after his death.<sup>32</sup>

### **Life on the Farm**

The entire family had to work together to run the farm. There was a lot to accomplish every day, and age was no limitation. One of the children's responsibilities was to bring the horses in. The Richards' always had three or four large horses, and even when the children were five or six years old they would be sent out to bring the horses in each night. The horses were used in a lot of the heavy work because the family never owned a tractor until after John died.<sup>33</sup>

To harvest the hay they drove the hay wagon through the field, picking up the bunches of hay off the ground and piling the hay as high as they could reach on the wagon with the pitchfork. One boy rode the wagon, stomping down the hay so that more could be piled on. Then they unloaded the hay in the barn with a Jackson fork. The Jackson fork was three four-foot long tines hooked to a cable that ran along a track along the top of the barn. The tines would drop into the load of hay, and then someone would lock the yoke, enclosing about one-fifth of a load of hay in the tines. A fifth of a load of hay is about one half a ton. Then a horse would pull on the cable which was hooked to the fork. Then the fork would be elevated to the track in the top of the barn until it was above the hay stack. Once the yoke was tripped the tines would open and the hay would fall. One day Arch talked his brothers into dropping a load of hay on top of him. A branch that was hidden in the hay hit him on the head and knocked him

out. He was not hurt seriously except for possibly his pride.

Each morning the boys herded the cows into the barn to milk them, and then drove them down to the riverbottoms to graze all day. During the summer when Arch was eleven or twelve he stayed down at the riverbottoms all day, watching to make sure that the cows did not graze on private property. There was always something to do, whether it was milking cows, cleaning out granaries, or shaking out gunny sacks and watching the mice scatter.

To harvest the grain the workers went through the fields and put the grain in sheaves. After stacking the sheaves on the wagon they drove to the barn to stack and store it there until the man with the thresher could come. One day when Arch was stacking the sheaves in the barn a neighbor was watching him meticulously place each bundle. The neighbor told Arch that he looked just like his grandfather, carefully executing the task.<sup>34</sup>

Arch and Stu would often haul bags of wheat in the wagon down to the Gardner Mill to be made into flour and bran. After waiting in line behind the other wagons--sometimes for hours--the miller gave them flour and bran in exchange for their grain. The miller kept part of the grain as payment.

The summer before Arch entered the eighth grade he worked on a Cedar Valley dry farm for his dinner and a dollar a day. He saved every cent that he could, and at the end of the summer he bought a used trumpet for \$105. He then joined the school band and continued playing in the band through his high school years. Many nights Arch played duets with his father--Arch on the trumpet and John on the mandolin. Arch quit playing the trumpet when he went to college, but John continued playing the mandolin, and often he would play in a band at small private parties.<sup>35</sup>

Twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, John and his boys would go to the sugar beet factory in West Jordan and load their wagon with beet pulp. After the juice was extracted from the beet there was a gray pulp left that was the texture of mud. They wore rubber boots and shoveled the pulp into the wagon. If the pulp got on the skin the smell would take days to wear off. Then the boys would haul the pulp the two miles home and feed it to the cows and sheep. The livestock loved it, but the boys hated this event because the beet pulp "stunk to high heaven."<sup>36</sup>

## **Life During the Depression**

The prosperity enjoyed by the nation in the 1920's came to a screeching halt in 1929 with the stock market crash. The country plunged into a Depression that affected every household. Work and cash were hard to come by. Americans, displeased with President Hoover's inability to deal with the crisis, overwhelmingly gave the Presidency to Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1932. Roosevelt instigated numerous programs which were collectively called "The New Deal." These programs provided jobs for millions, and provided an optimism for the future that the nation lacked.

The Richards family suffered like everyone else during the Depression, and they were forced to find ways to survive. John was too proud to take government handouts or to work on any "alphabet" program, so the family struggled to keep their farm going as their main source of income. Stu and Arch were just entering their high school years, so many of the farm responsibilities fell to them. Every morning they got up at 5:30 in order to milk the eight to ten cows and put the milk out early each morning. The milk sold at its low point for seven cents per gallon, and the butter sold for thirty cents per pound. The extra eggs and butter were sold or traded at the store in West Jordan for sugar, salt, spices, and canning lids. Bartering was a way of life during the Depression.<sup>37</sup>

John's farm produce, grain, hay, and pasture was not sold off the farm as such, but was marketed through the livestock as wool, lamb, beef, and milk. He owned pastureland that supported about fifty sheep, and the spring lamb crop was sold to a slaughter and packing house in Midvale that wholesaled to retail butcher shops. Each spring the sheep were sheared by hand with a blade that looked like large scissors because there were no electric clippers. The boys had the hot, dirty work of binding the wool into bundles and then stomping the bundles into place in vertically suspended, eight-foot sacks to be sold. The money from these ventures went for the necessities like coal, taxes, and clothing.

The family had to go without some things during the Depression, but they never went without food. Clara had a large garden spot and canned vegetables and fruit all summer long. She grouped her canned goods by month on the shelves so that at the beginning of each month she would know how much food she had to work with. Clara also had the children pick gooseberries and yellow and blue English currants.

There was a swarm of bees in the top of the tankhouse, and in the fall the honey was harvested. Clara extracted the honey and then used the washings to get a start of mother-of-vinegar. She put a five-gallon crock of the sweet juice washings in the cellar, and most times she was able to make her own vinegar. Sometimes she would not get a start of mother-of-vinegar, and instead the juice turned to wine. Once this happened and Clara's daughter-in-law accidentally got drunk. Another time the pigs were fed the fermented sweet juice and they got drunk. Even though times were tough, things like this always kept the Richards household laughing.

Clara had a cellar, and she was a master at keeping it at the proper temperature to store potatoes and fruits and vegetables. She kept the dirt floor damp so that the cellar stayed humid, and then she opened or closed the damper in the back of the cellar depending on the outside temperature. She knew just what to do to store the potatoes and other vegetables for months at a time. The children knew that no matter what, there would at least be pork, mutton, or veal and potatoes and vegetables on the table each night.

The children were independent, and they bought their own clothes and paid for their own expenses. Many of the children worked during the day for someone in the community and then came home and helped with the family chores until late into the evening. Arch found a job thinning sugar beets for \$4.25 an acre. The crew he worked on averaged an acre a day, and so as a high school student he was earning four times as much as grown men who worked for one dollar a day on the New Deal projects. The crew of four that he was on worked from 5:00 a.m. to 11:00 a.m., took a lunch break, and then worked until dark. It was intense, difficult work, but it was a consistent, well-paying job. The children learned that if you really wanted to work there was always something to do.

The Richards children bought their own clothes. Once John told Stu and Arch that if they took care of the plot of land behind the house then they could have the proceeds from it at harvest time. That plot of land produced 22 tons of sugar beets to the acre--a greater yield than it had ever produced before. Because it had produced so much John decided that some of the proceeds should go towards taxes, so Stu and Arch gave half of the profits to the family and then used the rest to buy school clothes.

They probably bought broadcloth shirts and corduroy pants, or maybe a Sunday suit and



some shoes. The shirts were cleaned and pressed every day, but it was the style to have the pants so dirty and stiff that they could stand on their own.

Clara worked hard and sacrificed a lot in order to keep her children clean and neatly dressed. One time Clara sewed a white Sunday shirt for him, and even after staying up late hours to finish it she had to pin the shirt closed because she did not get the buttons on it. Clara often said that patches were frugality, but patches on patches was poverty. Many times she carefully removed one worn patch only to sew a new one on in its place. Her children's clothes were not always new, in fact there were times when they were recycled (used clothing), but they were always clean and mended. One year Arch had to wear his older sister's shoes to school.<sup>38</sup>

John was too proud to work for the government on any New Deal program. He felt that it was charity, and he refused to accept "hand-outs." He tried to support his family just by working on the farm, but by 1933 the family needed cash so desperately that John went back to work at the Magna Copper Mill where he had worked the first few years after his marriage. The concentrating mill is the second step in the copper refining process. The copper is brought to the mill from the open pit in huge chunks of ore. These chunks are crushed into small pieces and the water is added to help grind it into "slurry"--a liquid mixture of copper and water.<sup>39</sup> Instead of working in the actual refining process, John built the flues that carried the water and the copper because of his training in carpentry. John stayed in Magna with a relative during the week and then came home on the weekends. Arch dropped out of school his ninth grade year in order to accept full responsibility for the farm, and this set him back a year in graduating from high school. John worked in the Magna Mill until 1935 and then quit because the farm demanded his full attention.<sup>40</sup>

### **Holidays and Family Activities**

Each day's work was necessary in order for survival, so the family never went on family vacations. Time was money, and there was none to spare of either. The children sometimes walked to Midvale and took the bus to downtown Salt Lake City. After spending the afternoon windowshopping and enjoying the city they walked home. The family never owned a car large enough to take the entire family on a trip either. The first car they owned was an old Model T

Ford, and after Aunt Delila died she willed the family her '33 Chevrolet, but neither John nor Clara ever learned how to drive. Sometimes the children took them somewhere, but for the most part they walked wherever they needed to go.<sup>41</sup>

Other conveniences were slow in coming to the Richards home also. They got their first radio around 1934. The family sat around the radio on Sunday nights and listened to the program "One Man's Family." This radio was a box with a speaker on top like the speakers on the first phonographs. Electricity was only for lighting, and lighting was most often a bulb hanging on the end of a long cord. There was a pull chain to turn the bulb on and off.<sup>42</sup>

There were two special holidays of the year in the Richards home. The first one was the Fourth of July. John got old tomato cans, gunpowder, and mud and make big firecrackers. When he lit the fuse the can would shot out of sight. He had to be careful to put just enough gunpowder in to launch the can without blowing it to pieces. The town also had a big celebration in Midvale with booths and food. There was a greased pig contest and a greased flagpole contest. Whoever could catch and hold onto the pig could keep it. This was mainly for the kids, but the greased flagpole contest was for the men and boys. A twenty-five dollar bill was placed on top of the flagpole, and usually no one succeeded at climbing the pole and claiming the money until the end of the day.<sup>43</sup>

The second big holiday was Christmas. The family went to the tree yard a few days before Christmas to pick out their Christmas tree, and then they decorated it with strings of popcorn and paper link chains. On Christmas Eve they sang Christmas carols as a family. Christmas presents were always clothes or other things that the family members needed. Christmas during the Depression meant only getting an orange and maybe a pocketknife. One Christmas the family did not get a tree, and the children always wondered who the kind person was that left one on their doorstep on Christmas Eve.

Christmas vacation from school was just that--a vacation from school. John used this time to get a few extra things done around the house with the children's help. One annual "family tradition" was moving the outhouse. They dug a new pit, moved the outhouse, then covered the old pit. This ritual ended when they moved to Aunt Lyle's home on Redwood Road.<sup>44</sup>

The children loved wintertime because of all the fun activities. With no farm work to do, the children went ice-skating on the canal or played a game of football on the ice at King's Lake

near Magna. Another favorite activity was to bobsleigh. Turpin's Hill in West Jordan was blocked off during the winter months because it was a popular sledding hill for the youth. It was an especially busy place on Sundays because the kids would come from miles around (oral history of Arch). Two-thirds of the way down the hill the road crossed a canal, and then one quarter of a mile beyond the bottom of the hill was the Jordan River. The children competed to see who could coast the farthest down the road.

### **The Final Move**

On April 27, 1937 Aunt Delila, on her deathbed, willed her home on Redwood Road to Clara. This home was built by Archibald Gardner, and it was the home that Delila had raised Clara in from the time Clara was eighteen months old. This home was made of red brick and had a big white porch across the front. It had two large bedrooms, a living room that was connected to the dining room with a large archway, a kitchen, an entryway, and a bathroom. Clara grew flowers in the sun porch off the side of the kitchen every year.<sup>45</sup>

When the Richards family moved into the red brick house on Redwood Road they also moved into a new stage of life. The older children were out of the house and on their own. There were four children left at home, and the following year Arch would leave. The nation was gradually moving out of the Depression, and in two years another world war would pull the nation completely out of its economic slump. This was the last move the family had to make, and things were looking up.

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